BROTHERS FOR EVER
THE AGE OF UNION
1854-1868

THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON

The Real America in Romance

BROTHERS FOR EVER

THE AGE OF UNION

1854-1868

EDITED BY

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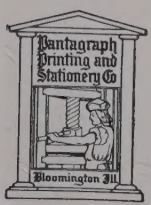

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THE AGE OF UNION

BROUGHT forth in war, the American Union was cemented and bound together at a cost of human blood and tears that has left it one of the most precious of human possessions. Few now, alas! recall the dark days when the God of Battles meted forth His dreadful judgments on the land that had sinned through slavery, when the scales tipped Southward and then Northward as vast armies of marching men met and crashed in victory or defeat.

It is not the purpose of this book to bring again to mind the dreadful suffering of those days, nor yet to gloss over the self-sacrifice of the two contending forces, both struggling for what to them was almost as sacred as salvation. Those who fought so gallantly have long since laid aside all the rancor and bitterness which such strife engenders, and have settled into a brotherhood of peaceful endeavor which is not to be shaken again. But it is needful that the spirit of 'Sixty-One, no less than the spirit of 'Seventy-Six, be kept alive in the land, that so priceless an inheritance as national integrity may be handed on to future generations, unsullied and secure.

It is not for the historian to judge between the contending parties in a strife that called forth the finest qualities of humankind. Yet, in a work like this, where romantic characters, fully typical of their time, march side by side with the great names which South and North combine in revering, it is possible to present, as no mere formal historian can, the sentiments of those whose lives were placed at the service of the cause they knew to be right. On the Federal

side, on the side of the Confederacy, these men, bound by ties of kinship, meet on the field and in the camp, brother against brother, and in their mouths are placed the opinions of the divided sections of our common country. From them the reader may learn how high, how unselfish, were the motives that actuated these heroes of the War between the States.

And, as they stood ready to spill the last drop of blood for the right through those four bitter years, so is it for us, their descendants, recalling the treasure they so freely spent, to consecrate ourselves anew to the highest patriotism, that the Flag which we all now revere may still remain to all the world the noblest and most beautiful symbol of human welfare, and that all beneath it may be made, in very truth,

BROTHERS FOR EVER.

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BROTHERS FOR EVER

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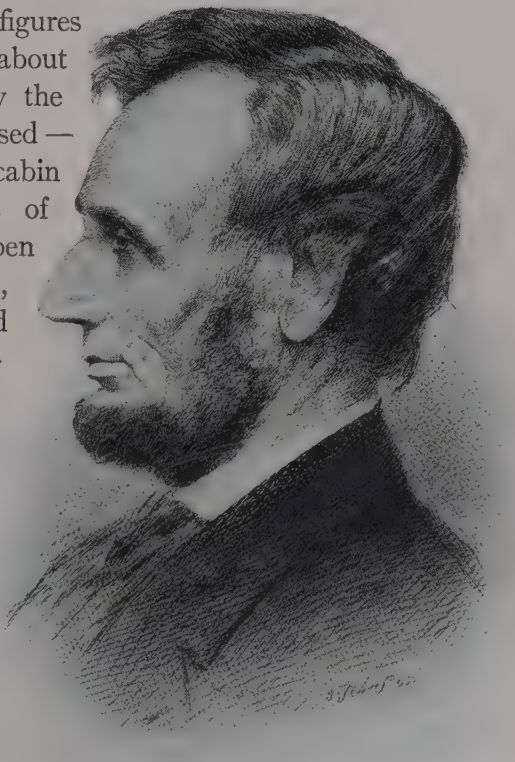
CHAPTER I

"TEN OAKS"

JUNE in Virginia! Full June in a land that was made for June — part of whose soul June is. In the flooding golden light of the early day, which crept up steadily along the hillside, the earth lay born anew. The vague music of morning came languorously across the fields, like sounds heard through a veil. Here and there about the great plantation, moving figures were to be seen, starting about their daily tasks; gradually the signs of awakened life increased — windows were flung open in cabin walls, spots and splotches of bright color dotted the open spaces before the cabin doors, as the colored women moved to and fro on easily undertaken business.

As though touched by a magic finger, the plantation awoke to full life and light. Groups of men started off down the shaded lanes to their work in the fields; dogs, following at their heels,

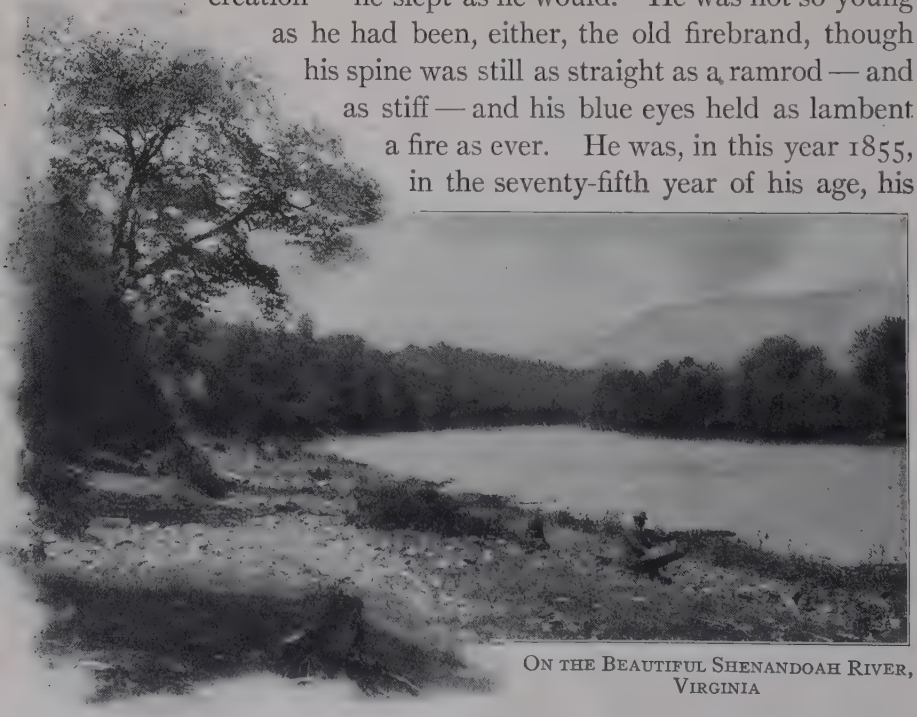


ABRAHAM LINCOLN (*From the photograph by Alexander Hesler in 1861*)

howled cheerful and exuberant welcome to the sun. Even the great house, standing white and majestic upon the brow of the slanting hill, woke now from its slumber. Green blinds were flapped back upon white walls with sharp little smacks that carried far in the crystal clearness of the air. Ten Oaks was awake.

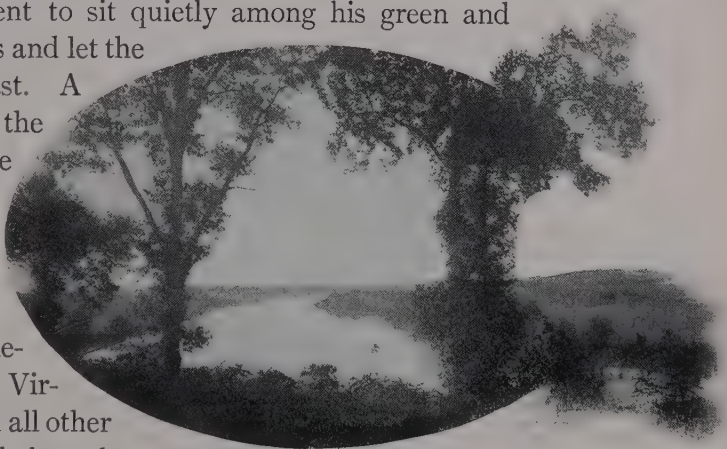
That was more than could be said for the old master of Ten Oaks, however, for Major Lee was a man who loved his morning's sleep. "Out upon your solemn sluggard," he used to say, "who thinks all the world must sleep at the same hours as he. By Gad, sir, I 'm glad I have no such uneasy conscience that it must wake me with the barnyard. I thank God that I can sleep till noon any day — and I would do so, sir, were it not for the rare beauty of a Virginia morning!"

So, as Major Lee was in the way of having his own whim in the face of all creation — unless it were perhaps feminine creation — he slept as he would. He was not so young as he had been, either, the old firebrand, though his spine was still as straight as a ramrod — and as stiff — and his blue eyes held as lambent a fire as ever. He was, in this year 1855, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, his



On the Beautiful Shenandoah River, Virginia

birth having fallen in the great year 1781, when the British flag fluttered to earth on old Yorktown soil. He was a cousin of the celebrated "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, whom, in fact, he much resembled both in person and in character; but now, when his sun was drawing near its setting, he held more of its mellowness than its fire in his veins, and was growing content to sit quietly among his green and beautiful acres and let the world slip past. A Virginian of the old school, he followed his heart without questioning, his heart that placed its allegiance first in Virginia, and held all other ties less sacred than that which bound him so inevitably to the Old Dominion.



A Glimpse of the Rappahannock

Virginia could do no wrong! Virginia, mother of Presidents, cradle of valor and of chivalry — the mere name of the wonderful old State sent the loyal blood of her children racing more buoyantly through their veins; she was to them part of the morning, part of the spring, worthy of all worship. It is difficult for one unfamiliar to appreciate the passion of loyalty which lay beneath this feeling of her sons; in the North, where men moved more readily from place to place, where States were made more often, where strangers came and went continually from all lands — in the North, the State was an object of pride, of partisanship, if need were, but hardly of devotion. But to Major Lee, as he slid further and further down the gentle decline of the years, his Virginia and his God became every day more inextricably commingled.

He was a proud old boy, too, it must be confessed, about everything that was his. There was nothing offensive in his pride; rather was there something almost irresistible in his sometimes pompous, always militant championship of Virginia's air, her water, her wine, her ox, and her ass — anything that was hers. And second only to her in the old man's heart came Ten Oaks.

For one hundred and fifty years had there been Lees at Ten Oaks. When, in the reign of good Queen Anne, a cavalier named Richard Lee held high honor in old Virginia, he became possessed of lands that lay along the eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains, near the headwaters of Rappahannock Creek. Ten Oaks men called the place, even then, after ten great trees that rode the brow of the hill, and through the years the name persisted — persisted while Richard Lee went back to England and died; while his son grew, lived, and was buried; while his grandson, Henry Lee, with his brother Thomas, came back to Virginia for good. The two brothers were good friends, and there was no quarrel when Henry took Ten Oaks, and Thomas took the broad acres whereon he built that great manor house of the Lee family, "Stratford," wherein was destined to be born in 1807 Robert Edward Lee, who was to be the greatest of his name.

Sitting placidly upon its green-clad hill, the manor house at Ten Oaks looked out triumphantly across a countryside hardly less beautiful than the vistas of Eden garden. It was the highest point of land for many miles around, though the far blue summits of the Blue Ridge range to westward rose above it in the vague distance. The house's hill was but one of a number of little knolls that humped their shoulders out of the major's soil; it was between two of these knolls that there started, in a little spring, a timid and wandering little creek, which meandered aimlessly but briskly

along in the green fields, to be known, as soon as it grew big enough to merit a name, as the Rappahannock. To eastward the town of Warrenton could be seen with a glass on a clear day, a scant ten miles away; while half that distance to northwestward, in the gap of the mountains where the railroad passed, was Front Royal, the key to the Shenandoah.

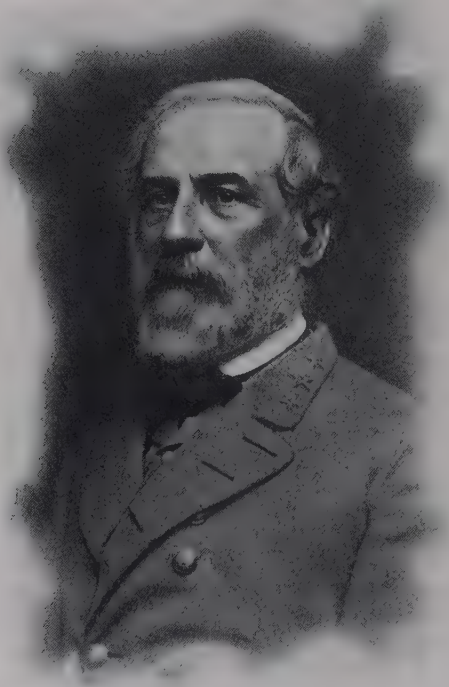
At Ten Oaks, this June morning, was gathered a little company at breakfast on the wide veranda, or gallery, overlooking the gentle eastward slope of the hill. The head of the table was empty, for the major was at the moment giving old "Geawge" his customary *mauvais quart d'heure* over the question of the morning shave. Down through the wide halls at odd moments floated faint echoes of George's florid expostulations; he ruled his master with a rod of iron, did this eighty-year-old darky, but he went through the show of being obsequious—especially at such junctures as the morning shaving.

A Turnpike in the Virginia Hills

Down on the gallery, at the seat by the major's right, sat the pride of the old man's heart, Rosalind Stevens, his grandniece. She, in the first adorable flush of young girlhood, was a sight which might well delight the eyes of not the old major alone but of all who were so happy as to pass her way. Her hair held all the sun's gold, her eyes all the sky's clearness and softness; she was perhaps fifteen years old, but,

like her southern sisters, she had already fascinating hints of the woman she was soon to become.

Of the men at the table — and they were six — only one appeared utterly unmoved at the sight of so much beautiful youth; that one was her brother Oliver, who, while he regarded Rosalind as the loveliest girl in all Virginia, could hardly believe it wise to instill any such ideas in her young head. So Oliver, her twin, who much resembled her in face and in spirit, gave his undivided attention to his breakfast, letting the other males stare if they would. Across the table sat two youths who more than made up for Oliver's restraint, albeit in widely different manners. One, a black-haired youth of a dark and frowning handsomeness, eyed Rosalind boldly, openly, with all his unruly heart in his gaze; this was Norbert Stevens, elder son of Douglas and Doris Stevens, of Washington, in the near-by District of Columbia. Close at his elbow sat his younger brother Frederick, whose glances were given in a far different way. Hardly did he dare to raise his eyes to the radiant thing which was a maiden; his looking was done rather with his heart's eye, reverentially. He was about the age of his young cousins — cousins many times removed, but still



ROBERT E. LEE (*From an original photograph*)

cousins; but was much younger in manner and appearance. He had lived all his life in the North, either in New England, or in Washington; and they did not grow up so early there. Oliver and Rosalind wore the maturity of four or five extra years in their manners though not in their faces, making Frederick feel their junior immeasurably, instead of

The Drawing-Room at Stratford

feeling, as he was, four months their elder. So much for the young folk.

At the table's foot, behind the silver urn, sat the chatelaine of this house, Eleanor Lee Stevens, niece of Major Lee, and now these five years the widow of Fernando Stevens of Kentucky. At her husband's death she had been left in the world with two ten-year-old children, and not a near relative in the South save the old major, her uncle. While the tears were still wet upon her cheek, and before she had time to think of what she was to do first, the major's letter had come, begging her to make her home with him; and

she had consented, with a little sigh — for Kentucky had become dear to her. When, however, she beheld the white walls of Ten Oaks rising in the clear Virginia air, when she mounted the broad low steps, and was taken, after a long and searching look, into the major's comforting arms, she grieved no more; now, Ten Oaks was as dear to her almost as to its master, and she herself was become an inevitable part of the old man's life and happiness.

At her right sat a long, slim gentleman of polished manner —ex-Senator Brice of Virginia; and at her left, silent, kindly, almost tender in his attentions, with his beard already more than touched with white, sat Virginia's best beloved if not her greatest son, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee.

It was to him that Eleanor was speaking now.

"And where is it that you must go, sir?" she asked, with a little shudder, "to Texas?" Texas, being part of the great southwest, seemed very far away.

"Yes," said the colonel quietly, "yes, I go to Texas, to see if we cannot keep the Comanches from running too wild. They 're not bad, if they could be let alone; but that is what they have not been, and cannot be; so we go to Texas to watch them run and try to keep them from getting into mischief."

"When do you start, colonel?" asked Mr. Brice interestedly.

"I report at Washington on Monday next," was the answer.

"Now that is quite too mean of you, colonel," the bright voice of Rosalind floated down from her end of the table, "when you know you were going to take me for a canter through the gap before you left. Have you forgotten?"

"Never in this world, my dear," said Lee, with a smile. "We will go this very day, if you like. I would not lose that ride for ten thousand Comanches."

STRATFORD, WESTMORELAND COUNTY, VIRGINIA: THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT E. LEE

Whereat Rosalind smiled back at him happily; and peace was restored.

"Hush," said Eleanor, "I think I hear the major coming downstairs!"

It was so; and in another moment the head of the table was filled; not, however, before the hand of each lady had been kissed, and she had been told that she was more beautiful than the morning, that she grew fairer every day, that she was his little Rose of Virginia, sweetest in the world; this in the order in which he saluted the ladies, Doris, Eleanor, and, lastly, Rosalind.

With the major's coming, the conversation around the board became more spirited, and breakfast ended in a gentle gale of merriment and good humor which swept the young folks out into the garden, and left their elders alone on the veranda, to seek easy chairs and enjoy the bright morning air.

The major was devoted to his morning newspaper, and George was sent at once to find whether it had arrived; the men, all of them, were deeply interested in political matters; Douglas Stevens was still a member of Congress from his State; Mr. Brice had rarely been out of political service since he was old enough to talk, as the saying went of him; Colonel Lee alone of all the four confessed to no especial interest in politics as such, — it appeared to him that the politicians did much more harm than good. This view, however, he kept to himself, in the presence of the two legislators.

George presently appearing with the Washington paper, the major, though it was patent that his fingers twitched to open it, offered it punctiliously to each of his guests in turn; each of whom declined it with a bow. Settling himself with a little sigh yet more deeply in his chair, the major spread out the opening page. For some few moments he read in silence; not long.

Suddenly he lowered the paper, and looked combatively

at Douglas Stevens. "More border ruffian work in Kansas," he snorted, with a toss of his head.

The Northerner smiled calmly, and waited to hear more.

"Pretty pass, sir, these abolitionists of yours have gotten us into, sending armed men into peaceful territory — nice business for righteous men, safe in Boston with nothing to be afraid of but (with a twinkle) the *Liberator*, to be engaged in — setting border ruffians on to shoot down native Virginians, sir!"

"Native Virginians, sir?" asked Mr. Brice, with great concern.

"Yes, sir!" cried the major. "Here 's this man Brown — shoots down in cold blood a Yancey — a Yancey, sir — what do you think of that?"

"What was the Yancey doing there?" queried Douglas Stevens mildly.

"How should I know, sir?" demanded the major testily. "Why should n't he be there as well as anywhere else? Since that glorious western country has been free to settlers from the South as well as the North, by the provisions of the Kansas-Nebraska bill — why should n't he be there, sir?"

"My dear major, you know as well as I do that Mr. Yancey — "

"Major Yancey, sir; Major Theophilus Washington Yancey of Richmond!"

"— Major Yancey, then; you know as well as I that he was there for no good cause; he was there, as all the rest of the 'free Americans' have been who have gone there in the last twelve months, for the great and glorious prospect of a free fight. This man Brown was probably merely quicker on the trigger than Major Yancey! Seriously, though, sir, I think neither Major Yancey nor his family nor his friends have ground for complaint. It is well known that the slavery

men were the first to send armed forces to Kansas; they have sent more of them, and kept them there longer, and they have done more mischief, and shot more unoffending men —"

"Why should n't they send men to Kansas? They must do something to prevent the ground from being stolen right

BORDER RUFFIANS ON THEIR WAY TO KANSAS (*From the drawing by Darley*)

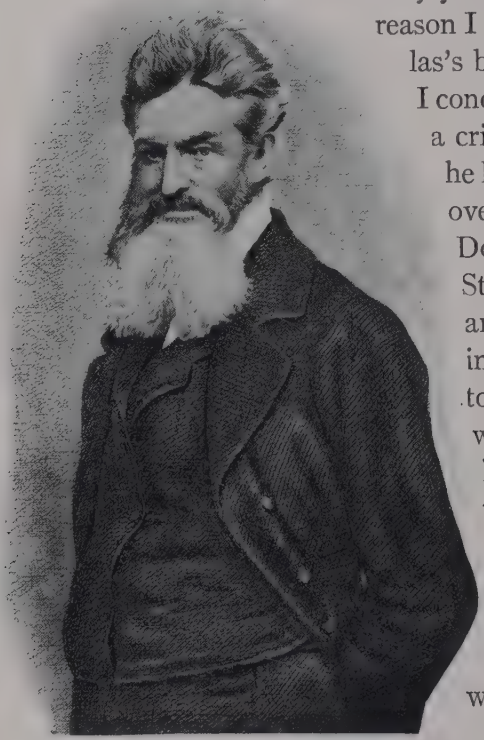
out from under their feet by your abolitionists, after it has been thrown open to all parties alike."

"Well," said Douglas slowly, "in the first place the slavery men have no place on Kansas soil; by the provisions of the Missouri Compromise that land was dedicated free ground. Words, perhaps! Nevertheless, Stephen A. Douglas did not well, for himself or for the South, when he gave forth his 'squatter sovereignty' proposition, nullifying that Compromise!"

"You cannot expect you Northerners, you anti-slavery people at least, to approve that measure, favoring the South, sir!" flashed the major.

"That is precisely what it does not do," said Douglas

quietly. "It is the worst thing which could have happened to the slavery cause. That, for two reasons: first, because that bill and the Fugitive Slave Law will raise more opponents to the cause of slavery than would have arisen naturally in twenty years. But that is not the main reason I have for opposing Mr. Douglas's bill,— the main reason is that I conceive it to be little better than a crime to stir up agitation — as he knew it would be stirred up — over an issue which is no issue! Do you really think that those States out there can ever be anything but free? No, never in this world, and any pretense to the contrary is folderol; and what is more, I believe that in his heart Mr. Douglas knows that that is so!"



JOHN BROWN (*From the photograph by J. W. Black & Company*)

"Why do you say that that country will not countenance slavery?" asked Mr. Brice, leaning forward with keen interest in his face.

"Have you ever seen Kansas, Mr. Brice?" asked Douglas Stevens, smiling. "No; or you would not ask that question. There is no place for slaves in the West; the air is not right for them; they would n't thrive. Major, have you any idea of the extent of that Western country, mile after unending mile of open, treeless prairie, with the white-hot sun beating down upon the parching earth, and the free winds of heaven blowing, blowing, night and day? It is not a country to be conquered by slaves — you cannot break that soil with

bodies, it must be done with souls! And free souls, too. Gentlemen, take it from me that Kansas will never be a slave State; there will never be any more slave States than there are now! And some day I think there will not be so many!"

He ended in a long silence, broken at length by the major.

"Well, sir," said that individual, blinking, "is that any reason why this man Brown should shoot down a Yancey in cold blood, just because he has slaves? Brown himself would hold slaves, sir, I make no doubt, if he had fo' dollars to buy 'em with, sir!" A light hand descended on the speaker's arm; and he turned to behold Eleanor smiling amusedly into his eyes.

"You must n't be so militant, uncle," she said good-humoredly. "Cousin Douglas is not responsible for the doings in Kansas — are you, cousin?"

"Well, at least I 'm not out there with a gun," smiled Douglas in return.

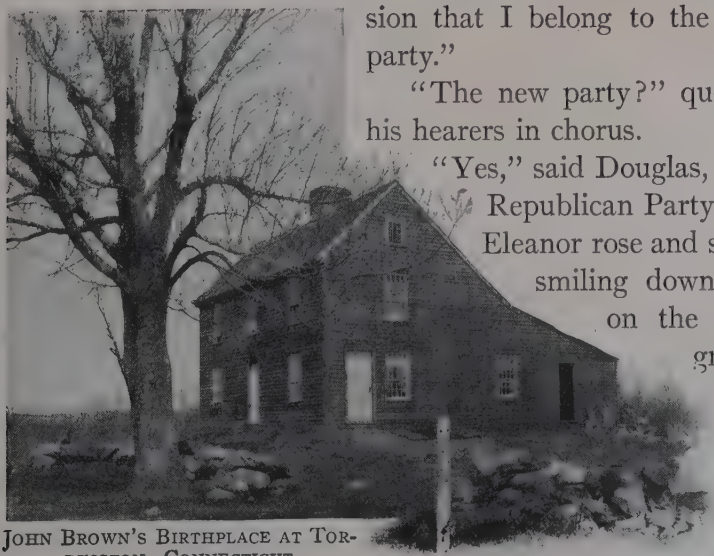
"Well, he is a Whig," persisted the major stoutly.

"No," demurred the other, "I do not think I am a Whig any longer — I am just about reaching the conclusion that I belong to the new party."

"The new party?" queried his hearers in chorus.

"Yes," said Douglas, "the Republican Party!"

Eleanor rose and stood smiling down upon the little group.



JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHPLACE AT TORRINGTON, CONNECTICUT

"Have we not had politics enough for one morning?" she said.

Colonel Lee rose with alacrity, bowing low before her. The major, too, arose, shaking his head ruefully, but indulgently. He would gladly have gone on with the subject for another hour; but a lady's wish was law.

"The sun is getting round to this side of the veranda, too," continued Eleanor; "it will soon be getting too warm for comfort here. Shall we go into the garden? It is shady there." On one errand or another, the little company dissolved, only the two ladies finally going to the garden. When there, they did not stay; for the garden already had occupants. One moment the two ladies stood, watching the little scene before them, the beautiful girl in the first rose-flush, and the dark, handsome, frowning youth bending over her.

"She will have many lovers!" said Doris softly. Eleanor sighed.

"Too many, I fear sometimes," she answered doubtfully.

"The idea! As if any Southern girl could have too many lovers!" laughed the other. And at the sound of the laugh the two in the garden looked up, half startled. The two watchers smiled, and smiling, retraced their steps.

JOHN BROWN'S HOMESTEAD AT NORTH ELBA, NEW YORK

"I tell you I am old enough to know my own mind," the dark-haired youth was saying vehemently. "Mind! I don't mean mind! I don't care that for mind! I mean heart! That is what makes most fellows up North so slow — they care more for mind than for anything else! They have no heart — no fire — no will! Why, the moment I set eyes upon you I said to myself: 'There she is! That 's the rose of the world!' And I knew I loved you, and wanted you; knew it then just as well as I know it now! I tell you, you are the loveliest thing in all Heaven or earth, and that is the kind of girl I want for mine!"

JOHN BROWN'S COTTAGE NEAR OSAWATOMIE, KANSAS

Rosalind laughed, not quite easily; for, truth to tell, she was a little frightened at his vehemence. Young as she was, it was not the first time, nor the second, that men had told her they loved her; but at the declaration of this mere boy she felt an uneasiness she had never felt before. So she made a gallant effort to laugh it off. Looking up provokingly she said:

"But you are only a boy; boys do not know what they want!"

"I am not a boy; I have never been a boy! And I know precisely what I want. I always have; and I always get it; and I will this time!" He stood frowning down upon her in desperate earnestness as he spoke.

"I am not much like my brother — he is a boy; you can call him a boy if you wish, and he is one; but I was born older than he is now! I am seventeen years old; you are fifteen; many a Southern girl is married at seventeen; that

will be only two years to wait. Very good: I will wait two years, if you say I must; but not a minute longer! Rosalind — loveliest of names! — say you will marry me when you are seventeen — promise me now!"

He knelt before her, catching at her hand, oblivious of the fact that he was in full view of three darkies working at a near-by arbor, who stood watching, open-mouthed, the strange doings of this young Northerner.

But Rosalind arose, and shook out her skirts with every appearance of displeasure. "You are a foolish boy," she said severely, "and I do not think I shall stay to listen to any more such foolish talk this morning, sir!"

He snatched her hand, and covered it with vehement kisses.

"You shall have to listen one time," he said. "Why not now? And I warn you not to call me a boy again. It makes me angry, and I am dangerous when I am angry! Even my father is afraid of me when I get angry!"

ENTRANCE TO JOHN BROWN'S COTTAGE AT OSAWATOMIE, KANSAS

"Well, if you have such a bad, ungovernable temper as that, I could not dream of marrying you," said the girl, smiling at first, but sobering when she beheld a black shadow cross the face of Norbert.

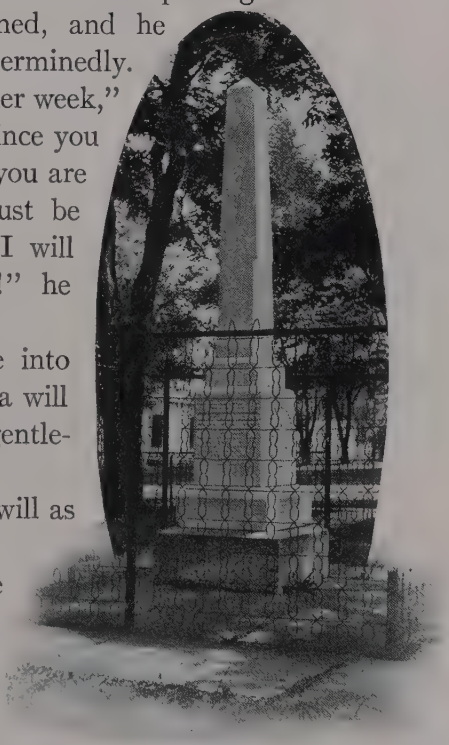
He looked at her steadily, the shadow passing as he looked; his good humor returned, and he shook his head cheerfully, but determinedly.

"I shall be at Ten Oaks another week," he said. "I will be able to convince you long before that time — that as you are the rose of Virginia, so you must be my Rose. And what I want, I will have, and none shall stop me!" he ended.

A little flick of temper came into the girl's own eyes; she too had a will of her own, along with all her gentleness and courtesy.

"You do not ask if it be my will as well, cousin," she said, slowly.

"I can pray that it will be yours," he said quickly, realizing that his tone had startled her. He was a youth of quick perceptions, was Norbert.

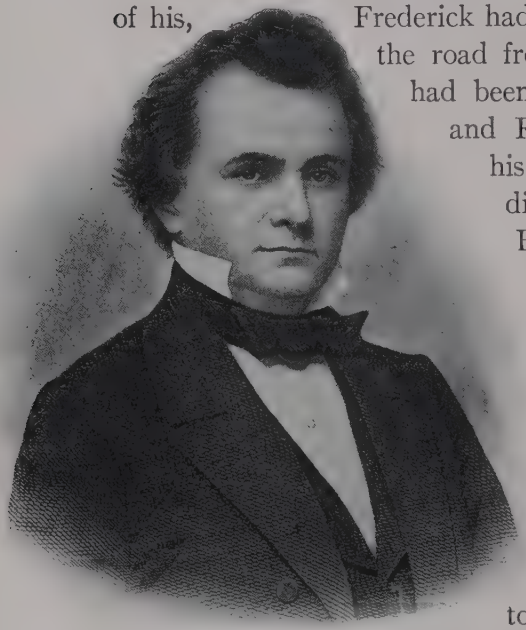


Monument Commemorating the Battle of Osawatomie, Osawatomie, Kansas

"Hush!" spoke Rosalind softly. "Here comes your brother — and mine!" Norbert turned his head to look, impatiently.

Down the winding way between the arbor and the sward came the two boys. They were much of a height, Frederick perhaps the taller, but Oliver the more trimly built, and carrying himself like a soldier, rather than like the youth he was. Frederick was simply a healthy, normal fifteen-year-old lad; that he was beginning to dream dreams was a fact

that he had confided to none. But from the hour when he had first beheld the sunny head of this Virginia cousin of his, Frederick had stepped many a step along the road from youth to man. There had been no girls in his boyhood; and Rosalind's eyes smote upon his heart like clear fire; and he did not know what to do. He could not, like Norbert, make manifest the pæans that his soul sang at the sight of this strange goddess who had sprung heart-high from this Virginia earth; he could only worship in silence, with a vague trouble in his soul because it seemed to him, as it had seemed to him so many times before, that this was only one more bounty that had fluttered Norbert's way, merely because Norbert had the will and the courage to ask. So, with a sigh that he kept all to himself, Frederick turned his eyes away from the thing he could not bear to admit to himself as true.



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS *(From an engraving by W. G. Jackman)*

Because Oliver was her brother, and because Oliver's eyes were exactly like those whose light had reached his heart, Frederick found himself drawn to Oliver as by a blood

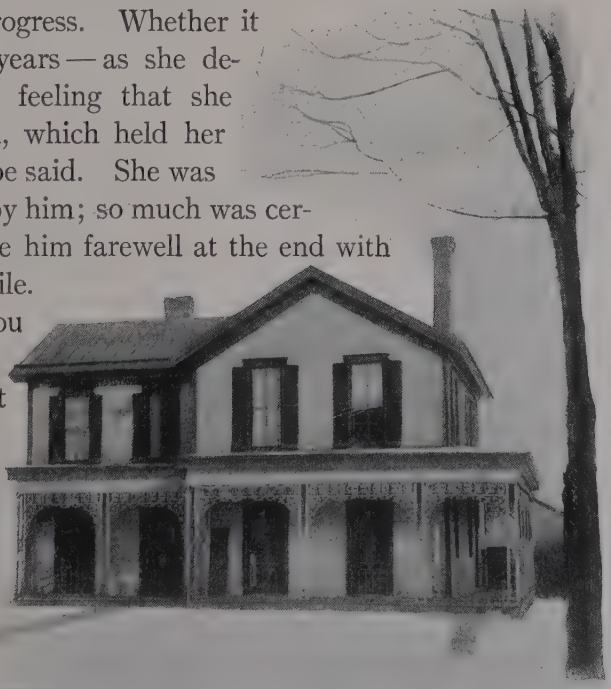
BIRTHPLACE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, BRANDON, VERMONT

brotherhood. They became bosom friends — "thick as thieves," as Norbert laughingly said. Norbert was content, — it left the field free for his wooing of Rosalind. Oliver, simple lad, fell into as great a liking for Frederick as Frederick's for him, and the two became inseparable. If Oliver, who was years wiser in many things than his Northern cousin, saw occasionally a shadow on Frederick's brow, and guessed the cause of it, he kept his speculations to himself and made no sign.

In this manner the swift golden days sped by, and it became time for Douglas Stevens and his family to return to Washington. Colonel Lee had gone already, and was presumably far on his way to Texas; and Mr. Brice had returned to Richmond. In the last days of his stay, Norbert lost no chance to plead his cause with his beautiful cousin, but not even to himself could he maintain that he had made any progress. Whether it was his lack of years — as she declared — or some feeling that she could not explain, which held her aloof, was not to be said. She was greatly attracted by him; so much was certain; but she bade him farewell at the end with an untroubled smile.

"I will see you again!" he declared, on their last evening.

"Not for another year," she demurred, "for I shall be away all next year at school!"



HOME OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS

"A year is a long time," he said gloomily. "You will forget me!"

"Perhaps," she smiled, agreeing cheerfully to his charge.

"I will never forget you," he cried. "Never while I live! And I will come back — when you are seventeen!"

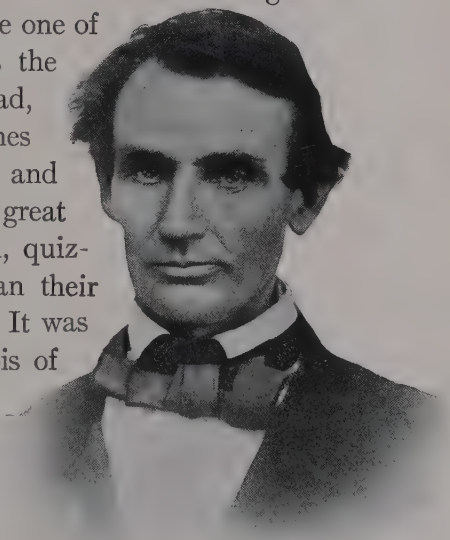
Deep in his heart, Frederick too was saying: "I will never forget you while I live! And I too will come back — some day!"

Yet Rosalind's farewell to Norbert was as to a man; that to Frederick, as to a boy.

CHAPTER II

A MAN IN A BLACK COAT

ILLINOIS in the summer of 1858 was in many ways much the same as the Illinois of to-day. There was the same free wind blowing across the rolling fields; the same city by the lake, taking to herself even then the strength whereby she should one day become one of the world's great cities; there was the same old Illinois Central Railroad, pushing out restlessly its gleaming lines of rail in an ever-spreading network; and there were the same people, to a great degree, good, hard-headed, shrewd, quizzical-ingenuous folk, with more than their share of Yankee in eye and brain. It was a State worthy of notice, the Illinois of '58; great men were in the making in the open laboratories of her teeming acres. Great men, indeed; so great in fact that Grants and Logans could pass unnoticed in a crowd that thronged to get a glimpse of the two men in whom so grave a destiny was working.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT THE TIME OF THE LONCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE (*From a photograph taken by C. Jackson*)

It seemed to be the fortune of the United States, during the central half of the nineteenth century, to find her affairs political in the control of triumvirates. The earlier three were gone. Clay, Calhoun, and Webster were gathered to their fathers; and the new three were coming into the light: Jefferson Davis, Stephen A. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln —

of these three, two, and the more potent two, were to be found in Illinois this year.

Stephen A. Douglas was at this time at the very flood-tide of his power. From modest beginnings he had hewn his way by the sheer force of ability and eloquence to a position second to none in national affairs; from the day when he had, at the age of twenty-one, received his license to

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, IN 1858 (*From the drawing by G. J. Robertson*)

practice law in the State of Illinois, and began his career at Jacksonville, he had moved always forward, never to the rear. With the launching of his celebrated doctrine, looking to the furtherance of slavery, known as the "popular sovereignty," or "squatter sovereignty" proposition, he sprang at once into the first rank among public men. Distinguished in appearance in spite of his short stature, the "Little Giant" was beyond question the most prominent man in the Democratic party. His eloquence in debate, his brilliance of mind, and his almost hypnotic power of making his hearers believe everything he advanced combined to render Mr. Douglas the most dangerous adversary that a man in politics in 1858 could well have. And it was this man whom Abraham Lincoln

had challenged to a series of debates, on which hung the issue of the impending senatorial election of January.

At first blush it seemed that there could be but one issue. Mr. Douglas, polished, suave, well-dressed, friends with almost all the influential men of the community, with money in his campaign coffers, unbounded enthusiasm in the henchmen who followed his chariot's wheel, with special trains held for his service by order of Chief Engineer George B. McClellan of the Illinois Central, with the weight and influence of the Democratic party machine back of his every move, Mr. Douglas, with all these things, was to meet a man who had no one of them.

Abraham Lincoln, the son of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, his wife, was born on February 12, 1809, in what is now Larue county, Kentucky. Thomas Lincoln may or may not have been worthy to be the father of his son; there is little doubt that Nancy was worthy to be his mother. Nothing could have been more miserable than the circumstances of Thomas and his wife in the early Kentucky days, when Abraham was a babe; things were but little bettered when the family shifted to another spot in Kentucky, where they remained until about 1816. At this time, following the mood that would not let him be still, Thomas decided that Indiana presented a fairer prospect; and accordingly the family migrated to that State. Here for some years they stayed, and Time wrought amongst them. Nancy Lincoln died and was buried; Abraham's sister was married, died, and was buried before her sixteenth year; and at the end of this chapter Thomas returned to Kentucky, there to marry once more, and present Abraham with a step-mother — a possession of doubtful value in many cases, but an undeniable boon in this.

All through this poverty-racked and restless childhood the boy had been growing up pretty much as he pleased;

the fruit of his labor, the proceeds of rail-splitting and other odd jobs, was turned over to his father as a matter of course, and little time and less money did Abraham have to bless himself with. Where under the sky he found the will that made him resolve to be something more than a splitter of rails cannot be guessed. The only books he had in his lonely boyhood were the Bible and Æsop's Fables which may seem poverty indeed,— yet if one were to select two books alone wherewith to nurture a growing mind and soul, what better books could he find in all the world? Meanwhile, the years were passing; and in 1830, when Abraham was just turned twenty-one years of age, the family made its most momentous moving, that to the Sangamon River district in Macon county, Illinois.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AT THE TIME HE WAS SECRETARY OF WAR IN PRESIDENT PIERCE'S CABINET (*From a daguerreotype*)

Abraham was now of age, his own master, owner of the money his own hands earned; and immediately his horizon began to widen. He fell in with one Denton Offut; he went to New Orleans, there to clinch forever in his mind the ideas he held regarding slavery in the United States. Slave life "down the river" held little of the peace and happiness that existed on many of the Southern plantations; in fact, Abraham saw the terrible traffic in human lives at its worst. No revival preacher's portrayal of hell contained more of menace than that simple,

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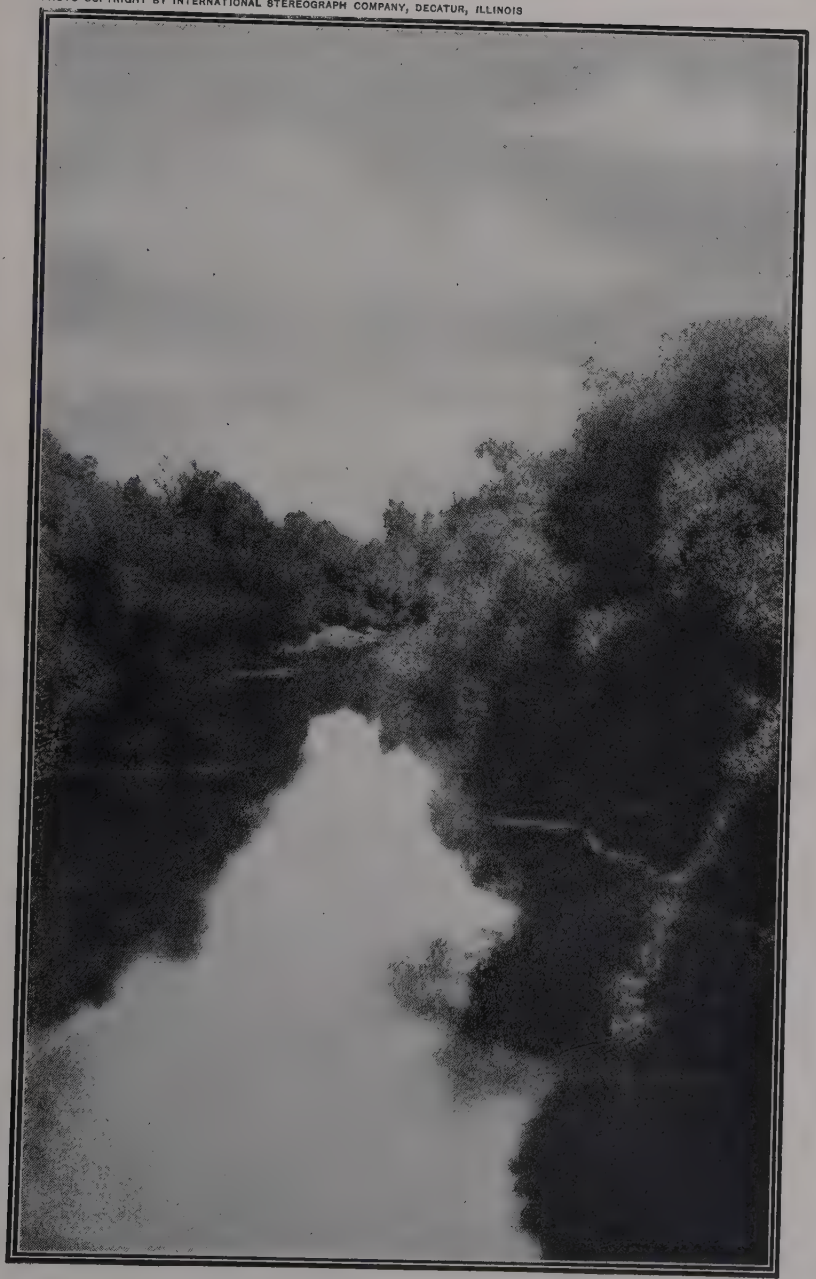
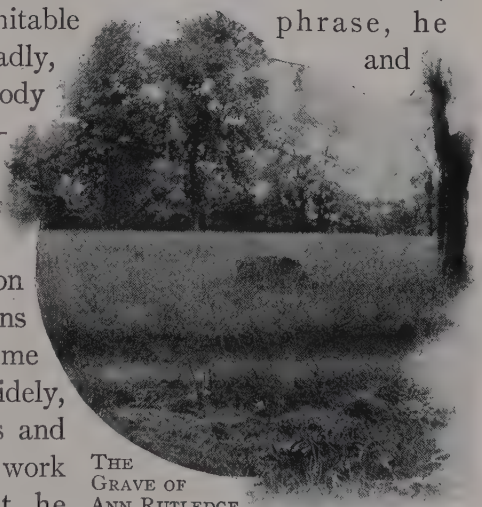


On the Sangamon River

rather euphonious phrase, "down the river." It was part of fate, beyond any doubt, this and his other trip to the Southland; without them he might never have gained the conviction, which he held so firmly till his death, of the utter wrong of holding human beings in bondage.

He came back from New Orleans and started a store, which failed; tried military life in the Black Hawk War, where, in his own inimitable phrase, he "bent a musket rather badly, and engaged in many a bloody struggle with mosquitoes!" Again he tried mercantile life, again to fail; and at last found opportunity to enter upon surveying work as a means of livelihood. All this time he was reading, not widely, but deep; walking miles and miles after hard days of work to borrow books that he needed; and now, at last, the clouds began to lift. He had already dabbled a little in politics, and in 1834, when he was postmaster in New Salem, he was elected, as a Whig, to the Illinois legislature. He was now twenty-five years old, and was due, on the heels of this first public triumph, to experience the deepest personal sorrow he was perhaps ever to know, one at least from which he never recovered, and which deepened irremediably the shadowing melancholy of his soul.



THE GRAVE OF ANN RUTLEDGE

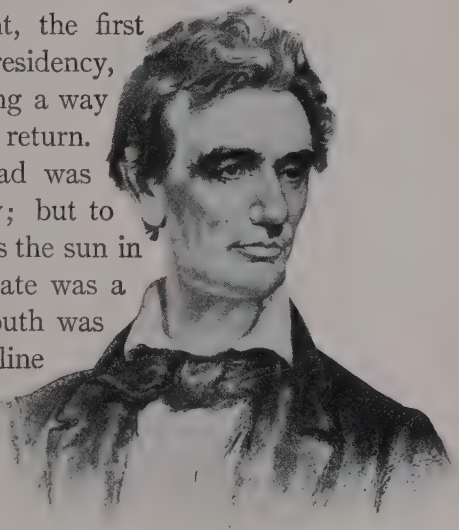
Ann Rutledge, a young girl whose image remained with him all his life as the essence of beauty, betrothed herself to him, but died before their marriage could take place. He never forgot her, and one need not be a sentimentalist to

believe that he never loved again! For it was not a marriage of love which he finally made with a sprightly Kentucky young woman, named Mary Todd; for what reason he married her is not known, but it was not for love; and the incompatibility of temperament which existed between the two had also its effect in molding the man's mind to the thing which it became. But meanwhile he had been winning laurels at the bar and in the public eye; his trial-room speeches had become famous, his honesty and fairness a byword. He had been in Congress, entering strangely enough the same session as that which first received the man who was afterward his opponent, Jefferson Davis. They disagreed then over the question of the Mexican War, which Lincoln opposed and Davis defended, the latter going to Mexico to win distinction on more than one field. Finally, through all the vicissitudes of time, Abraham Lincoln reached the beginning of that pathway which, for him, led to the greatest and gravest of destinies; the entrance to that pathway wherefrom, when his foot once had touched it, there was no turning back,— the entrance to that way opened at the little city of Freeport, in Illinois, on August 27, 1858.

Mary, the Wife of Abraham Lincoln

While Abraham Lincoln had been growing up, and studying and practicing law, and laying the foundation for

the thing he was to do, the country in which he lived had been astir as well,—and with no pleasant leaven. In this year 1858, the second of Buchanan's administration, he having in '56 defeated Frémont, the first Republican candidate for the Presidency, matters had gone far indeed along a way from which there was to be no return. How grave a juncture lay ahead was appreciated as yet only by a few; but to those seeing few it was as clear as the sun in heaven. In the early days a State was a State; North was North, and South was South, but there was no bitter line between the two. The South held slaves; the North as well; there was no thought of regarding slaves as anything other than property—and property wise men respected the world over. As time went by, slavery had died out of the North; the industries, the air, were not right for it; one by one the Northern States passed anti-slavery bills, and at last there came into being that invisible but terrible fissure of demarcation, the Mason and Dixon line. North of this line no slavery might obtain; but south of it slavery remained a vital part of the fabric of life. The cotton fields demanded it; by it the South lived, without it she must languish.

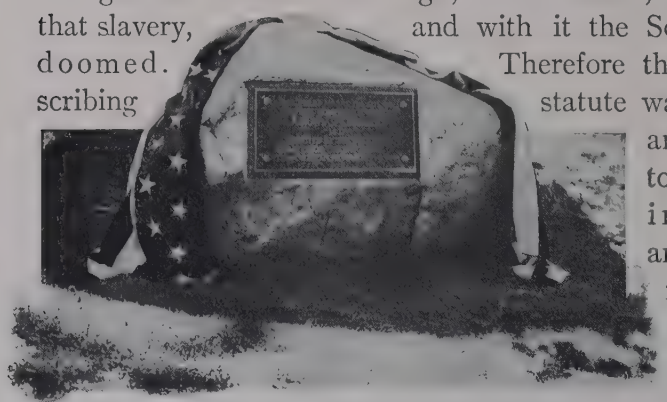


LINCOLN (*From a portrait taken by Charles A. Barry in Springfield, June, 1860*)

THE EDWARDS HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN WAS MARRIED

Thus, from economic reasons pure and simple, the great chasm began to open. Rich in her dower of brilliant statesmen, the South, greatly before the North, had come to see that her future was bound up in this thing, that slavery must be extended or the supremacy of the South, already threatened by the fierce industrial growth of the North, would be at an end. Seeing this so clearly, the South began, as early as 1815, to champion free trade, or at least low tariffs, so that by the aid of the English mills, "cotton" might forever be "king." This was the opening wedge of strife inserted by South Carolina and her nullification of 1828, into the "Tariff of Abominations." As months went by, the South saw more clearly still that friendly tariffs were not enough; they could not be maintained as friendly if the North in Congress were to have as ally an anti-slavery West; she must strengthen herself on her own soil; and this meant the extension of slavery. To this extension, therefore, the leaders set themselves with unremitting patience, industry, and eloquence.

They came to see that the Missouri Compromise, once hailed by them with joy, was in reality a stumbling-block in their path; it did not, of course, militate against slavery where it already existed, but it did what seemed to them more prejudicial still to the slavery cause,— it prevented its extension to the great country lying north of 36° 30′. Slavery had gone as far as it could go; which meant, eventually, that slavery, and with it the South, were doomed. Therefore this circumscribing statute was perilous and inimical to Southern interests, and must be repealed or



The Site of Lincoln's First House in Illinois

evaded. But where in Israel was the prophet to come from who should show the way? Strangely enough, not in Southern borders at all, but in a Democratic camp in the North. The liberating prophet was Stephen A. Douglas, and his weapon was the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

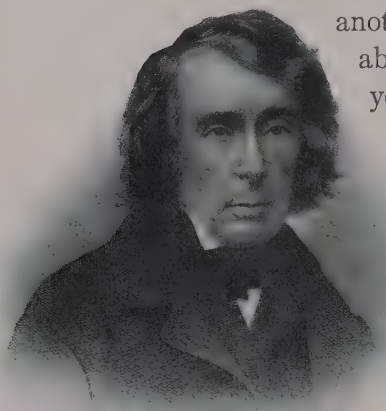
It had waited too long! It was an ingenious evasion of the Compromise, this proposal to let the people of the ter-

THE GLOBE TAVERN, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, WHERE MR. AND MRS. LINCOLN BEGAN HOUSEKEEPING IN 1842 AND WHERE ROBERT T. LINCOLN WAS BORN
(*From an engraving*)

ritories decide themselves whether they would be "slave" or "free"; but it came too late; the country had grown eyes to see. Thus it happened that, instead of aiding the South, and the cause of slavery, it put a nail in slavery's coffin. For it came upon the North like a thunderbolt from the blue; it marshaled at once the foes of slavery; it enraged the radicals, it frenzied the abolitionists, it startled even the most conservative. But the worst of it was, that instead of setting all these classes at loggerheads, as they had been, it unified them, it brought them together under one banner, that banner reading "Slavery shall not be extended." It abolished the Whigs, and reared in their

place the Republican party, to carry that banner. It removed party lines, interest lines, friendly lines, and divided the country anew, slavery against anti-slavery, North against South! This, with a little assistance from the Fugitive Slave Law, was the epoch-making work of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

But the end was not yet. Congress might pass the bill, but the admission of the budding States under that law was another matter. Men had been fighting about that in Kansas now these many years, and the issue was still in doubt; and more was to come. Again, in March, 1857, came a new development, when Justice Taney of the Supreme Court handed down his famous decision in the Dred Scott case. In denying the negro's plea for freedom after he had been taken to free ground, Chief Justice Taney went further, much further. He declared the unconstitutionality of the Missouri Compromise; he declared and reaffirmed that slaves were property, and that their owners might carry them where they would, that "the negro has no rights under the Constitution which the white man is bound to respect."



CHIEF JUSTICE ROGER B. TANEY
(*From the engraving by W. G. Jackman*)

A sweeping decision; and one which gave Mr. Douglas, even with his cleverness and adroitness, no little trouble; for if owners might take slaves into free territories, what became of Mr. Douglas's celebrated doctrine of "popular sovereignty?" It can hardly be doubted that Mr. Douglas thought Mr. Justice Taney was an undesirably unpleasant and mischief-making individual.

Such was the situation. These were the things which the minds of men had to consider as they came by foot, or horse, or rail, from East and West and North, in this August weather, to Freeport in the summer of '58, to hear a mighty discussion of these momentous issues.

From far and wide they came, men of all sorts; women too, it is significant to note. It was dimly felt already that more than a mere senatorial toga hung upon these debates — how much, and what momentous things, only one man perceived, and he was a man in a rusty black coat, who waited in an old day-coach on a side track while the trim-and-shining car of his popular rival swept along the gleaming rails.

JOSEPH MEDILL

Other men saw, too, but not so clearly; they guessed enough, however, to throw them into a panic over what it was that Lincoln was going to say. Chief among these worried but adoring partisans was Mr. Joseph Medill, editor of the influential Chicago *Press and Tribune*. He and his friends held pleadingly desperate interviews with the whimsical figure in the rusty old coat, begging and beseeching him to be careful. And he, smiling at them, with his deep eyes twinkling beneath his beetling brows, gave them placidly the text of the four questions which he was to ask Mr. Douglas to answer. Three of these four they passed, these wise men and shrewd; but at the second they stood aghast.

"Abe," they said to him, "Abe, if you ask that question,

Judge Douglas will snow you under so deep you will never dig your way out!"

"It may be so," returned Mr. Lincoln, with a quiet smile. "Yes, Joe, I am rather inclined to think your remarks are mighty near correct!"

"Then why, why, in the name of all that 's holy — why ask it?" gasped the greatest editor west of the Alleghenies.

THE FIRST BUILDING OF THE CHICAGO "TRIBUNE"

Whether Mr. Lincoln answered him or not, is not sure; but Time answered, and by the arbitrament of Time the scale swung clear. For it was in order to prick forever the bubble of popular sovereignty, in order to clip forever the wings of its author's sprouting ambition, in order to save the country from a yet more terrible future, that the great question was asked.

The morning of August 27 dawned wild, sunny, blustery, with hints of last night's rain in the sky, and with all the winds of the prairies in the air. Down at the depot, cheering thousands; up at the speaking-place cheering thousands! People, people, people, surging, chattering, cheering, moving and swaying in a pandemonium of thrilling sight and feeling. Political bands were all about, political slogans rode high on transparencies, political groups marched hither and thither. All the while the great movement converged upon the place it had come to seek; the maelstrom found its vortex in the open space around the wooden platform in the grove.

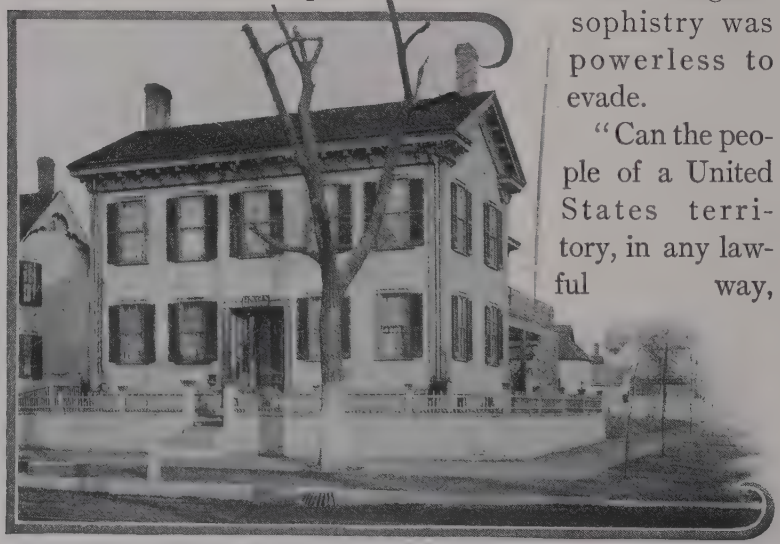
Wild bugle notes assailed the sky, laughter of men and women, cries of street vendors, and the unending and

almost menacing undertone of a great crowd in movement. The hour was struck; and out upon the ringing air floated the little hush which told that the crowd was ready. Then, as there were seen upon the platform two figures, the grove rang and shook and shuddered with the shouting: two figures, one straight, not tall, but of great dignity, great charm of person and of manner, with hair flung gracefully off from a high fine brow — friends, citizens, partisans, — the Little Giant! And as the grove reëchoed to the sound of the cheering, men could see by the side of this form another — a long, ungainly, gangling, uncouth figure, clad in a coat of rusty black, whose appearance generally carried with it nothing of impressiveness, of dignity; rather did he look, as one of his most devoted followers phrased it, "awful country" by the side of Douglas! As they stood there on the same platform, there arose in the breasts of the Douglasites a mighty sense of elation. How magnificent their champion looked in contrast with his opponent; and they cheered and cheered again. The friends of Lincoln winced: they were never to wince again, any of those who were at Freeport on this August day.

Plain to the view, on the edge of the wooden platform, stood the long, ungainly man, and raised his hand for silence. From the Democratic

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS
(*Likeness from latest photograph taken in life*)

ranks rose the murmurs of laughter, of derision. Out upon the still air came his voice — and the laughter grew and spread. What child's falsetto is this? Yet, while still they laughed, a strange thing happened. The bent figure straightened, it seemed no longer queer, no longer grotesque; the voice sounded no more like the clown's cackle at a circus. Nobody thought more of figure, or manner of speech, or rusty coat. Slowly there came upon that grove and upon those listening thousands a great silence; men leaned forward, and held their slow breath that they might the better hear. The voice was deep now, and rang and thrilled like the note of a mighty organ; and the crowd forgot time and space in listening. There was no time, nor any human thing worthy of notice, saving only that dominant man upon the rickety platform. He spoke of things which men had guessed, making them clear; gave new truths so quietly, so gently that they were accepted before the words were understood; then, in a stillness agonizing in its intensity, he reached the climax of his speech, — the famous question, which all Douglas' sophistry was powerless to evade.



Lincoln's Springfield Home

"Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way,

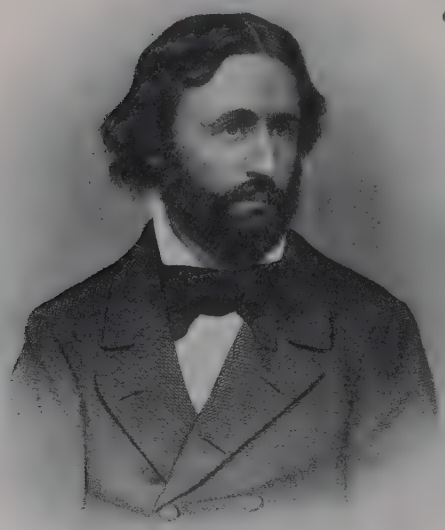
against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State Constitution?"

It seems a simple question to have such a comet's tail of consequences. When it was put, the speaker went not much further — his time was up; and his opponent's time was come. Plausible, sophistical, easy, Judge Douglas grasped at the bait. Amid the transports of his admirers, he answered the question in what has become known as the Freeport Heresy,— which lost him the South, lost him the Presidency in 1860, lost him his all, his heart's desire. What boots it to him that he won his senatorship? What now avails his masterful argument that, Supreme Court decisions be they what they may, the right to permit or exclude slavery lies in the hands of the people of the territory, since it cannot live an hour unless supported by local police regulations? These things won him his moment's triumph; and let his followers cheer and cheer again. But the victory rested with the man in the rusty coat, whose tired eyes looked far ahead across many years of sorrow and of conflict, to find only darkness and silence at the end — but immortal darkness crowning immortal day, and silence which meant the benediction of the land which he, and he alone, could save.

CHAPTER III

A MAN IS LAUNCHED

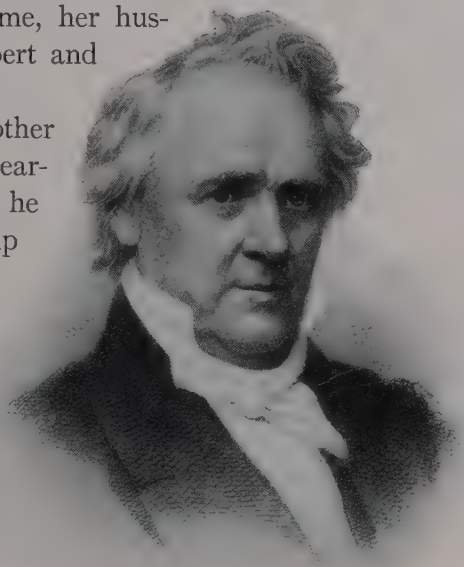
THE Washington home of Douglas Stevens in Pennsylvania Avenue was one of the finest along that thoroughfare. It was not as large or as ambitious as some of its fellows, but Douglas's family was small, and his mind was one not addicted to cumbering itself with undue weight of ceremony. It seemed to him that it was folly to maintain a mansion like that of many of his colleagues; his wife concurring, they lived quietly on in the house which they had bought soon after their marriage.



JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT (*From the engraving by J. C. Buttre*)

Doris Stevens, after more than twenty years of marriage, was still as beautiful, and almost as slender, as when she had left her militant father to follow the blunt though beguiling Northerner who had stolen her heart. She was one of the best beloved of the younger generation of Washington matrons; she and her husband were seen much in society, but, Southerner though she had been born, and therefore

fond of gayety and the mingling with many women and men, her heart she left out of it, except in so far as Douglas himself or his interests were concerned. The real, enthralling things in her life were her home, her husband, and her two boys, Norbert and Frederick.



JAMES BUCHANAN (*After the photograph by Brady*)

There had never been any other children; Douglas used to say, earlier in their married life, that he guessed he would have to look up a daughter somewhere, now that Doris had two handsomer young men to attend her. It may be that he grieved a little that there came no girl to be a sister to the two youngsters; but Doris was content. She found adequate destiny in the studying and training of her sons; and she used to say that Douglas would have to wait until his boys brought daughters home for him. That was bound to happen, she assured him. The men in her family always married; it ran in the blood.

They differed greatly, the two boys, and the differences manifested themselves long before they were able to talk. Norbert, the elder, was the child of his mother's people, not of his mother so much, for the traits of her family were not strong in her, but of her hot-blooded, fiery Southern forebears. His hair was black from his birth; his eyes seemed to snap with spirit and fire when first they opened on the world. As a babe, when he did not secure instantly what his whim demanded, there was a wild clamor beneath the

moon. He passed from rage to pleasure at a breath. No one could be so utterly charming as Norbert, when his mood bade; no one so uncontrollable in his tempers. Before he reached three years, old Sukey, his colored mammy, who had brought up Doris herself, confessed herself unable to do anything with him. Only his mother could make him listen; and not always she.

Many a grave hour Doris and Douglas spent talking over the problem of the raising of Norbert; for his tempers seemed to grow no less violent with his increasing years. They came less seldom; but when they came, they shook the world around him.

There was nothing more to do except guide him with what wisdom they could, and pray that Time might be able to effect what they could not. As he grew toward manhood, it seemed at times as though he might have outgrown the worst side of his character; at other times, as though it grew upon him with the hours. They sent him to a boys' school, hoping that the comradeship of other boys, and the sight of universal discipline, would prove effective. In vain; he was dismissed before the end of the first term for insubordination, and he could never be induced to return. So his mother read with him at home; she grew to love him the more, by reason of his very infirmity, and gradually he absorbed much more than his rightful share of her heart.

So greatly was this true that her affection for Frederick, two years younger, was of quite a different kind from that which she lavished upon Norbert. Norbert, because he needed so much, received much; Frederick, who longed for much, received not half the measure of his longing. It is always so — is it not notorious that mothers love the wayward son the best? And is it not also true that he who is strong enough to stand alone, is compelled to do so? So at least Frederick found it. All through his boyhood he learned

WHEATLAND, THE HOME OF JAMES BUCHANAN, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

his lesson, that he must face his crises, must "dree his weird," alone. And the brave young soul of him took up its necessity and made it part of himself. He was his father's son, was Frederick, only more silent. He had all the New England characteristics, tempered by his father's generosity. His was an even temper, a placid, cool grey eye, which could be tender if it would; his was a suavity, a courtesy of manner that Douglas had never had; but perhaps the crowning characteristic of his mind was its reticence. He was a silent youth.

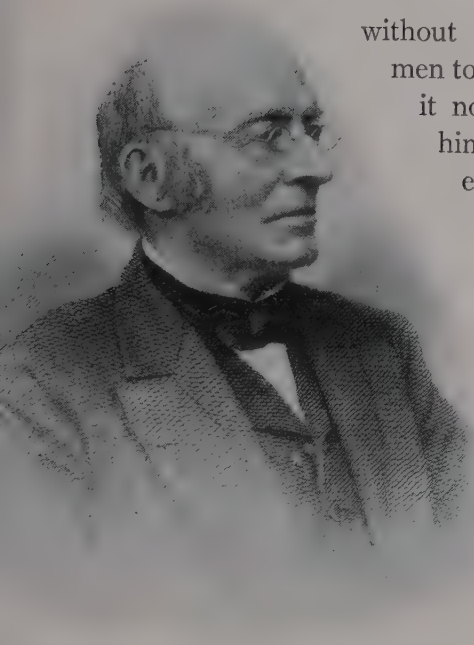
Both to Norbert and to Frederick the visit to Ten Oaks marked an epoch. Norbert, who was fond of girls' society, had had his fancies before; but none comparable to his violent and sincere attraction toward Rosalind, his beautiful cousin. For Frederick, she was the first girl he had ever beheld, the only woman in the world! Norbert, who took his whole family, as well as half the world, into his confidence, made no secret of his determination to marry Rosalind as soon as he came of age. His mother, who saw that the lad's affection was really having a beneficent influence, hoped — even as she feared — that his wish might be granted; for perhaps, she thought, thus may come what not Time nor she herself had been able to bring about.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES BUCHANAN, MERCERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

To no one in the world did Frederick so much as breathe her name. Close to his soul he hugged his worship; it was not for daws to peck at.

Living in Washington in this most exciting of eras, the family was of necessity thrown into the controversy which was engaging the entire country. Douglas Stevens, impelled by his convictions, had gone over from his old allegiance and become a Republican, voting with that party in the election of '56, though he did not approve the candidate, Frémont. He found, the more he studied the question, the more he mistrusted the situation as it stood. Always a keen student of politics and things political, the pro-slavery men of the South and the rabid abolitionists of Boston seemed to him about equally misguided and unthinking as far as their propaganda went. Extremists both, they both seemed lacking, — the latter in tolerance, the former in ability to face an issue squarely. The spread-eagle, unthinking, inflammatory eloquence of the Southern champions of State's rights affected him almost as little as the frenzied, fanatical abolitionists' papers of Garrison and Phillips. He saw in it all a severe danger, an ever-nearing menace to the safety of the Union as a whole; and his disquiet was not allayed when he beheld the half-hearted and wholly inefficient gropings and fidgetings of the man in the presidential chair. President Buchanan was an honorable gentleman, a Christian, a scholar; after that is conceded, the less said about him, perhaps, the better. At all events, he was not the man to cope with one of the most difficult situations a man had ever to face.

He endeavored to please both sides; he succeeded in pleasing neither. He leaned toward the South, and he did the South harm thereby. He gave his sanction to the ridiculous Lecompton transaction, whereby the pro-slavery men attempted to force the entrance of Kansas as a slave State,

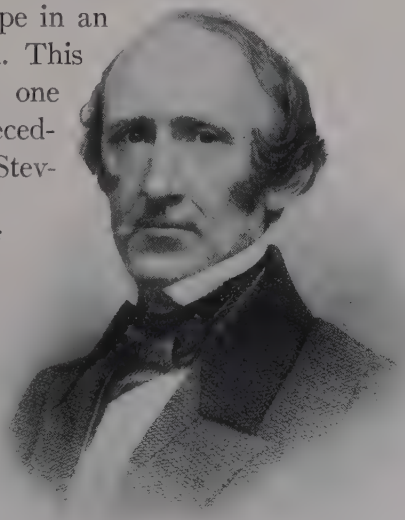


WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON (*From the engraving by F. T. Stuart*)

without allowing any but pro-slavery men to vote on the proposition. Had it not been that Senator Douglas himself, the father of the "sovereignty" which had made this farcical attempt possible, opposed it, Kansas would probably have been admitted to the Union as "slave" on the vote of a handful of border ruffians. This was not to be, though Senator Douglas heard himself branded as traitor by certain hotheads in the South, because he arrayed himself with the Republicans in opposing it. But it all seemed right to Mr. Buchanan, whose soul yearned for peace.

To Douglas Stevens, clear-eyed and thoughtful, there appeared to be only one ray of hope in an otherwise rapidly darkening outlook. This was a man, a man from the West, one who had uttered in June of the preceding year a word which seemed to Stevens to ring with immortality.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand," this man had said. "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to



WENDELL PHILLIPS (*From the engraving by H. W. Smith*)

fall,— but I do expect it will cease to be divided! It will become all one thing, or all the other."

Yet the split was growing wider the while; with every day that passed it was becoming more and more impossible for the opposing factions to understand each other; every day the division of the house was more manifest.

It was in this summer of '59 that the divided house came to be to Douglas Stevens a nearer thing than ever it had been before. For his own house, as though in sympathy with the "house" of Mr. Lincoln's speech, had been divided, and divided in a manner which wrung the heart of every one in it. Like lightning from a clear sky came the blow.

Norbert Stevens was to be twenty-one years of age on August 1. Time had not been idle with him, in the four years which had passed since first he came into this history; he had grown in stature a little, in weight and authority much. He had become a man of the world, with a maturity beyond his years; living beyond, as he did, any restraint which could now be placed upon him, he had changed greatly. Perhaps his associates, chosen by himself chiefly from amongst the idle youth of Washington, were not the best which might have been chosen; yet really there is no reason to believe that they had much if any effect upon him; his was the dominant personality. Be that as it may, he began, as he drew near his majority, to manifest ideas and beliefs which gave his parents the gravest concern.

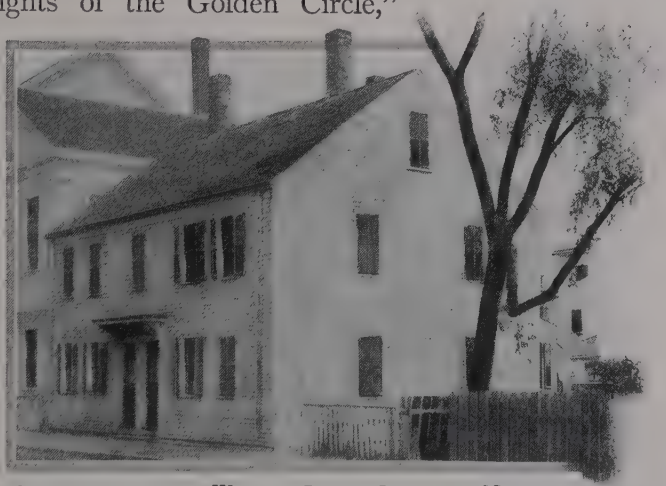
There was one young man, named Walker, with whom Norbert seemed particularly intimate; and from this youth it was that he picked up many of the sentiments which he soon made his own. His inherited hot Southern blood made it easy to arouse his enthusiasm for anything redounding to the glory of the South; and Mr. Walker was an ardent Southron. Norbert had known him some time before he found out precisely what was in the wind; but one night,

when they felt, for some reason, unusually friendly, Walker told of a project which made Norbert gasp at the very splendor and magnitude of it.

"Greatest country in the world, it will be!" Walker ended, eyes aflame.

"But —but —" Norbert hesitated, trying to take in all the fatal magnificence of the dream all at once. "But how many men are behind this thing?"

"The Knights of the Golden Circle," said Walker calmly, "embrace about five thousand of the most wealthy and influential men of the South, and of Cuba. I am not at liberty to say, now, what great names are in the councils; but you may take it from my lips that there are none higher in the land. The Golden Circle, with its sixteen-hundred-mile radius around Havana, will include the richest lands in all the earth. It will be the world's market — for where else can the world go to get its cotton, its tobacco, its sugar, and its hemp? Once this silly bond which ties the Southland to the black Republicans is snapped in two, you shall see then. Take my word for it!"



THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

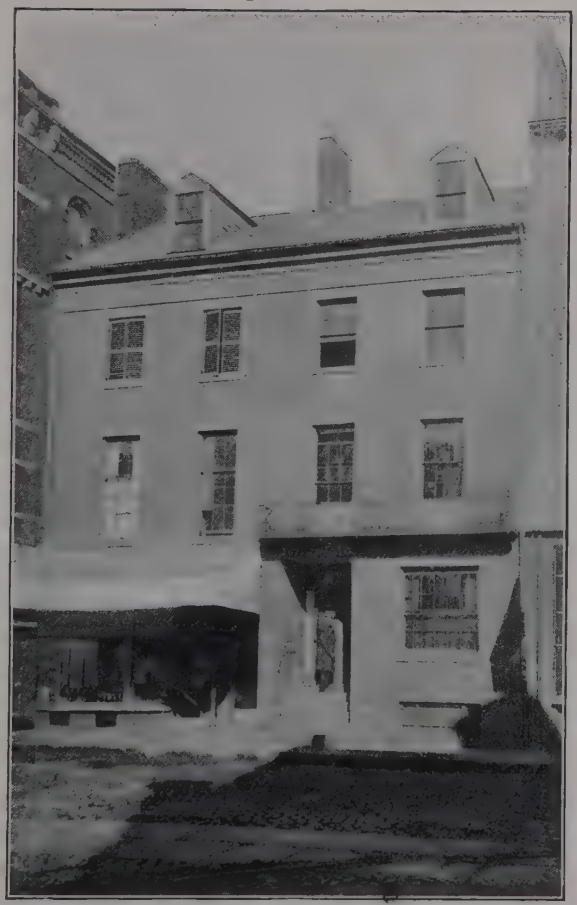
Norbert was already thrilled at the picture. He did not ask any of the questions that a saner man might have asked; he was content to accept the wild dreams of these chimerical

marplots as the sane plans of thinkers. In this error he was not alone; older heads than his were led astray as well. Before his talk with Walker was done, he was an avowed convert. If Walker smiled to himself at the ease with which he had done his work, he gave no sign. Only he cautioned Norbert about mentioning the matter to any one, even, especially, to his father. This Norbert agreed not to do; the word now was to wait. The time was not ripe, Walker said. But it was ripening fast.

So Norbert went home with wild dreams and follies running in his head. True to his promise, he said nothing to his father of this new thing which was filling his thoughts; but he did let drop stray sentences, references that Douglas Stevens was far too canny to miss. At first he could not believe that his son could entertain ideas which to him seemed the quintessence of folly at best, and at worst verged hard upon high treason. He fell to listening with a hawk's attention to the slightest words that fell from Norbert's lips, and even encouraged him to talk upon national affairs that he might probe the better his son's mind. The more he heard, the more disquieted he became. Meanwhile the spring months went by, and full summer strode upon the capital, making it too hot for pleasure.

Doris, who suffered greatly from the heat, was prevailed upon to make a visit to the seashore; and thus it happened that the three men of the family, or the man and the two boys, were left alone. As July wore to a close, Douglas began to plan for a little soirée on the night that Norbert was to come of age. Doris wrote from the seashore, threatening to come home; but Douglas assured her that she would be in the way, as this was an affair for gentlemen only. Frederick, just turned nineteen, joined with his father in planning the event, which was to be kept a secret from Norbert till the day arrived. August 1, so long awaited, dawned at

last, and the little family of three sat down to the birthday dinner in triangular state. The guests were not due until later in the evening.



THE HOME OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, BOSTON. MR. PHILLIPS ENTERING THE DOOR

Norbert was silent, and his manner was strange. Douglas, who watched him closely, was afraid that the boy had been toasted, perhaps too generously, by his many friends; and he treated him with the greatest tact and consideration. As the meal wore on it could be seen that Norbert was clearly not his own man. He snarled at the old butler, whose astonished "Why, Marse Norbert!" drew from him only an impatient shake of the head.

Douglas closed his lips firmly; he saw that Norbert was on the edge of one of his outbursts, and could only hope that the guests might come in time to divert it. It was not to be. Over the coffee the storm-cloud burst.

"How much longer are we going to stay in this hole of a Washington?" he asked abruptly, as his father carried his cup out on to the upper balcony.

"What do you mean?" asked Douglas mildly. "You can leave any time you would like to. No doubt your mother would be only too glad of a cavalier."

"No, I don't mean that — I mean leave for good. I 'm tired of Washington; you may stay here if you like; I 'm going to travel, and see the world!"

This was not the healthy wanderlust of youth, as Douglas could plainly see; there was more behind. He was not to be left long in doubt.

"Are you going to side with the black Republicans right along?" Norbert said.

"I am a Republican," answered his father gravely.

"And so am I — or I am going to be when I vote my first ticket," said Frederick, entering the conversation unexpectedly.

"Well, the Republicans are a crowd of nigger-loving simpletons. I for one am not afraid to say it where they all can hear if they like!"

"Harsh language, my boy," said Douglas gravely, yet determined not to take offense. The guests would be there soon, and the danger might pass.

Norbert rose and stood with his back to the railing.

"Father," he said, with an ominous hardness in his voice, "I am tired of this humdrum life; I am tired of this stupid patriotism for a decayed and tottering Union. I have bigger ideas! Some day before long there is going to be a split in this Union that you brag so about — and your black Republicans will find that they have bitten off their nose to spite their face. I have found something better. Now I am of age; and I 'm going to follow it!"

His father would have spoken, but Norbert hastened

on, his words coming in a wild flood that there was no staying.

"A Union that means no more than this Union, which is used only to take advantage of those who are too honorable to retaliate, is no Union. Damn such a Union, I say. Damn a Republican party, or any party, that tries to —"

"Hold your tongue!" said Douglas Stevens sternly, rising to his feet. "Talk as wildly as you will, young man,

NORTHEAST VIEW OF THE CAPITOL (*From the engraving by J. Steele*)

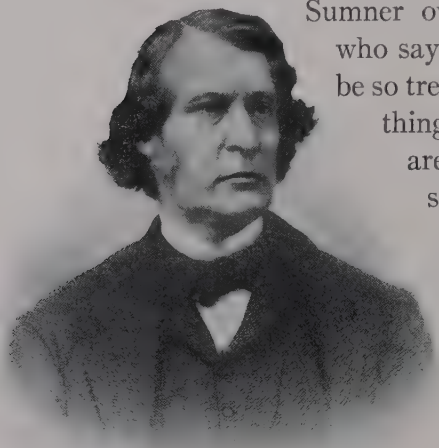
but don't let me hear such words as those from a son of mine about the country in which he lives — about his own country!" Even Norbert moved a step backward at the sight of his father's face; but he was not long abashed, and with a little sneer, he went on:

"Hear me or not as you like; if you object to my saying it here, I will go where I can say it; where everybody is saying it, or thinking it! If you find your ears are offended by the truth, I 'll spare them any time you say!"

"What do you mean?" demanded his father, incredulously.

"Just this; there are men in this country who have stood the North's oppression long enough! Southerners? Of

course they are Southerners — who else has any excuse? Well, I am a Southerner too; my mother was a Southerner, and all her blood is mine. I have none of your old cautious, cold, nigger-worshiping blood in my veins! I 'm a Southerner, a slavery man! I believe the South is right in everything she ever said or did. I 'm glad Brooks beat your silly Sumner over the head; I wish every man who says a word against the South could be so treated! But take my warning: this thing cannot go much further, for there are those who have stood all they can stand, and presently the end will come! And then your nigger-worshipers will find themselves free to worship their niggers in the little half a dozen States they 'll have left!"



CHARLES SUMNER (*From the engraving by G. E. Perine*)

He strode up to his father, and looked him coldly in the eyes.

"This is the way I feel about it," he said. "What are you going to do?"

His father said nothing for a moment; then he raised his head.

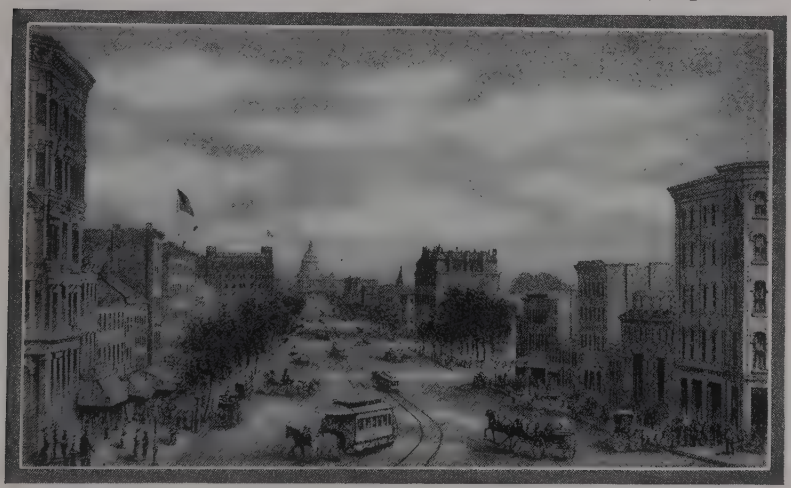
"I do not know what to do," he said simply. "What would you suggest?"

"I suppose I ought not to stay here, after this," said Norbert, with the first sign of compunction he had shown. He glanced at Frederick, standing stiff and pale against the balcony rail; the sight seemed to exasperate him afresh. He jerked his head toward his brother with a half-laugh, half-sneer.

"You will have one son left to help you," he said. "Your way is North, and my way is South. I 'll be going. Give

me my patrimony, if you like; or not, just as you please. One thing is sure: I 'll never come back like the prodigal son! If you think to do any falling on my neck, you had better do it now. You will not have a chance after I have gone!" He turned away, abruptly.

"Stop!" said Douglas sternly. "You cannot mean this. I do not wish to force my wishes, my will, or my opinions



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON (*From a contemporary engraving*)

upon you. You are free in this house to think as you like. I do not wish you to go — and your mother,— have you thought of her? Have you thought of her for one moment, Norbert?"

"Mother will get over it; besides, I 'm not going far away. She will hear of me. Mother was a Southerner too! She will understand how I feel. And when your North has lost the greatest part of her boasted Union,— why, maybe, you and mother will be glad to come in under a government which will be a government! No, I 'd better go. Give me a dower if you will; or not, as you please. I 'll get along either way. I have plenty of nerve, if not much else. You can get along with nerve, brains or no brains! Good bye!"

He turned to Frederick, standing motionless where he was.

"Good bye!" he said curtly. "Good Republicans hang together!"

A step toward him his father made, both hands outstretched.

"Norbert!" he cried; and again, more gently, "Norbert!"

Norbert did not move; his folly and his temper held him fast.

"Oh, I 'll not leave Washington for a while yet," he said coolly. "You will be able to find me if you want me. I can be found at the Willard House!" Then, for the first time, his voice softened. "I 'll — I 'll write mother!"

Without another look at his father he turned and left the balcony. The two left thus alone looked blindly in each other's eyes. Through the house they could hear the sound of Norbert's retreating footsteps, as he passed down the hall, and out of the house door.

The gate opened to let him out — clanged to behind him. Douglas, dry-eyed, stood perfectly still. Then, softly on his shoulder, he felt the touch of an arm. Frederick stood close behind him; his father turned and gripped him by the hand.

Down the street the sound of the footsteps died away into the dusky silence of the warm summer night.

CHAPTER IV

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

IN October of the same year a young man and a girl were riding slowly along on horseback beneath the blue Virginia sky. Around them was the varied beauty of the autumn landscape, and the air held as yet not the first faint hint of winter. The horses, kept down by their riders to the most leisurely walk, moved slowly forward, their heads together. In the faces of the little group shone the level beams of the declining sun, as it sank nearer and nearer to the blue and hazy line of the mountains to westward, the same great range of purple peaks that Ten Oaks had beheld throughout the ages.

The young man leaned far over his saddle, striving to see his companion's face, which she, perhaps from coquetry, kept almost completely hidden by the brim of her riding hat. Beneath the brim, however, Norbert could see the golden gleam of her hair where the red sun turned it into glory anew.

"Rosalind, answer me! Are you glad I came?" His voice was soft as a sigh. It was a Norbert which his father would not have recognized.

The girl raised her head, in pretended reflection, assumed doubtfulness.

"No-o," she said at last, "no, not exactly glad. Of course I am not exactly

IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS

sorry, either. But it would hardly be maidenly for me to be glad!"

"Oh, hang being maidenly! I want to know! There is no fear of your not being maidenly enough. I want you to be something else!"

"And what is that, sir, if you will have the goodness to inform me?"

"My wife! Rose, my Rose, you are too beautiful to grow by yourself. I want you; I want all your fragrance, your sweetness, for my own!"

"Two years ago," she said without answering, "you were to have come. I might have been glad to see you then; I might even have told you so. Now — I do not know. You are a stranger to me. You have changed a great deal in the four years since you were at Ten Oaks. I do not know you — cousin!"

"Two years ago," he gave a little laugh, not quite a pleasant one,— "two years ago I came, and you were not here. You were in Europe then!"

"Yes," she said musingly, nodding her golden head, "yes, so I was."

He waited to see if she would make any further rejoinder; and so for a space they rode on in silence. The years had been more than kind, they had been bounteous, to Rosalind. She was now turned nineteen, and was grown of so exceeding a loveliness that it seemed at times as though she were not altogether of human mold. Yet she was; no young person in all Virginia was of more vital humanness than she. Small wonder that Norbert felt his heart thumping and pounding inside of him; it was a common complaint amongst the young men within forty miles of Ten Oaks. Norbert was in good company.

The riders were nearing home, and the long gentle slope that led up to the old mansion lay before them. Norbert

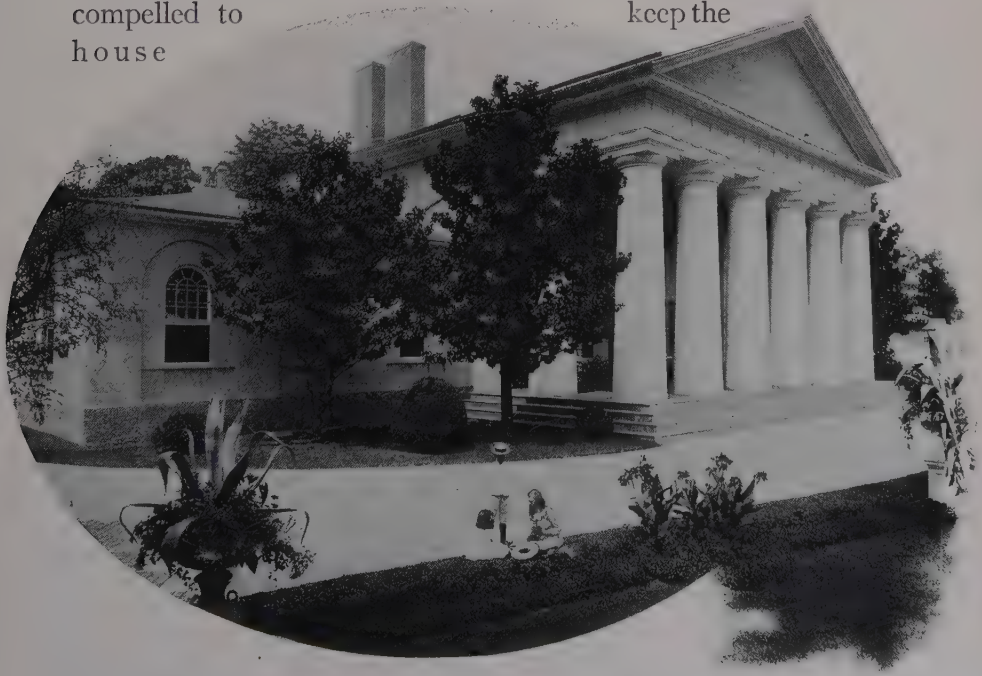
straightened himself in his saddle, ungraciously, as they started up the long road. He would have had the ride last forever. If his companion noticed the movement, she gave no hint. Presently they reached the house, and Norbert, leaping off, held his hand for Rosalind to alight. She pressed her little shoe-sole in his palm for one all too fleeting instant; then sprang to the ground beside him.

"It has been the finest ride I ever had," said Norbert close at her ear.

"There is no horse like dear old Wanderer," she said demurely.

"Heartless one!" he cried. She vanished into the house, leaving him with the two bridles in his hand. In a moment a colored boy came to take the horses to the stable; and Norbert, too, sought his room to prepare for the evening.

He was at the moment the only visitor at Ten Oaks. Since the old major had had his second stroke, which had reduced him to a chair-held invalid, Eleanor had been compelled to keep the house



ARLINGTON MANSION, FORMERLY THE HOME OF ROBERT E. LEE. THE PROPERTY WAS SEIZED BY THE GOVERNMENT DURING THE WAR, AND IS NOW THE SITE OF A NATIONAL CEMETERY

much more quiet than the old man would have had it. He pleaded for more of his friends about him; but Eleanor and the doctor were leagued against him, and their will proved stronger. Even Norbert's visit had not been an invited one; he had appeared without warning to any one, and had confronted Rosalind face to face in the wide hall. Though it was four years since she had seen him, she knew him at once, for he had changed but little in the face. So Norbert was made welcome, for his father's sake as well as his own; and not a word said he about the change which had taken place in his home. So he stayed on at Ten Oaks, making himself an unobtrusive member of the household, and spending his every minute and waking thought in making love to Rosalind, just as he had done four years before.

HARPER'S FERRY BY MOONLIGHT

They were older now, though, both of them, by that same four years; and Rosalind was grown into a wiser maid than the one who had — may it be confessed? — thrilled at the sound of Norbert's young voice in the older days. He keyed it just as high now, with passion and with pleading, — but nineteen is competence, in affairs of this sort, especially if the lady be from the Southland; and Norbert could not, at the end of a week, flatter himself that he had advanced his cause one iota. What Rosalind thought about it is not

known; but this much is certain, her pulse was not a-flutter, now.

"You ought to be swept up on a war-horse as black as night, and borne away over hill and dale in a man's arms!" Norbert told her once.

"Alas!" she burlesqued, "in this world not everything which ought to happen is allowed to," and her air of pensive regret had the appearance of a high-comedy triumph.

JOHN BROWN'S FORT, HARPER'S FERRY

But Norbert, when it began to dawn upon him that he was no further forward, found his temper gaining on him; he became irritable — seldom before Rosalind, but to servants, and to his horses; and Rosalind winced once when she saw him rein

THE KENEDY FARM NEAR HARPER'S FERRY WHERE JOHN BROWN LIVED

Wanderer's head back so sharply that the old horse quivered.

"You pull him too strongly," she said, quick as a flash.

"I 'm sorry," said Norbert as quickly, seeing that she was displeased; "but you are enough to drive a man mad! You sit there as calmly as though I were a thousand miles away, instead of riding here beside you, adoring every movement of you, every tone of your voice, every inch of you from head to foot. That 's what I want — you! And you sit and smile like a Sphinx!"

It was at such times that she felt a return of the old uneasiness, and she tried to get him to talk of other things. Ordinarily, however, other things did not interest him; the only subject on which he longed to talk was Rosalind. If he could not talk of her, he preferred to remain silent, unless the conversation turned on the now burning topic of the hour, the situation between North and South. Norbert, being pledged to secrecy regarding the Golden Circle cabal, dared not betray too much knowledge of that phase of the matter; but there were plenty more that invited comment.

During this year of 1859 matters had gone ahead very fast along the path that led to separation. The leaders of the pro-slavery party were already practically determined on resisting to the last any attempt on the part of the North to restrain the slavery interests in any way. There were already many among them who were openly advocating secession as the only way out of an unendurable situation. So far as the politicians were concerned, there was little left to be done to produce complete alienation; but among the people of the South, the thing had not gone so far. The people, at this time at least, did not wish any change. They wanted the abolitionists restrained; but they were far from desiring, or even dreaming of, any such extremity as the dismemberment of the Union.

Where the Shenandoah Empties into the Potomac at Harper's Ferry

It was this problem which the Southern political leaders had to face. They saw clearly that the West was going non-slavery; that this meant eventually a strong non-slavery Congress, a high protective tariff, and the end of Southern supremacy. This could not be allowed; but it could not be prevented by the politicians alone; the people must be aroused! And how to arouse them was now the one thing under consideration. They had been given a bad fright, had the leaders, by the publication of a book called "The Impending Crisis in the South," the most disquieting feature about which was that it was written by a Southerner, one Hinton Rowan Helper of North Carolina, and dedicated to the "non-slaveholding whites" of the South. In this book Mr. Helper made some startling statements; among them that, aside from any other consideration, slavery was an economic curse, the one thing that was clogging the progress of the South and would, if left to itself, work ultimate ruin. He showed how numerically few were the people in the South who were directly interested in slavery; he called attention to the fact that of 8,000,000 whites in the South, only about 300,000 were slave-holders; and he pertinently asked what were the sentiments of the other 7,700,000 people! The large sale of the book and its wide distribution later by the Republican Party, as a campaign document, made it a most disturbing element for politicians bent on fostering slavery.

Bitter were the attacks made by the leaders upon Mr. Helper and his book. He was discredited in every way; but that was not enough; and they looked about for weapons to do their work of incitement. Unfortunately, these were not far to seek; one needed to go no further than the mildest of abolitionist utterances to find plenty of fuel for the fire. Even giving the abolitionists credit for their undoubted sincerity of motives, it cannot be denied that their methods were fanatical. North as well as South denounced them;

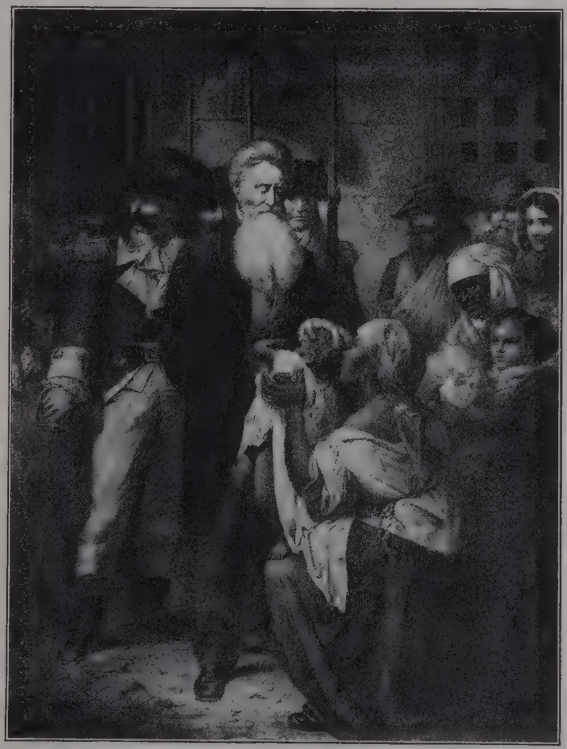
but in the South, the place at which all the anti-slavery venom was directed, the sense of injury was acute in the extreme.

Mrs. Stowe's novel, too, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published some five years before Mr. Helper's book, did even more toward arousing sentiment in North and South alike. At this late date, it is interesting to note that Mrs. Stowe anticipated a favorable reception in the South for her book and feared its condemnation in the North, especially by the Abolitionists. Two of "Uncle Tom's" masters were good men,— Southern gentlemen,— while the third, Simon Legree, the slave driver, was born in the North. So it seems that the book was deliberately used by the slavery agitators in their work of inflaming public sentiment. But be that as it may, the book will live in history, if not for its literary merit, as one of the immediate causes of the bloodiest conflict in human warfare.

Perhaps the most effective weapon to such hands was found in that ever-present shadow over the South, the fear of a negro uprising; and this fear was shaken over the people without stint. It was a real and near peril, too, as everybody in the South appreciated. It was not so long since the terrible negro insurrections in Jamaica; the "horrors of San Domingo" were still fresh in the minds of men, and of women too. The two insurrections of negroes which had occurred in the South were exhumed for the work of an hour; these were but two in

Old Schoolhouse Near Harper's Ferry Where John Brown Taught

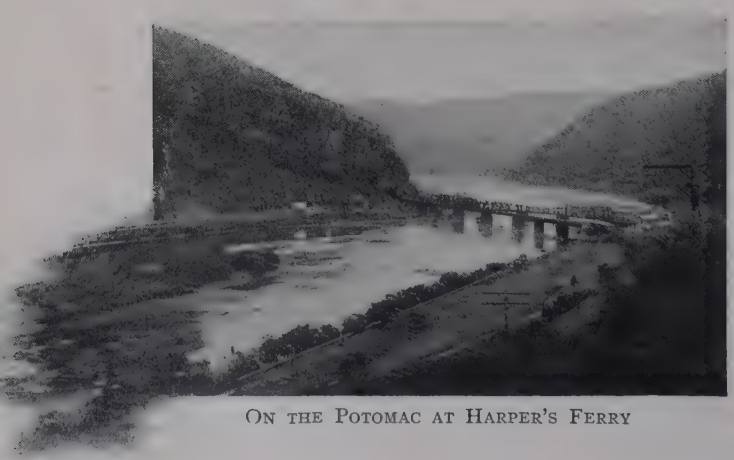
number, and were not of great import one way or the other. The first, that of Dominick Vesey in Charleston, South Carolina, which failed almost before it started, resulted in a bill in the legislature reducing to slavery any free negro who should be found in the State. The other, that of Turner, in Virginia, which assumed much more serious proportions, was only put down after nearly a hundred white men had been slain by the negroes; and the sequel to it was an attempt to abolish slavery in Virginia by legislative enactment. This attempt failed; but the difference in attitude in the two States is significant. So these two little uprisings, and those of Jamaica and San Domingo, were held up over the startled heads of the people, and there is no doubt that their effect was marked. Men who were even opposed to slavery were moved to desperate anger by the threatened prospect; and when they were told that this was what the abolitionists prayed for, they took fire as readily as anybody could wish. This had an effect even more



JOHN BROWN ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION

tremendous than upon the men, however. It roused the Southern women to a desperate courage and an enmity which was later to prove one of the most vital forces at the back of the Confederacy.

To Ten Oaks few of these rumors had come, save through the daily papers which the major continued to devour with all his old avidity; and the Richmond *Enquirer* was more sane in its tone than most Southern journals. Rosalind, who read much to the old man, was thus drawn into the controversy more than would have otherwise been the case; so when the time came that Norbert had to be diverted from his unending topic of Rosalind, she could talk as able as any statesman of them all. She talked, in fact, far better sense than Norbert, whose head was filled with the wild farrago of his Golden Circle folly; and, had it not been that he was too self-willed to listen, she might have given him many a new idea. She was of course a red-hot partisan of the South; yet not so much of the South as of Virginia. In that she was like the major. Virginia could do no wrong; in fact, it was the sentiment of the family and of every one at Ten Oaks as well. Her brother Oliver, at one with her in mind and heart, loved Virginia more than anything in life, yea, even more than he loved Rosalind, whom he adored. This love comprised his politics, his creed, almost his religion. There were many like him within the broad Virginian borders.



On the Potomac at Harper's Ferry

As yet, there was no thought of disaffection with the Union, in Virginia. For these patriots who loved their State so well loved their country too; and felt besides a pride in her as something which their own blood had helped to build. So Rosalind gave scant heed to Norbert's wild murmurs of a great new republic of the Southland; and so utterly did she poohpooh his veiled suggestions that more than once the flush of hurt vanity touched his cheek.

Rosalind, who felt the faintest of shadows, felt at these times the presence of his irritation. It may be that it was a shadow such as this which prevented Norbert from making headway in her graces. She felt, without being able to analyze the feeling, that there was something unfriendly, inimical almost, in his heart at times. Before she could be sure, it was gone; and he became the ardent, impetuous wooer of the moment before.

It was by this time mid-October; some of the trees were already turned, and the

THE SITE OF JOHN BROWN'S FORT AT HARPER'S FERRY

autumn garment of the country was as beautiful as a dream fabric. The air was the clear, clean, almost wine-like air of October and the hills; and the rides which the two took daily — sometimes with Oliver, more often alone — were like rides through an enchanted wood. It was too perfect to last.

"Let us ride through the gap to-morrow," said Norbert, as they drew homeward in the golden haze. Rosalind assented, thinking as she did so of the ride which she had

THE GRAVE OF JOHN BROWN ON
HIS OLD HOMESTEAD AT
NORTH ELBA, NEW YORK

taken through that gap four years before with Colonel Robert Lee. She spoke of this now to Norbert, asking him if he remembered.

"Yes," he said shortly, "yes. I wanted you myself that day."

"And I remember, too," called Oliver from the veranda. The riders were dismounting at the door as they had spoken. "I wonder where he is now — Colonel Lee!" He said the name musingly, almost lovingly, lingering on its sound.

"In Washington, last week," vouchsafed Norbert; and after a little more light talk they parted, Oliver alone remain-

ing on the veranda. He too was grown to be a man, now, for all his years were but nineteen; but he held the hero-worshiping of his boyhood, just the same. And Colonel Lee, "Cousin Robert," as the major called him, was the boy's great, if half-secret, hero.

In Washington now? Maybe he would come to Ten Oaks again; and Oliver brightened at the thought, resolving to ask his mother to try to bring it about. And at that moment Colonel Robert E. Lee, at the head of a company of United States marines, was making the quickest possible time up the Potomac River to Harper's Ferry, to capture, and kill, if necessary, one John Brown of Osawatomie.

Seldom has anything fallen upon an unsuspecting world as suddenly as did the news of John Brown's raid in October, 1859. Like the crack of an unseen whip the terrible intelligence burst upon the startled country; like an electric shock the word ran through the South. "John Brown had attacked the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry!" "He had started an uprising of the negroes!" "He had already a hundred blacks at his back — five hundred — five thousand!" So the rumors ran. Wherever they went, they left behind them a populace quivering with suspense, with dread, with anger. In the South, at least, the immediate effect, after the first moment of consternation had passed, was one of white and terrible wrath. For it was believed, wherever the story went, that this was an abolitionist move; that the North had planned it, or the Northern anti-slavery men, as part of a concerted plan to free the slaves.

Meanwhile, John Brown was enjoying his brief hour of glory. He captured his arsenal; his followers murdered a few citizens; he set free a few negroes and armed them with rough pikes; he established a brief reign of terror in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry; and he was overpowered and made to surrender by a body of militia and United States

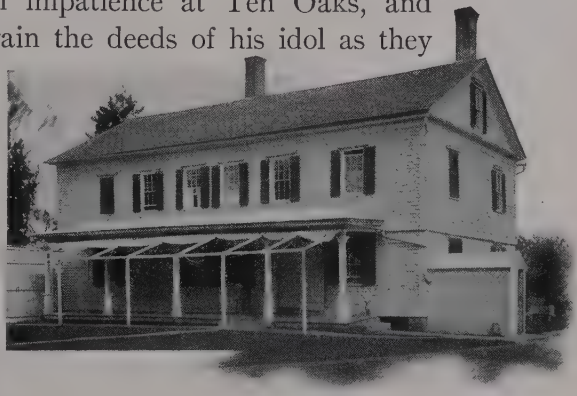
marines under the command of Colonel Lee. His little hour was over. The plan which he had brooded over so long, ever since the old days of border warfare in Kansas in fact, this plan was now a ruined thing, an empty and hopeless hope. He had done this, there is not much doubt, chiefly of his own will and resources; he had little aid from any one, either in planning, or in any financial support. And now he was in the hands of the Virginia authorities who would presently hang him, with his chief associates. Of the 8,000,000 white people in the South, not one-tenth but believed that this was a deliberate abolition plot to free the slaves throughout the South; and in every Southern mind arose, more near and terrible than ever before, the memory of San Domingo. It is difficult to conceive of an event more criminally inopportune, from the point of view of the already tottering Union. If anything could have been more unfortunate, more ill-advised than the attempt, it was the sentiment in the North which strove to reincarnate John

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Brown, not as a border ruffian, but as a saint and a martyr! or so, at least, it appeared to the awakened South.

The split was growing wider; it needed but one more blow now to make it absolute, irrevocable; and that blow was not to be long in coming.

To Oliver, waiting in impatience at Ten Oaks, and reading over and over again the deeds of his idol as they appeared in the newspaper accounts, the affair brought its only compensation. For Colonel Lee, traveling to Warrenton on his way for Richmond, stopped at Ten Oaks for a night and a day. He seemed more silent than before, though his manner was the same; and he rallied Rosalind gently about the damage she was undoubtedly doing to the peace of mind of Virginia's youth. This charge she spiritedly repudiated, declaring that one cavalier like Colonel Lee, with his beautiful voice and soldier's bearing, broke more hearts in a fortnight than any poor maiden could in a twelvemonth.



The Birthplace of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Litchfield, Connecticut

Half earnestly, he bent his tall frame to kiss her hand when they parted, to the annoyance of Norbert. Rosalind watched him ride away, with a little cloud dimming the clearness of her eyes; for there was something about this man which made people feel,— something which adumbrated the sadness that he was to know in the years still unrolled. Erect and splendid, he passed down the sloping road, and left Ten Oaks behind.

Norbert was leaving too; for he could see that his cause would not be hurt by his absence — possibly helped. Be-

fore he went he had one last interview with Rosalind, in which she gently but firmly told him that she was not ready to love him, that she was not ready to care for any one, yet.

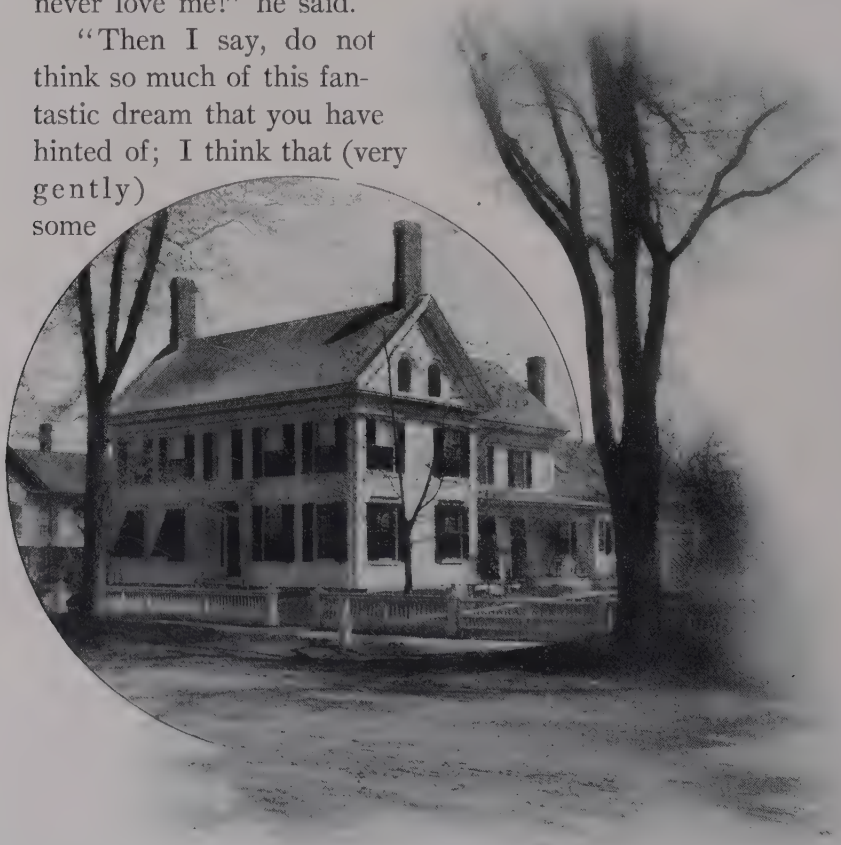
"I do not think I shall forget you, Norbert," she said seriously, and gazing at him out of wide eyes that looked unabashed into his.

"And I will never forget you, either," he cried vehemently, clasping her hand so tightly that she withdrew it swiftly from his grasp.

"One thing I should like to say," she went on, hesitating a little, "and that is — if you don't mind — I won't say it if you do not want to have me!"

"Say anything — only not that you will never love me!" he said.

"Then I say, do not think so much of this fantastic dream that you have hinted of; I think that (very gently) some



The Home of Harriet Beecher Stowe at the Time of Writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Brunswick, Maine

of the ideas you have quoted to me are treason — are they not? I do not wish to seem to advise you; but I ask you not to be led by your enthusiasms too far. There; do you forgive me?"

"There is no telling what I may do if you refuse me always," he said, darkly, his mouth taking a sullen curve. "I shan't care what happens to me then. I may do anything reckless. What will it matter? Who will care?"

She did not try to answer him. Before they parted, he had regained his better humor. Upon his ardent promise to win her one day, they separated.

With a little pang at her heart, Rosalind learned that she was glad he had gone.

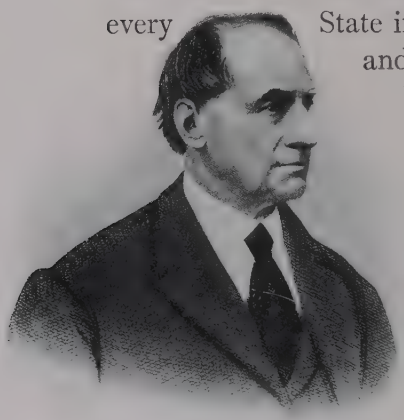
THE ROAD LEADING TO KENEDY FARM, JOHN BROWN'S HOMESTEAD AT HARPER'S FERRY

CHAPTER V

THE LAST STRAW

THE Democratic national convention for the nomination of a presidential candidate met at the city of Charleston, South Carolina, April 23, 1860.

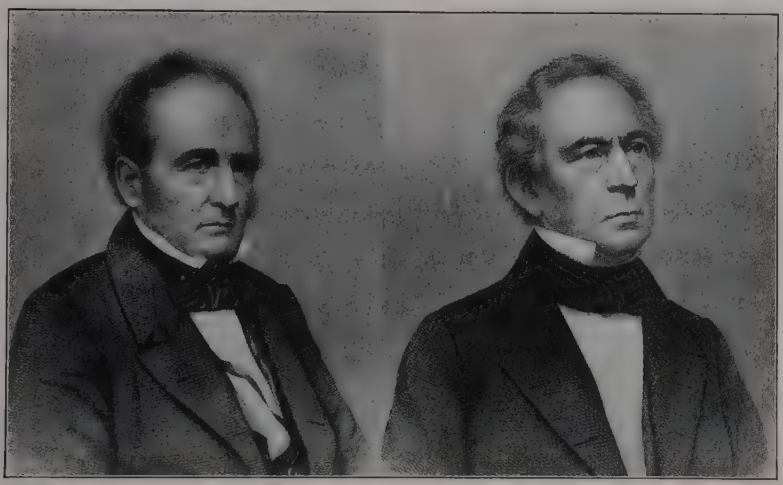
Amid a silence which denoted how grave a thing it was which it had met to debate, the convention assembled in the great hall. Even the talking and greeting of friends between the delegates was done in hushed tones; in fact, the first sign of animation was the ripple of applause when there advanced to the presiding officer's chair the Honorable Caleb Cushing, the chairman of the convention. Delegates were met from every State in the Union, from thirty-three in all, and the work of the day began without hesitation.



CALEB CUSHING

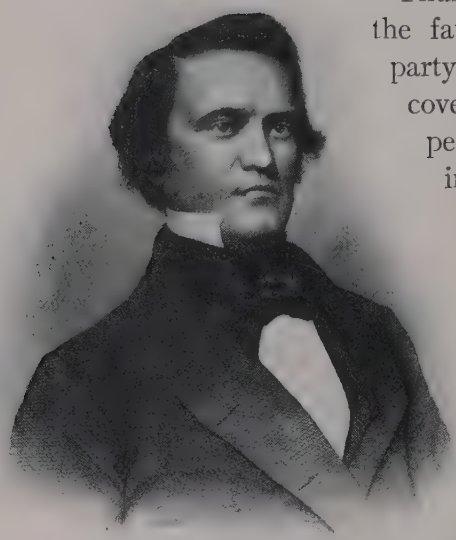
Over on the left sat Stephen A. Douglas, still the strongest and probably the ablest man in the Democratic party; but Senator Douglas had long lost the power which would have made him supreme, and his wish paramount. His supporters were still in the majority; but he had too many opponents in the South alienated from the Freeport heresy. Mr. Avery, of North Carolina, presented to the convention a platform — one on which Douglas declared he would never stand; it attacked his "squatter sovereignty" idea flatly, and it was seen at once that the Southern Democracy were behind Avery to a man.

The Northern Democrats were roused; they knew that with such a platform they could never carry the North. Accordingly they presented a minority report, changing this platform materially in regard to the section dealing with slavery in the Territories; and this minority report, after a hot fight, was adopted by the convention. It was an open breach; and now for the first time the Democracy was split



JOHN BELL EDWARD EVERETT

on sectional lines. One by one the Southern States gathered up their representatives and withdrew from the convention. Only Georgia, and a few scattering delegates from Arkansas and Louisiana, remained with the solid Northern contingent; and now they began to ballot for the nomination. Fifty-seven times the ballot was tried. Senator Douglas, while he received a majority of the votes cast, could not secure the two-thirds necessary for the nomination. Further effort was vain; and the convention now adjourned, to reassemble at Baltimore on June 18. Before adjourning, they passed resolutions recommending to the States whose delegates had withdrawn, to elect new delegates for the June convention.

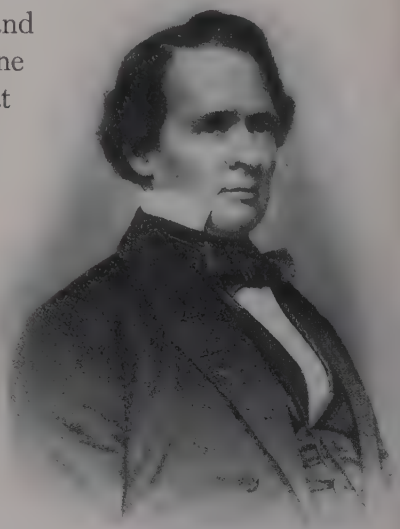


JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE (*From a daguerreotype by Brady*)

Thus it was that there came to be the fatal division of the Democratic party, from which it could not recover; thus it happened that the people of the country were divided into four parties, each of considerable strength. In order fully to understand the conditions as they now stood, it is well to describe these parties in detail, with the principles each advocated, and the candidates which they eventually nominated.

To begin with the smallest: this was the Union party, composed chiefly of old-line Whigs, and having a beautifully vague platform advocating the "Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws." They nominated for President John Bell of Tennessee, for vice-president Edward Everett of Massachusetts, and in the contest were important in one consideration only. This was, that John Bell was so strong in the South that the Southern Democrats, the seceders, were compelled to nominate a Southerner, and that the most popular one they could find, in hopes of carrying the solid South.

This the seceders did; and nominated for President John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky; for



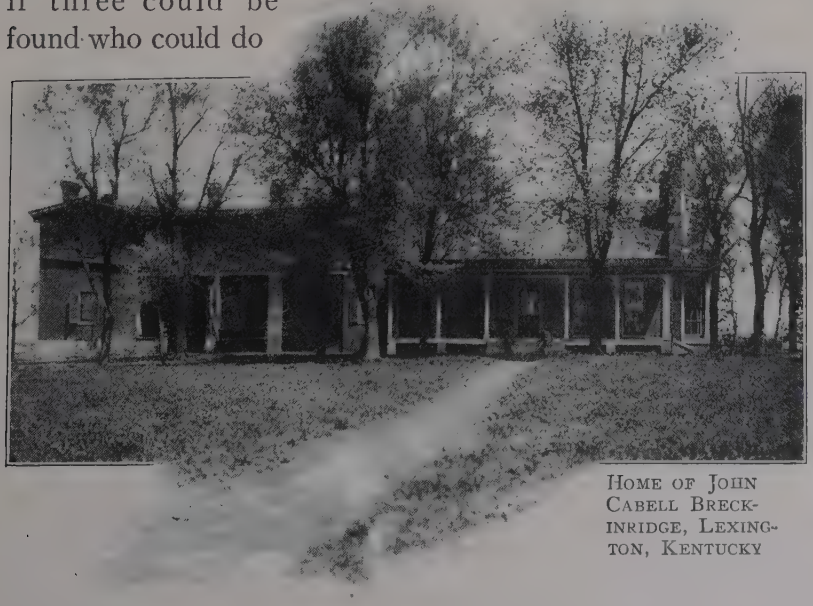
JOSEPH LANE (*From a photograph by J. E. M'Clees*)

vice-president Joseph Lane, of Oregon; and the platform on which they stood was a pro-slavery document written in fire, advocating, not to specify too closely, the extension of slavery into all territories, and strongly recommending any means, forcible or otherwise, which might prevent any further encroachment by its enemies.

Meanwhile the regular Democratic party, now practically comprising only the Northern Democrats, had gone calmly ahead and nominated Senator Douglas for President, and their second choice, Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, for the vice-presidency; and for platform they had the poor old feeble reed of "squatter sovereignty." It may be wondered how deeply they believed in it by now.

There remains only the fourth party, the Republicans, and of their convention, which met in Chicago May 16, 1860, a little more must be said.

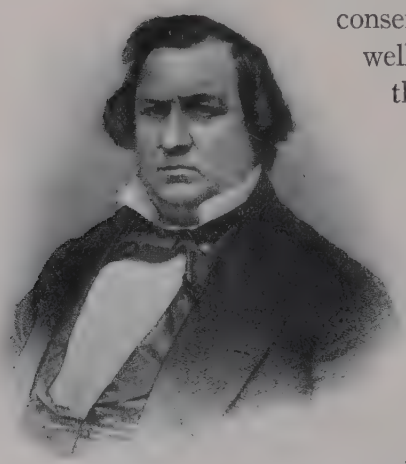
In a bird's-eye view of all the nominating conventions which have been held in this country, there seems little doubt that the most perfectly managed one was that of Chicago in this momentous year. If all the men who have pulled wires at conventions could be assembled, it is doubtful if three could be found who could do



HOME OF JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

their work as well as the Big Three of Illinois,— the Honorable David Davis, the Honorable O. H. Browning, and Governor Richard B. Oglesby. From start to finish everything was perfect; everything moved like well-lubricated machinery; nowhere was there a hitch, even a squeak, as part rubbed on part. It was the perfection of political mechanism, the finest flower of the rare old game of American politics.

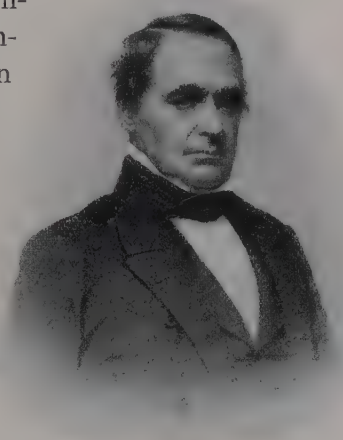
It began its work with the platform. No less a statesman than James G. Blaine has given it as his opinion that the platform of the Republican party in 1860 was the greatest platform, for the exigency it had to meet, that the history of platforms can produce. It had to get in line the Whigs, the free-soilers who favored free trade, the conservatives of all parties if possible, as well as the abolitionists, the merger of all these interests to form the Republican party. No "free trade, or you alienate the Whigs"; no high tariff, or you incense the free-soilers! Whereupon the Big Three presented a platform which argued somewhat as follows: Two things stand in the way of better paid labor in the North, cheap labor in Europe, and free (slave) labor in the South. The party, therefore, through its platform, set itself up to, neutralize or minimize the effect of these two things, and set itself forth, in short, as the friend of the workingman. There was no undue insistence on anything that might offend; yet the platform covered all points. It refrained from any incendiary statements regarding slavery, though it did not mince words in declaring itself as irrevocably opposed to the



HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON (*From a daguerreotype*)

extension of slavery into free territory. And this platform was adopted by acclamation.

All this time, subtly, and under the cover of noisier things, the three men who were at the helm had been preparing their *coup de théâtre.* For months before the convention met it had been tacitly admitted throughout the North that the Republican candidate would be William H. Seward of New York. Undoubtedly this would have been the convention's choice if the choice had been made a year earlier, or if it had not been for the Three. They had in their own minds determined upon the proper candidate, and they set about the task of nominating him as wisely and silently as a spider works. They were aided in their work by the fact that the meeting was in Illinois, the home of their candidate; but the result would have been the same, anywhere.

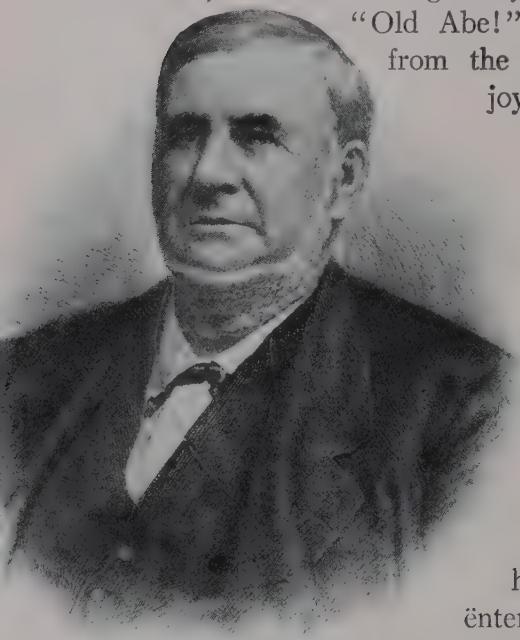


Hannibal Hamlin (*From a photograph by Brady*)

When the name of Abraham Lincoln was presented to the convention, the cheering, as a press report might say, lasted seven and one-half minutes. Illinois shouted Illinois's head loose — but not off.

On the first ballot, Seward's only chance, he led by a small plurality; on the second, the two ran even; on the third, amid an uproar such as that city had seldom heard, there was nominated for President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. Under the cover of the cheering, which shook the floor beneath their feet, the Three clasped hands. Their work was done. The convention was not over, quite; it went on and nominated Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for vice-president, and adjourned. It had done enough.

Lincoln was in Springfield, his home, when they brought him the news of the nomination. He closed his lips a little tighter together; and his face turned even more grave than before. With his hands behind his back and with bowed head, he walked thoughtfully away.



DAVID DAVIS (*From an etching by Max Rosenthal*)

"Old Abe!" they hailed him that night from the street, those exuberant and joyous citizens of his town, "Old Abe, come out and talk to us! Bully for you, Abe! Somebody in this old town has got himself heard of at last!"

Just for one minute the long, almost grotesque figure appeared upon the stoop; for one minute he spoke to these, his fellow-citizens, in a low voice, which yet every man could hear; then he turned and re-entered the house.

Down the street went the cheerful throng, calling into the night: "The Union and Abe Lincoln forever! three cheers for Honest Abe!"

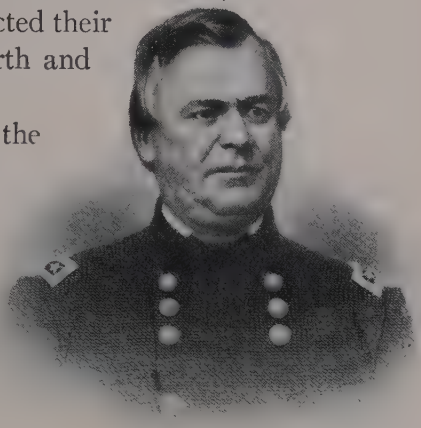
"Down with slavery! and three cheers for Abe!"

But in an upper room the cause of all the cheering sat quietly in the half-light of a single candle. There is no knowing how far into the future he looked; perhaps he saw it even to the end.

Six months later Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States by a margin over Breckinridge of 108 electoral votes. He received of the popular vote 1,866,352,

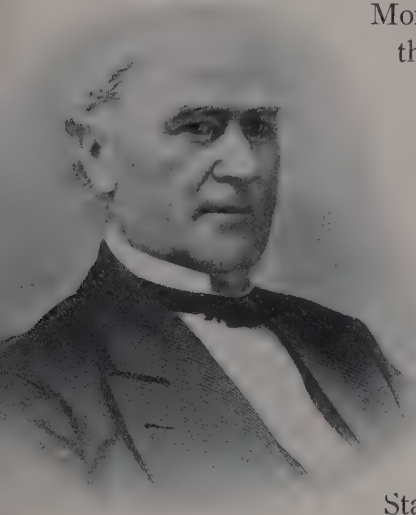
as against 1,375,157 for Douglas; the popular vote for Breckinridge being about 800,000 and for Bell about 600,000.

The "black Republicans" had elected their President, and the split between North and South was complete.



Richard B. Oglesby

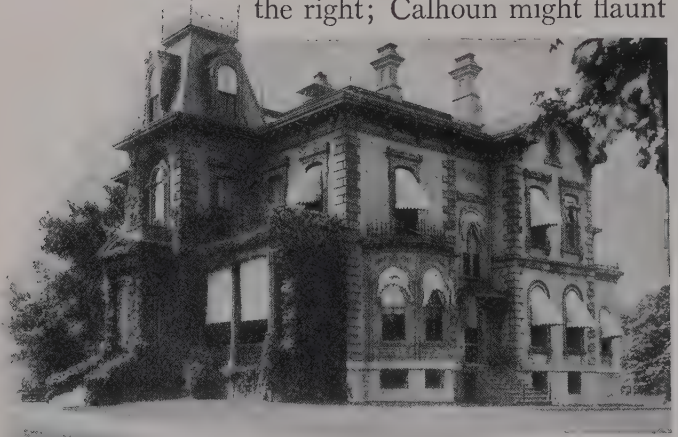
First, and most militant, out into the bright light of the arena rushed South Carolina. Long before the result of the election was known, this little but doughty commonwealth had declared that in the event of the election of a Republican she would secede from the Union. It is significant of how far apart the various factions in the country had strayed that the idea of secession brought in 1860 no sense of general outrage. In the days of Jefferson, of Monroe and his era of good feeling, the idea of one State's seceding from the Union had come to be almost dismissed as a possibility. While men were still alive who had fought for American independence, the bond that united the States was considered so much a part of that independence that it was held as sacred as freedom itself. This was true throughout the country, though the South always had upheld States rights more strongly than had the other sections of the Union.



Orestes H. Browning

Theoretically, it had been admitted that any State had a right to secede; it was held as part of the doctrine of freedom;

but as time went on, this feeling prevailed less and less among the better class of people. The right was still conceded,— nay, even insisted upon, by North and South alike; but it was regarded more as a theory than as a matter of vital fact. The general sentiment of patriots was opposed to secession. Hartford might hold conventions and affirm the right; Calhoun might flaunt it to the skies; but the rank and file, the great, sane, slow-moving American people, deprecated the idea, and by ignoring the possibility on every occasion where they could, they had said more strongly than any words that "the Union must be preserved." Now all this was changed—for the worse!



Residence of David Davis, Bloomington, Illinois

It is folly to maintain that South Carolina acted without precedent or authority in withdrawing from the Union; that the act was legally correct, or justified by the Constitution, can be clearly disproved. That it was ethically wrong may be held to be demonstrated by the judgment of the Civil War. But that is not the point: the point is, that secession had never been proved to be illegal, or unconstitutional, and the Southern leaders, believing so cordially in their right to secede, undoubtedly acted in accordance with their consciences, and with what they conceived to be the law of God and man.

And the country, the changed country, be-split and be-factioned, sat supinely by, and let the disunion proceed.

They had become used to the idea, now, in the utterances of Wendell Phillips, and other abolitionists,— if nowhere else. These Northern disunionists were now wild with glee.

"Let her go!" cried Phillips jubilantly, "We are willing to sacrifice this Union to get slavery out of it! Sacrifice everything for the Union? God forbid. . . . Sacrifice everything to keep South Carolina in it? . . . Rather build a bridge of gold and pay her toll over it; let her march off with banners and with trumpets, and we will speed the parting guest. Let her stand not upon the order of her going, but go at once!"

With this sentiment in the abolition ranks; with a keen determination in the South to endure no longer the domination of a government which had become hateful; and with a gentlemanly, mild, moral, sweet old person in the presidential chair, was it any wonder that the example of South Carolina was followed forthwith by six other of her sister States? South Carolina left the Union on December 20, 1860; and by February in 1861, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas had followed suit. Fidgeting and disquieted, but taking no action of any sort, President Buchanan sat and watched them go. He dug around in the archives and unearthed some papers that seemed to indicate that Alexander Hamilton had been opposed to coercing the States; he solicited a legal opinion on the matter from Judge Black of Pennsylvania, which elicited one of the most remarkable and untoward state papers ever produced; he reproduced this paper, backed up with a few strengthening sentiments of his own, in a message to Congress,— and then sat and shivered, praying no doubt to Heaven to make March 4 come quickly, so that Lincoln might take the chair which he would then so joyfully relinquish.

Buchanan's attitude cannot be better epitomized than by the trenchant phrase of Seward, who said that "the President holds it to be his duty to execute the laws — unless somebody opposes him; and that no State has a right to leave the Union — unless it wants to."

Into the middle of this puddle of indecision came that most annoying incident, from the President's point of view, of the *Star of the West.* This ship having been sent to Major Anderson, in South Carolina's chief harbor of Charleston, was fired upon, and struck by shots from South Carolinian guns. It cannot but be thought that even to Buchanan's confused mind this act savored of impoliteness, to put it mildly; if he had a sane moment it might have occurred to him that the act of firing upon a government vessel in discharge of her duty and flying an American flag, was a treasonable act. But if this idea occurred to the President, he shoved it far far, back in the darkest corner of his mind, and proceeded to collogue with himself and — happy inspiration!— with the Southerners in his cabinet.

This array of talent promptly convinced him that South Carolina was a worthy and much tried State, and that he must humor her in every way possible. With elaborate sophistry he conceived the explanation that it was much less culpable to fire upon a government ship bearing supplies into South Carolina when that State was in secession, than it would have been to fire upon the government arsenal or other property already in that State. With this soothing unction, the administration salved any injury it may have sustained from having its flag fired upon. It was the worst thing which could have happened.

The North said to itself: "Have we a government at all, that lets itself be defied, nay, treasonably insulted, without any move to punish the offender?"

The South said: "The administration is afraid of us;

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, AND VICINITY IN 1861 (*From a steel engraving*)

the country is afraid of us, or such parts of the country as are not in sympathy with us!"

Immediately there was an increasing hostility between the representatives of the two sections, none too friendly before. On the part of the South the determination to found a new nation left little hope for compromise. On the part of the North the conviction grew that nothing short of an appeal to arms remained.

In the face of these conflicting attitudes, Congress, laboriously endeavoring to cope with a situation far beyond the aid of any mere words, was drawing up resolutions, and voting on them, and presenting all sorts and conditions of subterfuges looking to the pacification of the offended States, and toward the re-cementing of the fractured Union. They backed and filled until even they themselves found their good sense protesting; and finally a resolution was offered declaring that the Constitution was perfectly adequate to cope with the situation, and deprecating utterly any effort to change it.

The resolution was passed, unanimously as it seemed, but so only because the Southern members of the Senate present refused to vote.

This having taken place, there followed one of the most impressive and dramatic scenes in our national history,—the farewell of the Southern members of the Senate. One by one, representatives of great commonwealths, they arose in their places, made their valedictory speeches, and departed. Their conception of the right is best expressed, perhaps, in the words of the departing senator from Mississippi, destined soon to become the head of the new Confederacy:

"A State finding herself in the condition in which Mississippi has judged she is, in which her safety requires that she should provide for the maintenance of her rights out

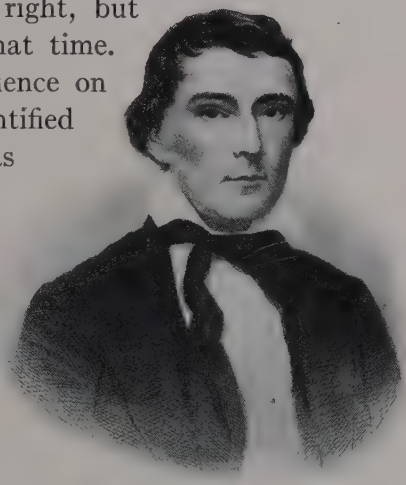
of the Union, surrenders all the benefits (and they are known to be many), deprives herself of the advantages (they are known to be great), severs all the ties of affection (and they are close and enduring), which have bound her to the Union; and thus divesting herself of every benefit, taking upon herself every burden, she claims to be exempt from any power to execute the laws of the United States within her limits. * * *

The Star of the West

"Then, Senators, we recur to the compact which binds us together; we recur to the principles upon which our government was founded; and when you deny them, and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from a government which, thus prevented, threatens to be destructive of our rights, we but tread in the path of our fathers when we proclaim our independence, and take the hazard. This is done not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit, but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our sacred duty to transmit unshorn to our children."

Thus they departed, and Washington saw them no more. But at Montgomery, Alabama, on February 4, 1861, they foregathered, and here, after duly opening the proceedings with prayer, they formed a provisional government called the Confederate States of America; they turned themselves from a convention into a legislative body, and elected a president and vice-president, and took other steps for the administration of the new government's affairs.

There was no doubt at any time who the president would be; Jefferson Davis stood head and shoulders above any other man in the Southern political arena. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, a tremendously able man, and one who had fought to the utmost of his ability to hold Georgia in the Union, was chosen for vice-president. Stephens believed in secession as a constitutional right, but opposed it as not expedient at that time. He had thrown his powerful influence on the side of the Union, but once identified with the Confederacy, he worked as hard as lay in his power for his State and the new government.



Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy

Meanwhile, as all this went forward, a forlorn hope was being tried at Washington. There was held, at the instance of the Virginia legislature, a meeting of the most eminent men in the Union, in a great peace conference. Every free State, and some of the slave States, all in fact which had not now joined the secessionists, were represented, the slave States being Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. The men who made up the body of this meeting were the wisest and most able to be found in the land; bravely did they strive to reach some *modus vivendi* which might be agreeable to the contending factions. It is of little use to linger over their effort; for they ended, after a long and onerous sitting, precisely where they started, as far as a practicable remedy was concerned.

Under all this talk, and under the cloak of unbelief, the South had, in the little time since the establishment of the

government at Montgomery, taken one step forward. It had come to see, or at least to be reasonably sure, that there was no hope of peaceful separation. Ominous mutterings began to filter through the air; rumors of strange things went to and fro. Down in the sunny South, men were preparing for war. Time, and fate, and all the warring forces of the day had combined to unite the people of the South in one great unanimous family. Urged thither by one wind or another, they arrived, one and all, at the same place. Little by little the various interests, the many sects, the thousand and one sorts and conditions of men, became fused together into one magnificent creature of fire and life.

All differences of opinion were forgotten in the vast feeling which now swept through the Southland; they must have their rights, and they would fight for them — and it would be a holy war!

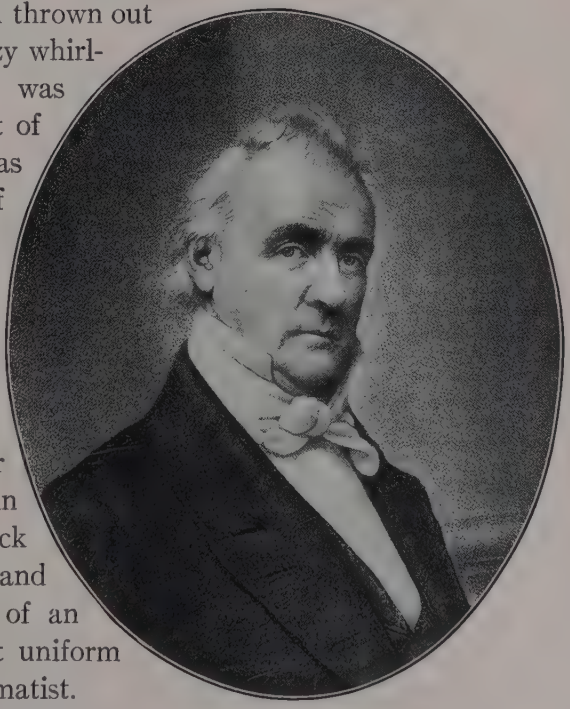
Slowly, slowly, on the White House wall, the clock ticked away the last hours of Buchanan's administration. He had to stick it out until March 4, though every second seemed an hour. He had to sit still and watch, helpless as a rat in a trap, the far line of the simoom on the waters grow and grow; to see the waters rise, and rise; to hear in the air the appalling thunder of the tempest as, nearing his little ship of State, ruin swept across the sea.

Fort Sumter Before the Bombardment

CHAPTER VI

FREDERICK SEES A RAIL-SPLITTER

ABOVE the hum of the voices in the ball-room, the thrilling music of violins throbbed out into the night. The floor was thronged with dancing couples, the wall lined with those who had been thrown out like straws from the dizzy whirlpool of the waltz. It was a night in the latter part of February, and a ball was in progress in honor of some of the retiring members of a foreign legation. Among the figures on the floor, the women in their white gowns, with their white shoulders gleaming under the lights, and the men in their conventional black and white, moved here and there the flowered robe of an Oriental, or the brilliant uniform of some European diplomatist.



JAMES BUCHANAN

It was a beautiful sight, the great hall filled with life and light and music; and Frederick Stevens, whose first experience it was at a formal ball, found his pulses answering to the exhilaration of the sound, and the perfumes, and the lights. It was hard to believe that there was anything but beauty and gaiety in all the world.

Frederick stepped upon the long balcony which ran around the hall, and strolled along it for a little, to clear his head and to rest a while, that he might enjoy the riot of color to the full once more in retrospection. As he walked thus, he passed the open French window which led into the smoking-room; and suddenly he stopped. Wild and vehement, a voice that he had heard before, and knew well, was shouting:

"It 's a lie, I tell you! He is skulking in the North. He does not dare come to Washington to be inaugurated! He is hiding in New York this minute!"

As Frederick listened, another voice, equally lifted in anger, said:

"Not all the South together could frighten Abraham Lincoln; not all the cowardly threats of all the assassins in the world could keep him out of Washington when the time comes, or make him change his purpose!"

"Bah!" cried Norbert, as Frederick pressed closer to the window, "the rail-splitter knows he has no right to be President; he has better sense than his party, in that regard, or better regard for his skin, rather. Where is he, then? Why does n't he come, then, if he is so courageous? Where is he now? Answer me that! Where is he now? Hiding in a hut!"

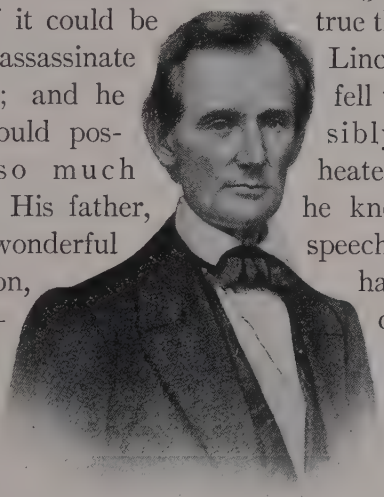
An amused voice, cool as a mountain breeze, broke in upon the dispute.

"You said, if I understood you correctly, that he was in hiding in New York; now you say he is in a hut. Sir, they do not have huts in New York! Hovels, tenements, perhaps; not huts! This can be shown by statistics."

For one moment the two disputants turned and regarded the person who had thus interrupted. Frederick, too, who by this time had entered the room, was gazing at him in astonishment, for it was his own father. For an instant Douglas Stevens stood in silence, his eyes fixed upon Nor-

bert's heated face; then, with an inclination of his head, he turned and made his way out of the room. But his intervention had been effective; Norbert, biting his lip, made a movement of indecision, and turned to the buffet. The dispute was ended.

To Frederick, back once more on the balcony, the episode, brief as it had been, had been of grave moment. He wondered if it could be true that they had made a plan to assassinate Lincoln on his way to Washington; and he fell to wondering what this man could possibly be like, who aroused so much heated and venomous discussion. His father, he knew, after hearing Lincoln's wonderful speech in the hall at Cooper Union, had come to regard the Republican candidate, the rail-splitter, the "huckster in politics," as the servant of the Lord. There were others, Frederick gathered, who did not look at him in that light. He wondered what he himself would think; and at the prospect his breath quickened, for the day of inauguration was but little more than a week away. And Lincoln had not yet reached Washington.



LINCOLN AT THE TIME OF THE SPEECH AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE (*From a photograph by Brady*)

Of Norbert, Frederick had seen almost nothing since the day he had left home so abruptly. Norbert had, indeed, held better counsel when his first rage had cooled, and had come to his father with a half-hearted sort of explanation — not apology. But he clung to his conviction that he had better separate from a family whose views were so widely different from his own, lest a worse quarrel should arise. In this Douglas acquiesced, thinking no doubt that it would

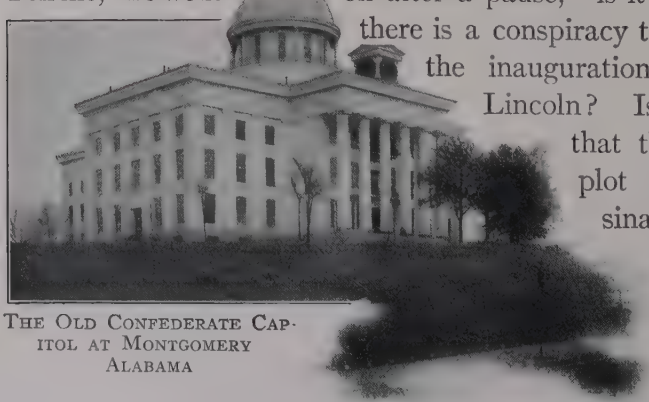
be better for Norbert to cool his hot head by himself. Since that time, Norbert had not been at home. Frederick had met him several times in the city, and had been greeted with a cool nod. The two were so dissimilar that Norbert felt Frederick to be all that he was not; and as he had grave moods of depression, he found the comparison bitter; thus it came about that there grew in his heart a dislike, almost a hatred, for his brother. Of this Frederick knew nothing; though he was to observe its effect before long.

The ball lasted, with its exotic flavor of orchids and music in the night, well on toward the grey dawn. It had not begun until nearly midnight, and the swift hours danced themselves away as if by magic. It was a dark morn that saw the carriages rolling home, and as Douglas and Frederick came out of the building and walked down the street, the street lights were still dimly burning through the fog-drift. It was perhaps 5 o'clock.

Slowly they walked along the avenue. It was hardly worth while going back home to go to bed; it would soon be light.

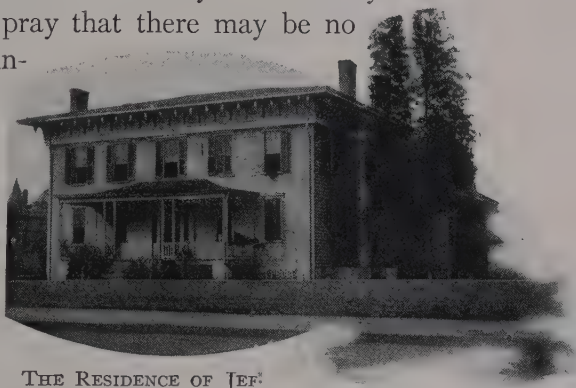
"Well, old fellow," said Douglas, laying his hand on Frederick's arm, "how did you enjoy your first formal ball? Want to go to them right along?"

"No," said Frederick in a low voice, not rallying to his father's tone; "but I am glad I have been to one. Tell me," he went on after a pause, "is it true that there is a conspiracy to prevent the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln? Is it true that there is a plot to assassinate him on his way here?"



THE OLD CONFEDERATE CAPITOL AT MONTGOMERY ALABAMA

"My boy," his father answered, "I wish I knew. I find it is not comfort enough for me to tell myself orientally that what will be will be. I pray that there may be no trouble; but I wish the inauguration were over, all the same. For I believe that Mr. Lincoln, this long, uncouth backwoodsman bred on the frontier, is the only man in this country who can save the Union now!"



THE RESIDENCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS AT MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

"Is he so wonderful then?" asked Frederick, his eyes on his father's face.

"When he rose from his seat on the platform there in New York, I thought his head was never going to stop going upward. He was the longest, the strangest figure in the world. I could think of nothing so much as a scarecrow, such as they put in his Illinois cornfields. Even when he began to speak, his voice sounded like a clown's falsetto, at first. I said to myself, is this the man whom they tell us of? Then, somehow, I forgot all about it; I forgot all about everything, when he really began to talk. When he stopped, I felt as though an organ had ceased to play. Yet your father is a tough old campaigner who has listened to speeches since his rind was as new as yours!"

"I hope I shall hear him — surely I shall," said Frederick thoughtfully.

"Unless some rabid knave intervenes," said Douglas gravely.

They were now nearing the railroad station. As they had walked along, they had heard the rattle, whistle, and hum of an incoming train, and as they drew opposite the station entrance a thin line of travelers began to straggle

out into the morning dusk. Most of them stood perplexedly looking about them as though uncertain which way to go. In sharp contrast to this indecision were the movements of two men who strode hastily out of the door, flung a large valise to a cabman, and swiftly entered a closed carriage.

"Some one in a hurry," said Frederick, amusedly, as they watched this little incident. Douglas said nothing; he was staring at the carriage, which even now was turning around in the street, nearing the sidewalk on which the two were walking. As the carriage turned, scarce a half-dozen paces away, the gleam of a street light fell for one fleeting moment upon the faces of the men within. Douglas gripped his son's arm with a convulsive hand.

"Look!" he whispered to him sharply. "Look! In the carriage!"

But the carriage had turned, and was gone in the shadows. Frederick turned to his father, and looked the question that was in his mind.

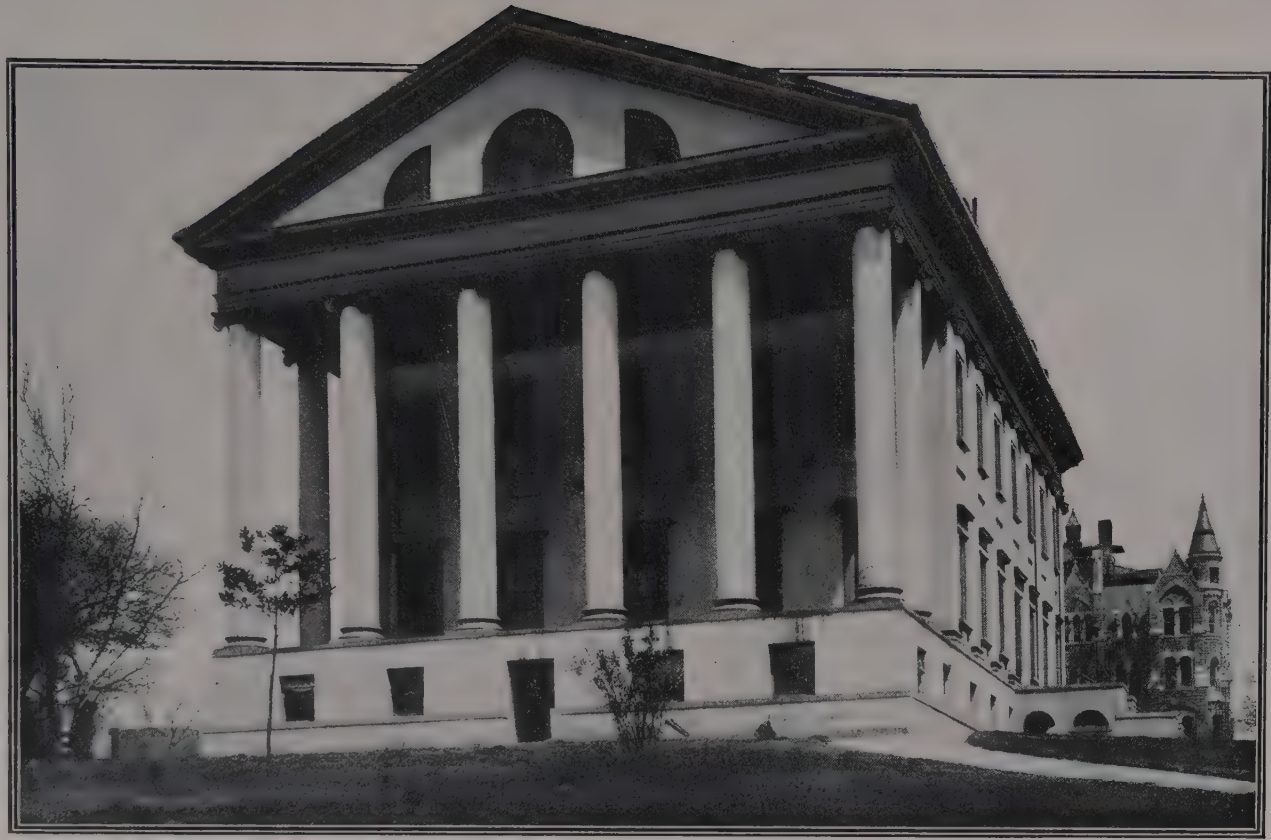
"Yes," said Douglas softly; and a great sigh of relief burst from him. " 'The king has come to be crowned.' That was Abraham Lincoln!"

"Are you sure? Are you sure?" Frederick's tone echoing the exultation of the other's. Douglas nodded quietly, smiling a little, almost affectionately.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, I am sure. No one who has seen him could ever forget him! Now we can go home to breakfast with all our hearts!"

A royal breakfast they made of it.

The morning of March 4 dawned, feebly, miserably, darkly, with all spring's hinting stolen from the air, leaving only the sour old temper of winter. Rain was threatened; cold and blustering winds swept across the Potomac, carrying their wintry message with them to the South. It was a day



THE OLD CAPITOL OF THE CONFEDERACY AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

to hug the fireside, not to stand for hours in the city streets; yet down by Willard's Hotel, hopping up and down, flapping their arms, jostling one another in their efforts to keep warm, waited a large, curious, ever-growing crowd. It was a motley crowd, composed of every make and manner of man, yes, and of woman. Negroes there were in great numbers, riffraff of the streets, politicians with heavy gold chains across wide waistcoats; children who tooted on penny whistles or maddening and unremittent horns. Other people were there, too,— people not of the masses, women of gentle birth, men of high places, drawn by the interest of the hour. And all this crowd still good-natured, for all the long waiting in the cold, and the long waiting still in prospect.

"Hooray!" shouted a hoarse voice on the crowd's edge. "Here come the sojers! and the band! Hooray for the band! Hooray! Hooray!"

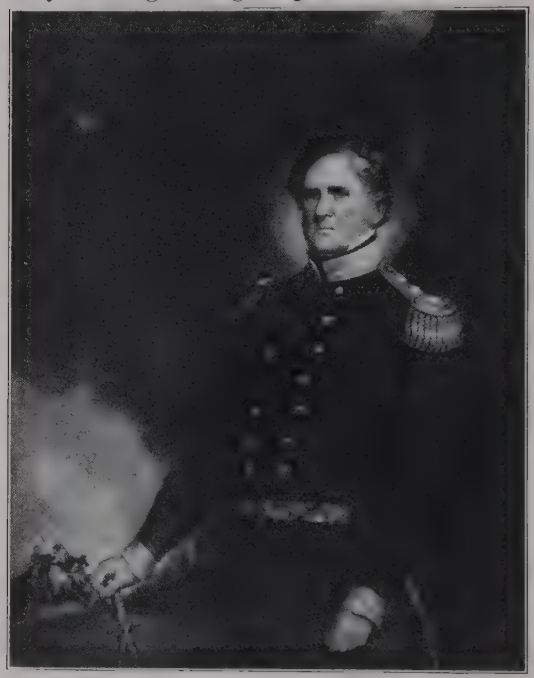
The crowd took up the cry. Down the wide street, magnificent in their crimson and gold, with the leader waving his baton proudly in front, came the regimental band of one of the commands at Washington. Wildly in the air rose the shriek of their bugles, and the crowd cheered wildly in response, not from enthusiasm, but in their joy that something had at last happened.

"Theah they go — golly, see dat brai-i-d!" a darky called from the crowd.

A laugh answered him, an indulgent recognition of the barbaric love for golden trappings which spoke in the cry, and which all, for the moment, understood. Closely after the band came the front ranks of the regiment itself. When the rumors had come to General Scott that there might be interference with the ceremony, the old Mexican War lion was wroth indeed; wherefore he had decreed that all the available military should lend its presence for the occasion. All the military of Washington, and some from Fortress

Monroe, came to answer to the call. Rank after solid rank, muskets at carry, they marched up the avenue; and the crowd yelled and yelled again.

It was now high noon. The people had waited long; they were growing impatient. There were no more bands in sight, and the wind seemed colder than ever. A few drops of rain fell; the sky seemed darker every minute. Murmurs began to rise in the densely packed mass, murmurs of discontent, of anger.



Major-General Winfield Scott

"Why does n't he come? It 's more than time an hour ago," growled one.

"Reckon he 's afraid," rejoined another, "reckon he knows he ain't got no right in the old White House. Reckon he won't come, after all!"

Even as he spoke, swiftly down the street came a carriage; it whirled through the parting crowd, and drew up at the door of the hotel. Out of it, feebly and slowly, climbed an old man, who shivered when the wind struck him.

Slowly he went up the steps, and entered the hotel. This was Buchanan.

A voice took up the argument of the moment before, where it had been dropped by the last speaker. Frederick, who, with his father, had arrived at about the same time as the carriage, turned at the sound of the voice.

"Well," it said, "he may not have any right there, but he 'll do a blame sight better than that old galoot who just went in that door, anyhow!"

A growl of approval greeted this. Whatever might be the sentiment about Lincoln, it was plain enough that Buchanan was no favorite. Yet he had striven for four long years to serve the people who had placed him in his chair.

"I remember four years ago," said Douglas Stevens thoughtfully. "I remember how they cheered when Buchanan took the oath. No cheers are his now! Yet I 'll wager this is the happiest morning he has had for many a month!"

Suddenly a great shout broke from the crowd, falling as instantly into silence. Out from the door moved the old man who had entered, and leaning on his arm, or rather half supporting him, came another figure, a tall, black-garmented figure which stooped, the clothes of which seemed as though they must have been made for another. Slowly, and amid utter silence save for an occasional little laugh or a sneer from the crowd, the two entered the carriage. The door closed; the driver swung his lash over the horses, and the vehicle moved off. Douglas gave the order to his own driver, who set off in pursuit. In the street behind then, straggling along for perhaps a block, the crowd followed, raggedly, with no semblance of being other than the mob it really was. In the carriage the two men sat in silence absolute.

"Here we are, sir," spoke Douglas's cabby, as he drove up with a flourish to the curb beside the capitol entrance. Douglas and Frederick alighted; a few paces away the two

men in the first conveyance were aiding one another to alight. Slowly they entered the grounds; a little guard of soldiery fell in behind them, as escort, and to keep the crowd from following too closely.

Up to the platform before the capitol went the two men, the old President and the new. Buchanan, as though happy to escape from view, subsided into the little group that stood silent upon the open stage; but his companion, looking taller and more ill at ease than ever, stood helplessly by himself, as though waiting for some one to welcome him to this taciturn company.

The Grave of James Buchanan, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

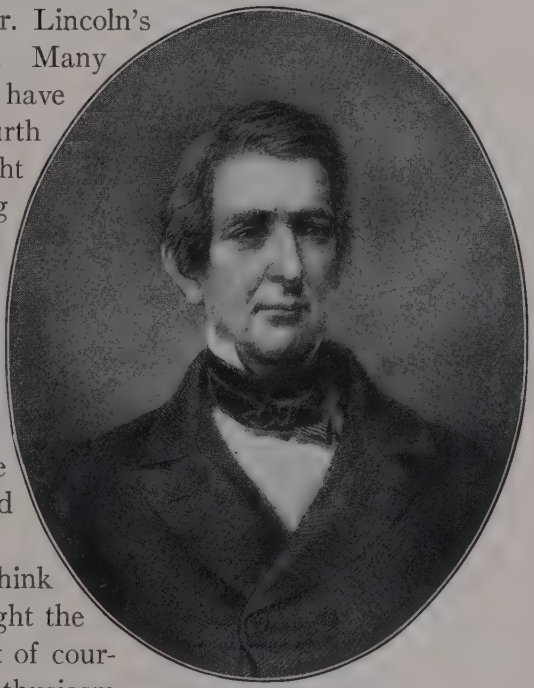
For a long minute thus he stood; and the crowd waited without a sound, curiously.

In his hand he held a heavy walking-stick, the presence of which seemed to embarrass him the more; finally he moved; walking awkwardly over to the edge of the platform, he leaned the cane against the railing and left it standing there.

"What 's he going to do with his hat?" queried a loud whisper near Frederick's elbow; and Frederick turned curiously, for he had been wondering the same thing himself. Lincoln turned the hat round and round in his hands; and then, at last, the spell seemed to dissolve. Forth from the little group of black-coated men stepped one of no great

stature, but of commanding presence. With the air of a cavalier of romance, he took the hat from the other's hand. Stepping quietly back into his place, he so held it until the end.

"And that," said Douglas Stevens in Frederick's ear, "that man, who took Mr. Lincoln's hat, is Stephen A. Douglas! Many as are the times he must have looked forward to this fourth of March, he never thought that he would be holding the hat of his once despised rival, the man whom he defeated for senator in 'fifty-eight, but whose immortal Question proved the victor in the end!"



William H. Seward

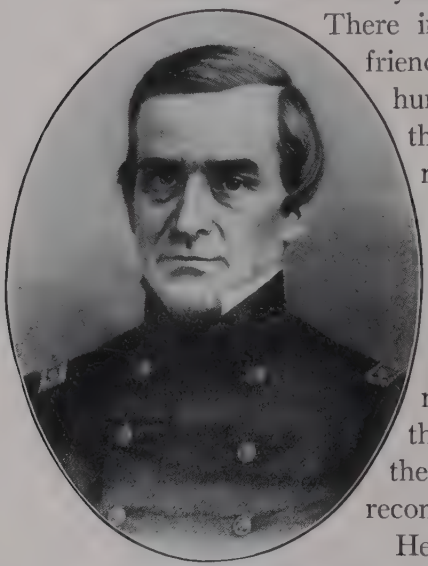
"He can at least lose like a man," whispered Frederick in answer.

The crowd seemed to think so too; and as if they caught the significance of the little act of courtesy, they rose to the first enthusiasm of the day. They gave a little cheer for Douglas, all his own. He had fought with himself, and won; and he deserved all the honors they could give. Let us hope they warmed the heart of Stephen A. Douglas, patriot and man.

Again the group divided; and forth came Chief Justice Taney, he of the Dred Scott decision, prepared to do his office. To the incoming President he administered the oath of office, in words that not even those nearest to the stage could hear. He raised his old white hands in benediction; in the background another man lifted his worn head

with a gesture of unspeakable relief; and the next moment, the new President stood forth in the sight of men. With his tall figure now erect and superb, he read the opening sentences of his inaugural speech. Never was a man so much alone.

"Now listen," whispered Douglas to Frederick, "listen, and remember this all your life!" The reading began.



Major Robert Anderson

There in the cold stood the crowd, unfriendly and aloof, not one heart in a hundred beating in sympathy with the man who stood and spoke; yet not one man who did not listen, as though in a trance of silence, till the end. The speaker spoke in common words; there were no flights of rhetoric, no wild dialectics such as the Southern statesmen were wont to use; yet when this speaker stopped for an instant, the crowd breathed not until he recommenced.

He spoke of the Union; not of slavery, not of anti-slavery, not of abolition. Some men have wondered in times past, seeing that Lincoln had gained his eminence by his anti-slavery views, why he ignored so completely that topic now. It is as plain as day. He went for the great things first. He knew that before the government's authority could be used in administration, that authority must be established beyond a doubt. He knew that as long as the power of the government was not supreme, it was vain to dream of invoking that government's authority. The fact that it was a supremely shrewd move, politically, was also doubtless recognized by Lincoln, but it did not affect him. It was the only point of view, this one of his, to save

the Union first, and settle other things later,— it was the only policy upon which there was any hope of uniting the thousand and one factions of the divided North. Whatever they wanted, Whigs, Republicans, Douglas Democrats, abolitionists,— and their wishes were as many and as various as the fishes in the sea,— they were most of them at one in their desire to see the Union stand. So at one stroke the North was united, so far as it could be united, and the South, by the same stroke, was disunited and disturbed.

Major-General G. P. T. Beauregard

At last, the speech over, the little company on the platform melted away, the crowd sent up a few feeble shouts which might have been meant for cheers, and the pageant was over. In a silence such as must have reigned at the cortège of dead kings, the crowd dispersed to their homes, unimpressed, unsatisfied.

Douglas and Frederick walked home thoughtfully; the scene which they had witnessed had made them too serious for light words. At length, however, with a quick lift of his head, Douglas spoke the thought that was in his mind.

"What next, I wonder?" he said. "How long will the South wait?"

"Wait for what?" asked Frederick, not understanding the query.

"For the hurling of the gauntlet," his father answered.

He was not to be kept long in suspense. The South had no intention of losing any time. Almost before Secretary of State Seward was in his place, he was waited upon by three men from the Confederacy who represented themselves as ambassadors of that government. They desired to treat with Seward concerning the matters in dispute between their government and that of the United States. Mr. Seward, with the President's sanction, properly declined to hold any communication with these gentlemen whatever on the ground of the nullity of the government they claimed to represent.

The Bombardment of Fort Sumter

This was sound statesmanship on the part of the incoming administration, but it aroused the wrath of the Southern ambassadors. Their anger, however, was forgotten in the more imminent problem which confronted the government.

All these months, in Charleston harbor, the toils had been gathering more and more closely around Major Anderson in little Sumter. Beauregard, fiery as the State in whose behalf he worked, had so completed the investment of the fort that almost from the day of the *Star of the West's* retreat Major Anderson and his government forces had been practically cut off from the civilized world. All this was well and good for a while; but now, close upon the heels of the election, came the word that there was provision in Sumter for barely a month longer, and that something must be done.

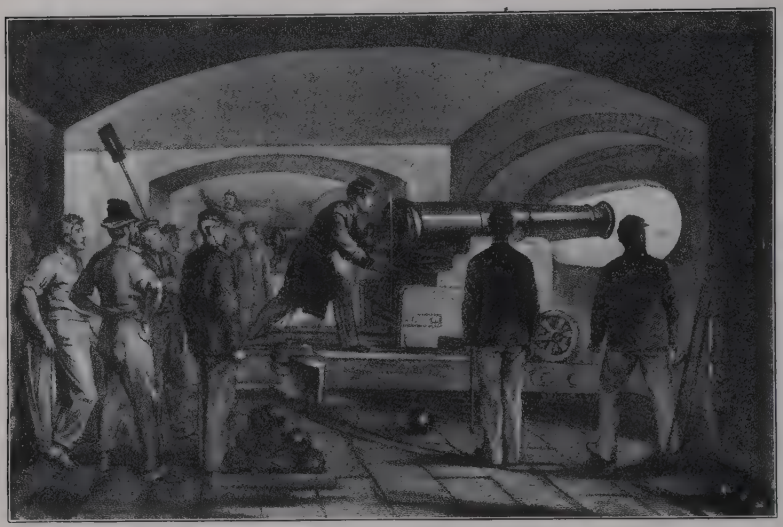
To his newly appointed cabinet the President put the question: "Assuming it to be possible to provision Fort Sumter, is it wise to attempt it?"

Of the cabinet all but two answered this question with a flat negative.

In the meantime, by a process so devious and intricate that it is useless to try to follow it, the Southern ambassadors, through friends of theirs in high places, became convinced that Secretary Seward had promised that Sumter should be evacuated: they had little ground for this assumption, but the wish was father, and mother as well, to the thought. Accordingly, when they duly transmitted this glad news to the Confederate authorities at Montgomery, they were shocked and outraged to learn that Lincoln had issued orders for the relief of Sumter. There is only one thing to be said for the ambassadors:

Seward was a proud man; yet it had not occurred to Mr. Seward that Lincoln, this man from the backwoods, could act on his own opinion in opposition to Seward's own; hence, as Seward advocated the evacuation of Sumter, it is quite possible that he gave the impression to others that such would be the ad-

REMNANT OF SIEGE WALL AND SOUTH CAROLINA MILITARY ACADEMY, CHARLESTON. THE FIRST SHOT OF THE CIVIL WAR WAS FIRED BY CADETS FROM THIS ACADEMY



THE FIRST GUN AT FORT SUMTER

ministration's course. This report, undoubtedly, coming to the ears of the ambassadors, encouraged them in their hopeful delusion. With a deep thrill of injury, then, misled by this false rumor, did the South hear that word from Lincoln which threw them into fury.

"In pursuance of our pledge to this effect, the Government hereby advises Governor Pickens and the State of South Carolina that an attempt will be made to supply Fort Sumter with provisions only. There will be no attempt to throw in men, arms, or ammunition, except in the event of an attack upon the fort!"

Like wildfire ran the news through the South. Like angry prophets, sent forth without honor, the ambassadors, having failed to get an audience with Secretary Seward, and screaming that faith had been violated, fled from the Northern capital. On April 7, 1861, the transport bearing supplies for Sumter left port; it would be due in Charleston in four days; and for four days the country held its breath.

Under orders from President Davis direct, at 11 o'clock

of April 11, Beauregard sent a flag to Major Anderson, demanding the surrender of the fort which he commanded. At 11 o'clock that night the second demand went out. Early in the morning of April 12, Major Anderson replied that he would evacuate at noon of April 15, if prior to that time he was not in receipt of instructions from his government bidding him take other steps. It was now 3:30 in the morning of April 12.

Back across the water went the dispatch boat, bearing the word to the men beneath the American flag that this reply was not satisfactory, and that in one hour from that time the bombardment would commence.

As the Charleston town clock struck 4:30, the first shot was fired. Tremendously across the harbor rolled the smoke away. The flag of the Union had been fired upon by the enemies of that Union! and this time there was a government that dared to support its flag. Early in the morning, in the streets of the nation's capital, rang the thrilling news:

"Sumter fired upon!" the newsboys screamed. "Sumter! Sumter! Sumter!" and the city swelled with the cry.

FORT SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT IN 1861

Later, more ominously still, came the cry: "Sumter is taken! Sumter! Sumter! Sumter surrenders!"

Like the echoes of that first great shot which was "heard round the world" rang the burden of that cry. The sleeping soul of America awoke, the soul that had given itself to a thousand masters, that had surrendered itself into a thousand little fragments, and tossed them away upon the wind,— that soul awoke to life again. Like the magic word of Medea of old, that made the dead awake from its dismembered corpse, the trumpet-note from Sumter rang through the land. The South had flung the gage, the South had fired upon the flag: then let the South beware!

Then, and not till then, had they known how much they loved it, this Union that seemed tottering to its grave. Magically, electrically, thrillingly through the heart of the North the vital blood returned.

Fort Sumter in 1891

CHAPTER VII

THE FACE ACROSS THE RUN

FREDERICK STEVENS was in the first company of volunteers to be enrolled at Washington. On the day after Sumter fell had the call gone forth, the first of that terrible series of calls for soldiers, and Frederick found himself at the enlisting place before the call was an hour old.

"I must go," he told his father simply; and his father bent his head in acquiescence. Silently, Frederick set off alone, without a backward glance. On the street he found he was one of a slowly augmenting stream of men, mostly young, but with many of grey hair, on their way to the depot.

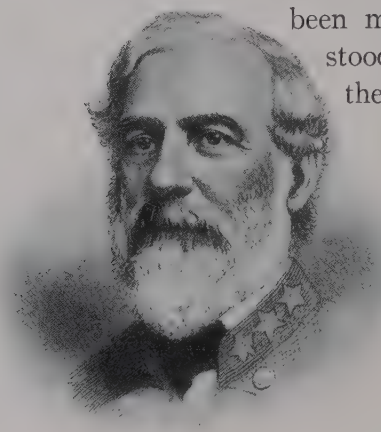
"Name? Age? American born? Place of residence? Write there!" snapped the recruiting officer, a young man proud of his mustache, and of his first military employment. Frederick signed as he was told. He was rather surprised to find that the thing was so easy. The call, in accordance with the old precedent, soon to be a dead letter, was for three months only; neither Lincoln nor his advisers had any hope that the trouble would be over in that time, but the South, hearing the short-term call and not understanding it, girt up its loins with a new determination. The Republicans thought they could subdue the South in three months, did they? Well and good. By thousands to the Southern enlisting stands came the Southern cavaliers.

To Ten Oaks, placid upon its hill, the news of the fall of Sumter came with a gravity which was soon swallowed up in a greater thing.

Virginia had seceded! Three days after the surrender, Virginia joined the band of her seceding sisters. Not from

conviction altogether, nor yet altogether from any one motive alone; there were many forces at urge.

"Will Virginia go?" was the first thought that leapt into the major's head, as he scanned the black headline in his newspaper that April morning. For Virginia had been much wrought upon, and had still stood firm, resisting the pressure that all the friends in the Southern government had brought to bear.



General Robert E. Lee

"Will Virginia go?" asked the major over and over again; and Eleanor, though she strove to quiet him, could find no answer. All their friends deserted Ten Oaks in those days; for all who could be there were at Richmond, where the legislature sat. Yet had the major only known it, the thing had been already determined; the deciding straw had been cast into the scale. This was the President's call for volunteers to help put down the insurrection in the State of South Carolina. All other things had Virginia resisted; she had even stood firm when the Confederacy had threatened to boycott her greatest product, the "vigintal crop," negroes, unless she joined the Cause. But this call for men to fight against their Southern brothers proved too much. Late in the afternoon of April 17 a negro dashed up the long road to Ten Oaks; in his hand he bore the message that Virginia had seceded.

White-faced and stern, the major sat in his wheeled chair, looking out over his broad acres as though already he expected to see the long lines of marching men approach. With his one good hand he drummed, drummed on the arm

of his chair. Eleanor, anxious as he, but for a different reason, stood by his side, waiting. Down the stairs behind her she heard footsteps coming.

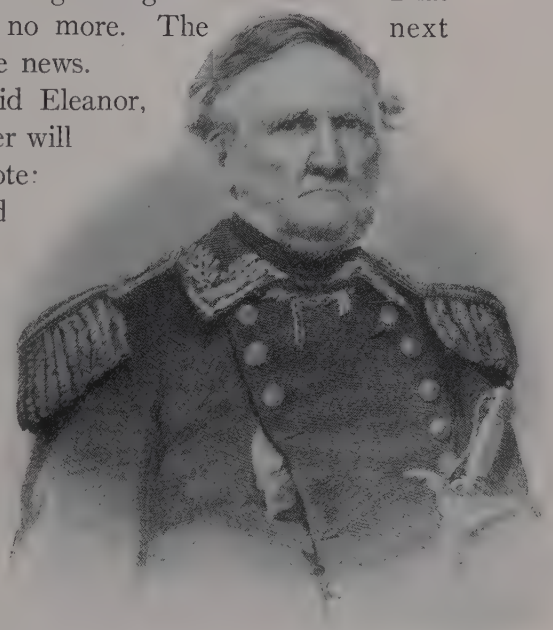
Without turning around she knew that Oliver stood at her elbow.

"Is it true that Virginia has gone?" he asked. The major made no answer, but Eleanor nodded; she could not trust her voice to speak. Oliver stood a moment; they heard his slow footsteps retreating along the veranda. That evening they saw him no more. The next day, though, came more news.

"They say here," said Eleanor, reading, "that the matter will be put to a popular vote: that it will not be decided finally without that!"

"It will be the same," growled the major. Then, turning to Oliver, "Well, and what do you propose to do about it, young man? Well, answer!"

Before Oliver could reply, Eleanor gave a little cry and, with shaking finger, pointed to an item on the open page of the newspaper before her.



Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott

"Look here!" she cried. "It is reported that Colonel Lee has been offered the command of the Northern armies, and that he has—"

"Well, well," broke in the major in terrible excitement "why don't you tell me what he has done! If Robert E.

Lee fights against Virginia, I 'll go to the front myself, damme if I won't! Tell me, what does he say?"

"— has declined the offer, stating, that though opposed to secession, he would take no part in an armed invasion of the Southern States." Eleanor read on. "He has also, it is reported, given up his commission in the United States army, and will throw in his lot with his State. Special dispatch to the *Enquirer*."

The major sank back in his chair, breathing hard. So many of his friends had gone the other way. General Scott, commander-in-chief of the regular army, was a Virginian, but he stayed by the Union. General Thomas, George Tyler, and many another found their love for their country stronger than their allegiance to their State; and while their hearts were torn in two, they held to the old flag instead of the new. Close by the side of the major's chair rose Oliver now, and Eleanor, seeing the look on his face, knew that what she had been dreading had at last arrived. In a low voice Oliver spoke.

"How soon can you get me ready, mother?" he asked, but with his eyes fixed not on her but on the crippled figure in the old arm-chair. From her seat across the table Rosalind sprang up, and flew around the board.

"Oliver!" she cried. "Oliver! You will be with him!"

"Yes," he answered quietly, "yes, I shall go with him!" Both of them spoke the word as though it had been a prayer. Eleanor, looking on her son's face, knew that it was vain for her to speak. Oliver would go.

Yet his name burst from her in a great cry; and he, turning, caught her to his heart, and held her there closely, while her first grief spent itself.

"Can you have my things ready by to-morrow, mother?" he said steadfastly.

His mother made no answer, but Rosalind nodded her

head proudly. They should be ready. It was a sad household that went to bed that night under the shadows of war. Oliver slept little, lying staring wide-eyed into the darkness. He did not know what way the path might lead; but he was going to follow the man whom of all men he wished to follow, and his courage was high. All that night, silently to his door, as the clock struck every hour, came a figure who bent her head in the darkness of the hall, and prayed.

General Scott and His Staff in 1861 (*From a photograph*)

Next day the knapsack was packed. There was no time to lose, for Oliver could not wait; and as the long shadows fell in the afternoon, he rode away. Dry-eyed, his mother watched him down the long avenue; dry-eyed, she saw him turn the corner by the old oak, the last one of the ten. Rosalind, taking her mother in her young arms, led her silently into the house. Out on the veranda the major sat, unmoving, a high smile of proud memory on his face.

Ten Oaks took up its interrupted life; but Oliver, on his way to Richmond, found that many another was traveling the way he fared. On the evening of the second day he reached Richmond, reached it in time to see, on April 23, John Janney bestow upon Robert Edward Lee, in the name of the State of Virginia, its commission as commander-in-chief of all its military forces.

Straight and tall, magnificent of carriage and demeanor, with his fine head held erect, the man thus honored thanked the convention for the honor in the simplest and most modest of words. Quietly he spoke:

"I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have much preferred having your choice fall upon an abler man. Trusting to an Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of these my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

When once Virginia had joined, she was plunged into the very thick of secession. Anxious to commit her beyond recall, the Confederate government soon transferred the capital of the Confederacy from Montgomery to Richmond. But even before that, the war-kites began to gather. It was a hard problem which confronted the South in this struggle where all was new. At the first blush it might seem as though every advantage were with their foes. The North had its established, recognized government in full running order at home and abroad; it had its war and treasury departments fully equipped and in operation. It had a standing army, which, though small, was yet a nucleus for an army of gigantic dimensions. It had money and resources and power and men, and back of these more men, and more money, and again more.

Of all these things the South had almost none. She had little resource save her own inherent and indomitable spirit. She had no government save one so new that the tag was still on it; she had little ready money, no navy to speak of, few munitions of war; she had no manufactories where powder or arms or any of the munitions of war might be made; she had few men who even knew how to make these things, for at this time all the manufacturing was done in the North. Altogether, it was a heavy handicap under

which she labored, and from beneath whose weight she rose undaunted. She did, indeed, have two great advantages on her side, which went a long way to counteract those manifold ones of the North. She had, first and foremost, the absolute unanimity of her people; and besides this, she was favored in that her armies were formed of men who had been

THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS IN BALTIMORE: FIRST BLOODSHED OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

trained to arms from infancy. Of course, as time went on, as the drafts grew heavier, this was not the case so much; for almost every able-bodied man old enough to shoulder a rifle was drawn into the ranks ere the four years were ended. But at the start it was an immense advantage, and the fortunes of the first year of war demonstrated it beyond any doubt.

In the North, however, flushed with confidence for which there was as yet little or no excuse, the three-months volunteers were pouring into Washington. On the anniversary of the battle of Lexington the first blood of the war had been shed in a riot at Baltimore; and the war, thus

baptized, was on. In the White House, where none of the false confidence prevailed, there was anxiety and care instead. It was the President's first thought to protect the capital, and his first orders were given to General Scott to that effect. Frederick Stevens, to the great joy of his mother, was at first stationed in one of the Washington

THE FIRST COUNCIL OF WAR IN 1861 (*From the painting by H. B. Hall*)

fortresses; during his hours of leave he could come home. It seemed to Doris to take away much of the horrors of war, if she were able to see her son almost every day. But Douglas shook his head.

"They are going to find that this is not to be such a picnic as they think," he said, as Frederick was retailing some of the gossip of the men.

"The spirit of these three-months men is not that of soldiers; they are here for fun; they do not know what manner of foe they are to meet," said Douglas further. "I see the Southerners have made General Johnston their

leader; and he is one of the shrewdest soldiers in all the South. You tell those young men of yours not to start out to beat Joe Johnston without taking their guns with them! This loafing around in Washington streets is all very well, too; but it is not discipline. I had rather see you drilling!"

But Frederick was inclined to agree with the high confidence expressed by his fellows. He did not believe there would be any difficulty, once the men got into action; at first, of course, discipline was not so strict, but that would all be changed when they went out to meet the enemy. His father shook his head, unconvinced. As time went by, the situation began to sharpen. Tennessee and North Carolina had joined the secession now, carrying with them Arkansas and Texas. The solid South was complete, and all along her brave frontier the muskets for her defense began to gleam by day and night.

President Lincoln, looking out across the broad Potomac, and seeing in the far distance the sun shining on Southern musketry, knew to the bottom of his great soul that a terrible future lay at hand. Mindless of the remonstrances of many of his advisers, he called a special session of Congress. This met on July 4, and on that day Lincoln asked it for 400,000 men, and $400,000,000. Already the greatness of this man who had been chosen President had begun to make itself felt. Without leaving their seats, the members of this Congress authorized the President to call for not 400,000, but 500,000 men; and they appropriated not $400,000,000, but $500,000,000, to be raised as might seem best, or might seem possible.

And now, since all these things were so, in the North went up an impatient clamor, the first of the long series of whinings and complaints from men who would not fight themselves, who did not represent the sentiments of their fellows, but who, through political or other influence, felt

themselves entitled to talk, and felt that their utterances were entitled to a hearing.

"Why does n't the army do something?" these malcontents began to howl.

Louder and louder swelled the cry. It came to the President's ears; it came to General Scott's ears; both gave it no heed, for the matter had already been discussed by the President and his old general long before.

"These three-months men are good for nothing but garrison duty," Scott had said, "and the three-year men, now arriving, ought not to go into the field until they are organized. We must not start with a fiasco!"

But ever the cries waxed louder; and presently the army itself took up the refrain. "Let us go forward!" they cried. "We can see the enemy! Let us go to meet him!" Blatant in their folly, they raised all Washington with the cry. General Scott, still demurring, listened to the clamor in spite of his better judgment. The cry became irresistible; and at last he yielded.

Across the river, scarce thirty miles from the capitol, lay Beauregard and his men, at Manassas Junction, where the Orange & Alexandria and Manassas Railways met. Off to northwestward in Shenandoah Valley, but within easy striking distance through Manassas Gap, lay Johnston and his men at Winchester.

Frederick, leaning over his ramparts on a bright day, could see the Confederate outposts at their extreme front; the Union army was now encamped along the Virginia bank of the Potomac, running from Alexandria north. In command was General Irwin McDowell, a brave but luckless commander whose fate it was always to be asked to do things which his judgment condemned as useless. Day after day the politicians and the sightseers crossed the river in boats to visit the camp. They asked innumerable questions, but

THE HALL OF DELEGATES IN THE CAPITOL AT RICHMOND, USED BY THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

the chief point of curiosity was always the same old query: "When will the army move?"

The public impatience was whetted now by the report of two minor battles in Virginia, one in the Valley, one before Yorktown, both of which had gone against the Union forces. The call for action could no longer be disobeyed.

"Three cheers for old Scotty! Old Fuss-and-Feathers says the army can start at last!" rang the word through the camp on a bright July day; and the camp thrilled at the word. Part of it did; the other half did not care. In Frederick's own mess there were seven men who did not join in the rejoicing.

"We are going to fight! Do you hear that?" he demanded of these.

"Don't care a hang if you are," growled one of the malcontents, as he continued to wrap up his belongings in a neat bundle for carrying.

"'You'? What do you mean by 'you'? I say we are going to fight the Rebs!"

"You may be; I 'm not going to fight anybody. My time is up; and I 'm a-going home. So long, sonny. Hope you have a good fight!"

Without another word, and amid the utter silence of those who saw, this man and his six mates walked off toward Washington, bound for home. They had enlisted for three months, and the three months were up; that was all; and they were finished. Happily, these men were not many: far greater in number were the three-months men who re-enlisted at once or else went into battle without comment. Some of them were even killed in a service for which their contract had expired. None the less, Frederick felt his throat swelling with impotent rage at the sight of the retreating forms of those seven. There arose in his breast a triple determination to fight all the harder, as though to

make up to his country in some degree for the defection of these cravens.

Bravely, on that July morning, did the Union army march out of its entrenchments, and turn its face westward toward the foe. McDowell had made his plans for the battle with the utmost care. Patterson, to the north, was to hold Johnston off, while Butler, before Yorktown, should engage

The Stone Bridge at Bull Run

Magruder and prevent his taking part in the fray. It was a good plan; but it fell through because Patterson was not shrewd enough to handle the old fox with whom he was confronted. Before ever the battle of Manassas began, Johnston and full two-thirds of his command had joined Beauregard on the banks of the little creek which men called Bull Run.

Of this, however, the Union army, advancing as best it could across the open country, with thousands of sight-seers and stragglers stringing along for miles in the rear, knew nothing. The sightseers knew nothing, either, and

cared less. They had merely come along to see the picnic. As the march went forward, the stragglers in the rear came to consist not alone of onlookers; they comprised many of McDowell's army as well, fatigued by the unusual exertion of this march in the July sun. They stopped whenever it suited them, to bathe their swollen feet, or pick berries by the wayside. A military sight!

Sudley Ford at Bull Run

Nevertheless. on the night of July 20, McDowell gave his final orders for the advance. Tyler, whose brigade was at Centerville, was to divide his forces into two parts, one to proceed directly to Stone Bridge, the other to cross Bull Run at Sudley Ford and strike the Confederate left at Stone Bridge, making it thus possible for Tyler with his first division to cross in safety.

At 3 o'clock in the morning the advance started. All that night the troops struggled through an unknown country, feeling their way to the point of attack. Frederick, who was in the division moving on the ford, was marching on the

extreme left. It seemed to him that their advance was made by inches. At the head of his column was a slow and cautious lieutenant, who slugged his way through the thickets and long grass with the painstaking care of one who was determined that the thing should be done thoroughly, no matter how long it might take. Frederick, who knew that the attack was intended to take place at daybreak, chafed at the slow progress, and so did many of his fellows. But the rest of the division was going just as slowly.

When they had been over an hour on the road, dawn began to break. The trees were thick over the army's heads, but the grey streaks in the east overspread the sky more and more plainly. The shadows began to fade; gradually they found they could see their way among the trees. In all the forest bird-notes began to be heard; sleepy twitterings at first, then, as the first rays of the sun dared to trickle through the foliage, the branches burst into a pæan of praise of the morning. Other than this the world was so still that the water could be heard flowing over the stones at the ford in a little creek hidden somewhere out of sight. It seemed hard to believe that in all this beauty, with the dawn dew fresh on the ground, these men could be going into battle. Nevertheless, Frederick found himself listening with

The Old Stone House at Bull Run

strained attention for any sound from the front; for a long while none came.

It was by this time broad day; the men had been marching since 3 o'clock and were growing tired; and now, for the first time, grumbling was heard.

"They must have led us miles and miles out of our way," growled one man.

"I don't believe they know where they are going," answered another, this second voice coming from Frederick's next neighbor. "We were supposed to be at the ford, I heard 'em say, by six o'clock, and it must be more than that now. Hey, Billy, you 've got a watch. What time is it?"

Billy extracted a large silver watch of ponderous design, and studied it.

"Quarter past seven," he said at last, judiciously.

"By golly," said three voices at once, their owners seeming to be hit by the same thought, "I 'm pretty hungry!" There was a chorus of assent.

There was no time to stop and eat, so the men drew forth their rations and began to eat as they marched along.

THE OLD MILL NEAR SUDLEY FORD, BULL RUN

Still no sound, other than the footsteps of the marching men. Over toward Stone Bridge the firing commenced, sounding dull and far away, the sound dimmed by the intervening woods.

So, perhaps for another hour, the attacking column that was to be, toiled through the fields. The country was more open now, and progress was faster. The sun struck them now in the open spaces, and the heat became intense. The men ceased to talk. Their muskets were growing heavier. It seemed to Frederick as though his weighed a hundred tons, and as though his knapsack was a furnace of fire upon his shoulder. He tried to shift the weight, but that only seemed to make it worse. On they went, doggedly, looking straight ahead.

At last, when they had despaired of ever reaching their goal, the word ran back through the column that the ford was just ahead. Immediately the men grew more alert; the elasticity seemed in some degree to return to their weary limbs. They walked stealthily, carefully, peering through the trees.

Suddenly from the front rank came back a guarded hail from a lookout.

"There they are; there are the Rebs! They are at the ford!" he said.

Before anybody could answer, there burst from the trees on the other side of the creek what seemed like a tremendous thunderbolt. With a terrific detonation the Confederates' fire burst from the cover. The thickets became suddenly hung with little circular clouds of white smoke, which swiftly faded and became a haze. Almost at Frederick's elbow rose Hunter, leader of their division; they could hear his voice roaring through the glades.

"Come on, boys!" he cried. "Come on, boys! There they are at last!"

The boys came. Forgetting their all-night march, forgetting the weight of their knapsacks and the leadenness of their feet, and with a straggling cheer, the men in blue charged at the smoke-hung thickets. Almost as they started their rush, they reached the ford; and here new matter waited, for the water was deep on either side the ford, and there was not room for all to cross at once. Frederick, on the left, found himself crowded away, and had to wait his turn. And as he waited, scanning the other bank, not knowing enough to take to cover, he saw a face peer out from a bush across the little run.

HENRY HOUSE, BULL RUN, VIRGINIA

He saw a musket leveled, and gazed, fascinated, as though he were a bird charmed by a rattlesnake. He could not have moved for his life, but stood staring for an instant that seemed an hour into an earnest young face which seemed familiar, yet strange. It flashed through his head: "He is shooting at me!" But still he could not move; fortunately, some one else was at hand.

"Come down out of that, you young fool!" growled a gruff voice; and Frederick found himself jerked unceremoniously down behind a stump, in whose protecting shadow he lay sprawled and breathless, but safe. Over his head he heard the whick of the bullet as it hit a tree trunk; and instantly there rushed into his mind the other half of the half-remembered recollection.

The face was Oliver Stevens's.

Cautiously, Frederick peered out across the run; but

the thicket was empty now; the Confederates were dislodged, and were retreating back along a trail that led from the ford. With a cheer, the Northerners followed. Over the ford they went, helter-skelter now; they were driving the enemy like hunted things; up the slope they drove them, out into the open, and out upon the Warrenton road. Their weariness was forgotten; they followed like heroes. On, on they went, across Young's Creek, and up the side of Henry's Hill.

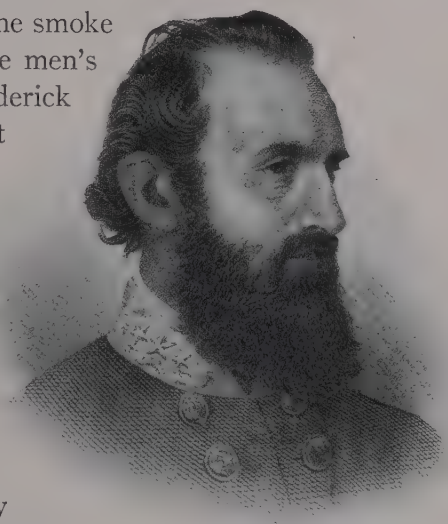
Here, for the first time, they found a check. At the top of this eminence Frederick, turning his eyes upward, beheld a solid body of grey troops drawn up in perfect array. There was no scattering mob there; it was as steady a rank as though upon parade. But still the Northerners could hear Hunter's great shout, leading them on and on, and on and on they went, undaunted.

Broken and demoralized, the fleeing boys in grey toiled up the long slope. Their leaders tried to halt them that they might reform them; but they were beyond that. Only on the hill's top, behind that orderly line, was safety, and for it they made. Under the lee of that protecting line, the retreat was halted.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S POSITION ON THE WARRENTON PIKE

"Look there, boys!" shouted the leader of the fleeing ones. "Look at Jackson, there, standing like a stone wall!"

Around that "stone wall" the battle raged. The day resolved itself into a struggle for the possession of that height. It was anybody's fight. For an hour and a half the sound of musketry was never still. The smoke hung low over the field, and the men's eyes grew sharply painful. Frederick found his musket growing so hot that he could not use it, but had to let it cool. Still there was no advantage to either side, save that the Northern advance was checked, and the Southerners had the better position.



General Thomas J. Jackson — "Stonewall"

Far off to the right came the sound of heavy firing. Not noticeable at first, it grew rapidly louder and more near, and the Union ranks grew nervous, and turned to look. Nothing could they see, and for a little they fought on as before. Then, on their own right, they saw men waver; the sound of Confederate firing there was now incessant and terrific. It was Johnston's division, which should have been held at Winchester by Patterson. With an irresistible rush, they assailed the Union right.

The right flank broke. The Southerners, on the double quick, charged down the hill. The right flank crumpled to a thousand pieces, and the flight commenced. So many fresh men, massed on the tired soldiers who had marched half the night, were too strong to be faced. The center joined the right, and the left flank, where Frederick was, fell in behind them all.

Jubilantly now down the hill rushed the main body of the Southerners, charging over the same ground over which they had retreated so recently. But they stood little chance of overtaking the fleeing army of the North. What started in a retreat was now an open rout; the rout became a panic-stricken run. Muskets were flung aside; knapsacks had gone long since. The men gave themselves up to the business of running, and they ran well. They had fought well, too; for green troops they had fought remarkably well; but their running was of even a superior order of excellence.

Frederick ran with the rest. At first he had hesitated; but he saw the rest of the blue line waver and break, and he knew it was useless to remain.

"Come on; 't won't do you no good to stay and git shot!" said a voice.

Frederick followed. Back toward Washington fled the army, the proud army which had gone forth with courage so high. At Centerville many of them paused; two divisions reformed in part, behind fresh troops which were there, and which had not been in action at all. But the onlookers did not pause; they made even better speed than the army; and

SCENE OF THE LAST CHARGE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES ON THE HILL NEAR THE HENRY HOUSE, BULL RUN

they did not draw breath till the streets of Washington saw them once again.

In this manner ended the first important battle of the Civil War, known in the North as the Battle of Bull Run, and in the South as the Battle of Manassas. It was fought against the better judgment of the Northern generals, and it had ended in disaster to the Northern arms.

Yet, after all, it was the best thing which could have happened; for the North realized, as it had not before, the seriousness of the task which lay ahead of it, and it gathered its strength and courage for the struggle.

But in Washington, in the fort which they had left so gladly, Frederick and his comrades, or what were left of them, looked out upon a hollow and an empty world.

BULL RUN BATTLEFIELD LOOKING TOWARD CENTERVILLE

CHAPTER VIII

THE WAR IN THE WEST

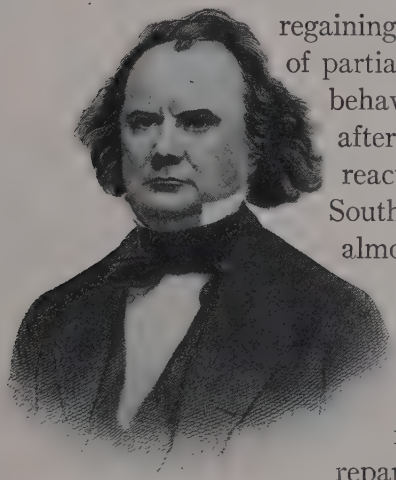
FOR the North, the first year of the war ended in unmitigated gloom.

Save for early victories in West Virginia,— which was thus cut off from the parent commonwealth, and soon accepted as a loyal Union State,— there had been nothing but defeats for the Union arms. To be sure, these defeats were really more inimical to the interest of the victors than to the vanquished, but that was not yet to be seen. The South, puffed up with confidence at the seeming ease of its first great victory, was soon persuaded that it had defeated an army of three times its number at Manassas, and waxed correspondingly elate. In the North, on the contrary, the sentiment passed from discouragement to a dogged determination, a determination which lasted through even the darkest days which were to come, and which unquestionably made the ultimate victory a possibility. Still, the year of '61 closed in gloom almost unrelieved.

Mortar Firing

War had begun all along the great frontier; the echoes of it were reaching now even across the broad Atlantic. And there, too, the false enthusiasm engendered by the Southern victory proved a grave disaster to the Southern government. England, which was standing in

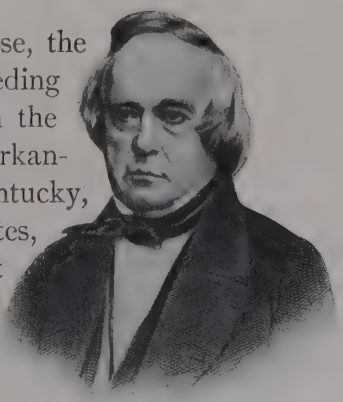
doubt before Manassas, had inclined once more toward the established government; but now, hearing the great Southern news, wavered again, and finally allowed herself to swerve so far toward the South that she had difficulty in regaining her equilibrium. During this period of partiality she bought Southern bonds, and behaved generally in a manner which afterward made her sick at heart; the reaction from this made her turn upon the South at a time when her defection was almost fatal.



JAMES MURRAY MASON

It was in '61 that the *Trent* was captured, with Mason and Slidell aboard, on the way to England on a journey of importance; but when finally these men were released, and reparation made, the real trouble from England may be said to have ended, as far as the North was concerned. In fact, save the exploits of the cruiser *Alabama*, all matters of especial moment outside the United States itself may be said to have ended, and the struggle to have resolved itself into a battlefield upon the ground of the secession. A wonderful battleground it was to be — along a front 1500 miles in length, and flaming with Southern valor in every mile!

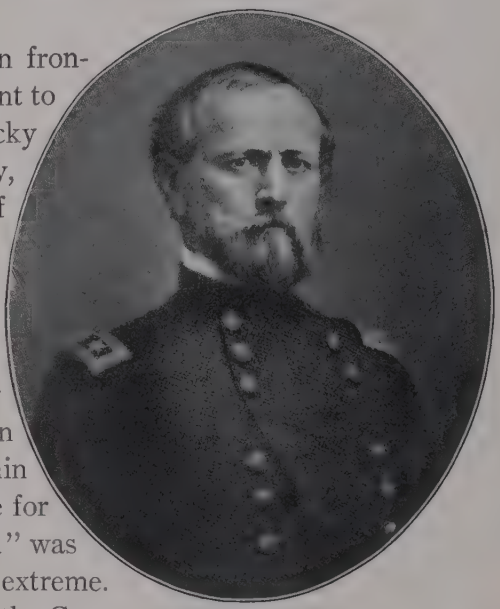
As the war's first year came to a close, the situation was, briefly, as follows: The seceding States now found their boundary ran on the northern lines of Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas; for Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, and Missouri, the four doubtful slave States, had been retained in the Union. West Virginia, held by virtue of McClellan's fine work, was also saved for the North.



JOHN SLIDELL

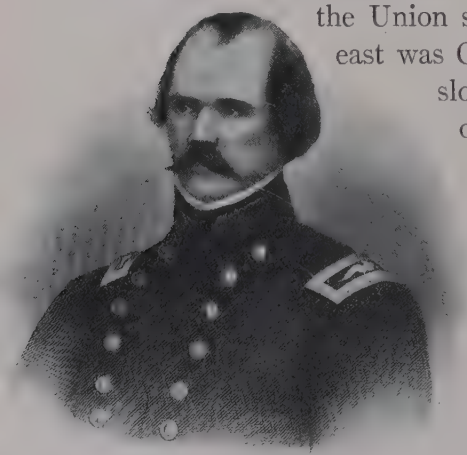
There had been fierce fighting in Missouri, but the South had been unable to maintain its first advantage, and before long gave up the State.

Solidly then, the Southern frontier presented its bristling front to the Northern arms. Kentucky was still disputed territory, and it was for the control of this ground that the first great fighting in the West was done. For, while politically Kentucky had declared for the Union, practically there were almost as many on one side as on the other within her borders, and the struggle for the "dark and bloody ground" was destined to be fierce in the extreme.



Don Carlos Buell

As the year 1862 opened, the Confederate line of defense, under command of the ablest and best beloved Southern leader in the West, Albert Sidney Johnston, lay stretched from Columbus, Kentucky, east through Bowling Green. Immediately confronting him, on the Union side, was General Halleck; to the east was General Buell, a fine organizer, but slow to fight. There, as the year dawned, they stood, alert and watchful; but in the Union ranks were men in whose hands the war was one day to rest. Not yet, for Grant, Sherman, and Thomas had not yet come to their full stature as warriors. Nevertheless, there they were, serving



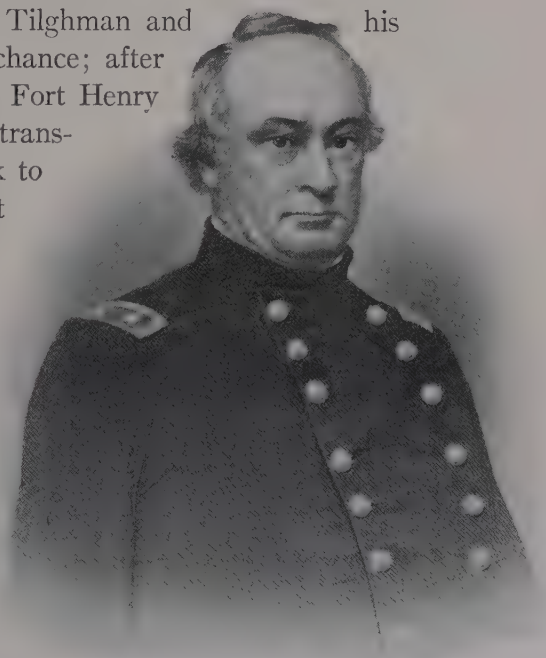
Albert Sidney Johnston

with zeal and cheerfulness generals of one-tenth their acumen and ability, and making ready for the spurs they were so brilliantly to win. It was Thomas now, in fact, who, defeating a force under Zollicoffer at Mill Springs, may be said to have earned the first real victory for the Union arms. But that was merely the opening wedge for what was to come.

Fifty miles south of Paducah on the Tennessee River stood Fort Henry; ten miles east thereof, across the narrow neck, stood Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. To these two forts, strongholds of the Confederates, the eyes of the Union leaders now were turned. To whom chiefly the credit is due for the plan to strike the Southern line at this strongly strategic point, is not certain. It may have been Halleck; it is more likely to have been Grant.

At all events it was Grant who, moving southward from Cairo with Foote and his gunboats, besought Halleck to allow him to make the attack on the two forts. There was no cause for delay; and, steaming down upon Fort Henry with the utmost speed, the gunboats and the land forces fell like an avalanche upon Tilghman and his 4000 men. He never had a chance; after a bitter and plucky defense, Fort Henry fell, Tilghman contriving to transfer his men across the neck to Fort Donelson. Grant, not stopping an instant, wired to Halleck that he would take Donelson two days later; and started to do it.

Back down the Tennessee went the gunboats, to return by way of the Cumberland for the new adventure; across the



HENRY WAGER HALLECK

neck went Grant with the army. But now the elements delayed him; the floods held him back, and the gunboats as well; and all this time the startled Confederates had been pouring men into Fort Donelson, where Floyd and Pillow were in command. The weather, which had been mild almost to summer heat, now turned wintry; never was an attack begun under less favorable circumstances. But Grant was not disturbed.

Ulysses S. Grant

He was not disturbed when, on February 15, he returned from a consultation with Foote, whose gunboats had been badly defeated in their opening onslaught, to find that his men were scattered, that his raw troops were beyond control, that his right had been nearly demoralized by an attack from the fort, that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, and that the enemy was largely reinforced, and growing stronger seemingly with every minute.

Instead of being disturbed, Grant seems to have decided that from the failure of the enemy to follow up their advantage, they must be in even worse condition than his own forces; and forthwith he ordered an attack afresh. Brilliantly forward went the Union forces; the left wing, especi-

THE "CARONDELET" RUNNING THE GANTLET AT ISLAND NUMBER TEN

ally, being fresh, made an onslaught which Buckner, defending at that point with his forces weakened by calls from other sides, could not resist. To all intents and purposes the issue was decided. Nothing remained to settle but the terms of surrender. Into the fort went Grant's unhesitating demand:

"I demand your immediate and unconditional surrender!"

Floyd and Pillow ran away; and Buckner, left to face the inevitable, surrendered the fort and all the men and munitions therein, on February 16, 1862.

Back in Washington the men in the street inquired, "Who is this man Grant, this U. S. Grant?" And the phrase, "Unconditional Surrender Grant," came into being then and there.

In this wise came the first great step forward, the first inroad upon the Southern line of defense; and the victor, nothing further from his mind than resting on his laurels, asked permission to follow up his victory. Halleck, how-

ever, whose inconsequent telegram to Washington asking for the full charge of the Western armies had not yet brought the reward he wished, was in no mood to allow his subordinate to gain new victories. For awhile it seemed as if Grant's services might be lost to his country; but Halleck obtained his command, fortunately, in the end, and Grant was restored to favor.

The victories at Forts Henry and Donelson placed an entirely new face upon the Western war. The immediate

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ISLAND NUMBER TEN (*From the drawing by C. Parsons*)

result of the double triumph was the hurling back of the Confederate line first to Murfreesboro, and later to Corinth, Mississippi, where a junction was made with Beauregard. An additional result was the evacuation of Columbus, from which point of vantage the South retired southward some fifty miles to Island Number Ten; this remained the only strategic point above Mississippi which was left in Confederate hands; but with the aid of the river gunboats this position was soon wrested from the Confederacy. Both the *Carondelet* and the *Pittsburg* succeeded in running by the Island. This feat was one of the most dramatic incidents

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET (*From the painting in the Capitol at Washington by Carpenter*)

of the war. It completely overcame the Confederate defense of their position, and the garrison of between 6000 and 7000 men surrendered with a loss to the Federals of less than a dozen men.

While all this was happening, the Federal movements had been gravely impeded by the lack of a single head, Halleck and Buell being coördinate commanders of their separate divisions, and being subject to the orders only of the commander-in-chief at Washington. This was unfortunate, as Grant saw it, for he believed, and apparently with good reason, that he could have taken the Union army triumphantly down through Tennessee and Mississippi, and destroyed the enemy's armies in the West. But Grant was not in command; and all the while the Confederates were mustering their forces at Corinth and growing daily in strength. Albert Sidney Johnston had arrived to take entire command, having as aides Polk, Bragg, and Hardee, with Breckinridge in charge of the reserve. General Johnston now turned a longing eye on the Federal forces at Pittsburg Landing, and called his lieutenants to a council of war.

The Federal army was unprepared for an attack; it was vitally important that the battle be joined before Buell, now reluctantly coming down from Nashville to join the main army, could arrive. These two things, and it may be others, were urged by Johnston as a reason for immediate onslaught; but there is no room for doubt that the motive which animated him was a desire to redeem himself for his lack of success thus far in the campaign. Whatever the cause, the battle was determined upon, and on the morning of Sunday, April 6, 1862, the Federal army was surprised while still at breakfast.

The Confederate plan was to turn the enemy's left, driving it into the marshes of Snake Creek. The leaders fully understood the movement, and they came forward to the

attack with impetuous and almost irresistible energy. On the green troops of Sherman and Prentiss the attack fell first, and in spite of heroic efforts by these troops, most of whom had never been under fire, and of Sherman himself, the Confederate advance was successful. Foot by foot the Federals yielded ground; back, back they were driven, out of their camp, their intrenchments, fighting doggedly, but still being forced ever backward toward the river.

Where Johnston Fell at Shiloh

The attack of the Confederates was now being pushed with triumphant fire along the whole battle line; front after front was formed by the Federals, but all in vain. Wallace, who was to have served for an especial guard of the Snake Creek bridge, made a mistake in his directions, and did not get into the fighting at all on the first day. Still, at this bridge, the key to the Federal position, Sherman and McClernand fought like tigers. Back of the battle, cool and unperturbed in spite of the gravity of the situation and in spite of a fall from his horse which gave him intense pain, Grant remained in control. The case was at this time desperate.

On the Shiloh Battlefield

On the Confederate right General Johnston now prepared what he hoped would be the final blow; he aimed a magnificent charge against the opposing left, already weakened and wearied from the day-long fighting. With a tremendous cheer the whole Confederate line moved forward. Before the impetus of this fresh attack, the Federal line broke; the remnants, still fighting bitterly, fell back before the charge they could not repel. And Johnston, struck in the very hour of apparent triumph, fell from his horse, to expire a few moments later in the arms of his aides. He died, believing that the day was his.

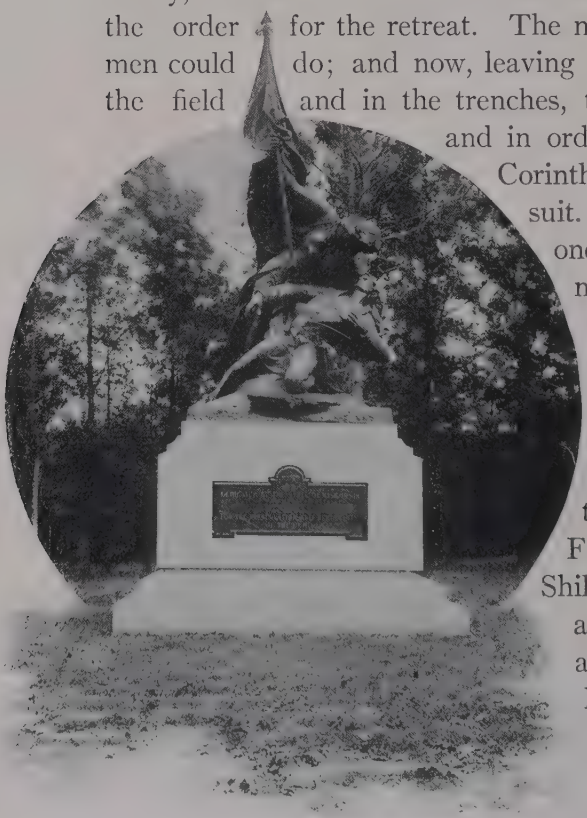
Into the breach leapt Bragg; rallying the Confederates on the ground near their fallen general, he led them again to the charge, hoping to finish the all but completed victory. It was too late. Up the road from the landing came the first advance of Buell's army, led by the intrepid Nelson, and flung itself into the battle with all the vigor of its eager and untired soldiers. Nelson took possession of the almost abandoned Federal battery, and turned its guns against the now desperate Confederates. The field was saved for the North; and darkness came to end the first day's fighting.

In the Southern ranks all was sorrow and confusion. Beauregard, succeeding in command, did his best to bring order out of chaos, but in vain. The men were disheartened by the loss of Johnston, and they could not be induced to do anything but sleep where they were, in the former camp of the Federals. If Beauregard had known

SIEGE GUNS ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF SHILOH

that the enemy had been reinforced by the 20,000 men in Buell's army there is no doubt that he would have fallen back to Corinth; but he did not know this, and counted confidently on being able to complete his work of pushing the Federals into the river, on the morrow.

He had never a chance. The Federal army, refreshed and encouraged, and with 20,000 men untouched and unfatigued, made a force too strong for the wearied and decimated Confederates. The fight was renewed as soon as it was light; but it was now all on one side. The climax came when Rousseau sent his entire brigade crashing with deadly force against the Confederate center, drawn up in a forest near the little Shiloh church. Bravely did the wearied line in grey stand to the defense, but without avail; and finally, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Beauregard gave the order for the retreat. The men had done all that men could do; and now, leaving thousands of dead on the field and in the trenches, they withdrew, slowly and in order, along the road to Corinth. There was no pursuit. The battle of Shiloh, one of the bloodiest and most hotly contested of all the war, was at an end; and Grant retained the field.



The Wisconsin Monument at Shiloh

When Halleck came personally to take command of the Federal forces, after Shiloh's smoke had cleared away, the West seemed almost delivered over to his hand. Kentucky

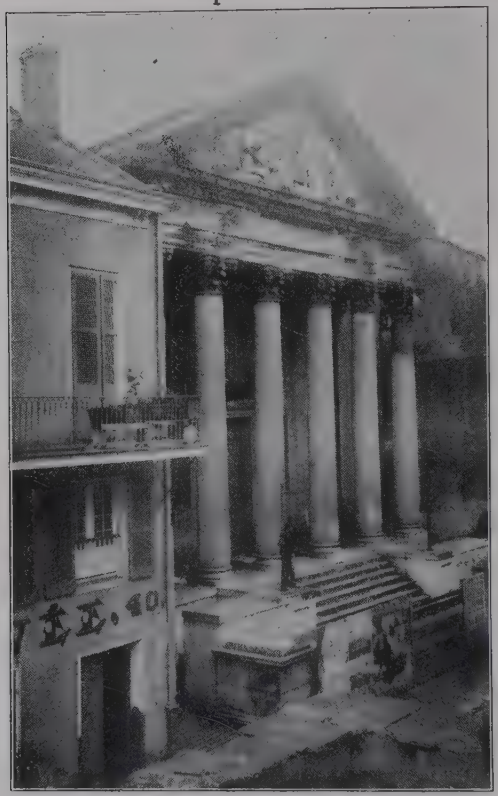
was his; Tennessee as well, for the moment at least. Pope, by a brilliant and bloodless victory at Island Number Ten, had gained control of the Mississippi as far south as Vicksburg. Missouri was lost to the Confederates, as was also now Arkansas, by virtue of the fierce battle of Pea Ridge; in short, the only hope of the Confederacy left in the West lay in the army of Beauregard at Corinth, reinforced by the remnant of Van Dorn's Pea Ridge forces, and some of Lovell's from New Orleans. If this was their only hope, it was far from being a forlorn one, with Beauregard in command.

Admiral David Glasgow Farragut

Slowly, foot by foot, Halleck advanced upon Corinth. His army was organized now, with Grant as second in command, into three splendid corps,—Thomas's army of the Tennessee, Buell's army of the Ohio, and Pope's army of the Mississippi. Foot by foot, intrenching as he went, Halleck moved southward to the attack of Corinth. But Beauregard had no intention of fighting; he had quietly been making his plans to evacuate, and when finally Halleck came to see what was going on, Beauregard was safe and sound in the fastnesses of unknown central Mississippi.

Of the war in the West in '62 but one thing remains to be told. That is the capture of New Orleans, one of the most brilliant and remarkable movements in military and naval history. For it was by a combined naval and military attack that this key to the great river's mouth fell into Northern hands.

New Orleans was thought by the South to be perfectly protected from attack by the lakes behind, and by the two river forts on the Mississippi below it, Fort Jackson and Fort Saint Philip. The defenders had not reckoned with Farragut. By a blind bombardment from his fleet of mortars and gunboats, he soon reduced these forts so that he dared try to run the gantlet between them. This, in the teeth of the fiercest possible fire from both banks, he proceeded to do at once, and took his vessels up to the very city itself. Leaving Porter and the gunboats and Butler with his army to secure the surrender of the forts, which was soon done, Farragut descended upon New Orleans and demanded its surrender. Butler, having taken the forts, appeared in time to take charge of the captured city, and in due course to invent his celebrated phrase for the negro, "contraband of war," which was to settle so many difficulties in the days still to come before Appomattox was reached.



THE OLD CITY HALL AT NEW ORLEANS, WHERE THE OFFICERS OF THE FEDERAL NAVY DEMANDED THE SURRENDER OF THE CITY

Calmly and cheerfully up the river went Farragut,

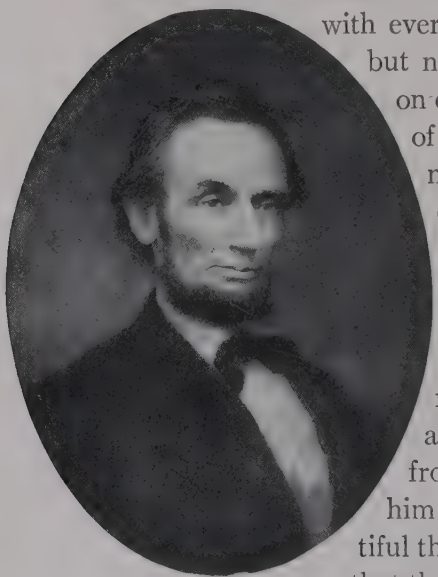
reducing Baton Rouge, reducing Natchez, and appearing on May 18 before the iron-crowned heights of Vicksburg. A Gibraltar for defense, this city now remained the only important Confederate stronghold in the West. It seemed now as though its reduction must be merely a matter of time. Against a foe less indomitable than the Confederates, this might have been so; but a great deal must come to pass before the taking of that city; and the time was not yet ripe.

The Home of William H. Seward, Auburn, New York

CHAPTER IX

IN THE WHITE HOUSE

WHEN Abraham Lincoln entered upon the duties of his high office in the early March of 1861, no man in all the fifty million was so alone as he. He was placed at the helm of a shattered vessel, drifting upon the rocks faster with every hour, and he could see nothing but new peril in the face of the waters on every side. The direct antagonism of the South was more easily to be met than the half-hearted support or the secret and veiled enmity of those who should have been his strongest adherents.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln was one of the world's chief idealists; he takes rank with the greatest dreamers of all time, and he stands in the fore-front of the world's great doers. To him it was given, no matter how beautiful the dream, to see with utter clearness that the ideal to triumph must be an ideal that would stand the light of day. No rainbow-like abstractions for him; no glittering unrealities which had their beauty, as their being, in the imagination alone. As Mr. Chesterton puts it, the Greek words for practical and poetical are precisely the same; and the poetical conception, if it is truly so, will be the practical one as well. It was given to Abraham Lincoln to harness circumstances to the service of the ideal; this has been given to but few men.

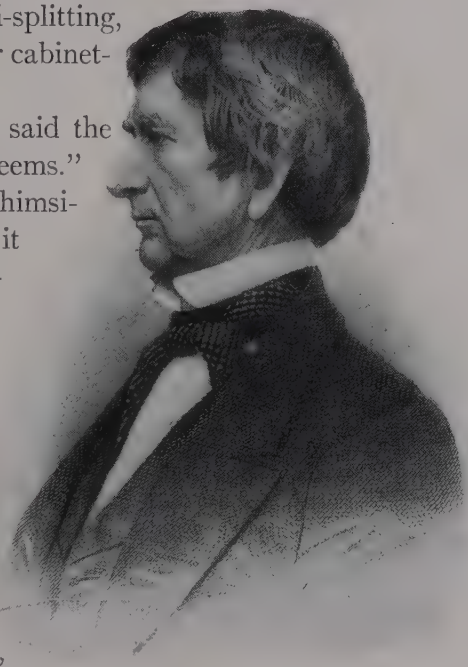
"Weed," said Lincoln to Thurlow Weed, when he was planning the personnel of his cabinet, "Weed, what do you know about the making of cabinets?"

"I have had a hand in one or two, sir," said Weed, smiling.

"It is a trade I myself have never learned," rejoined the President-elect, "I learned rail-splitting, which is not so easy; but never cabinet-making."

"You 'll get on all right," said the other, "it 's not so hard as it seems."

"Well, I don't know," whimsically, "it must be harder than it used to be; for while the population has increased, great men are much scarcer than they used to be! I wish I 'd studied this thing earlier."

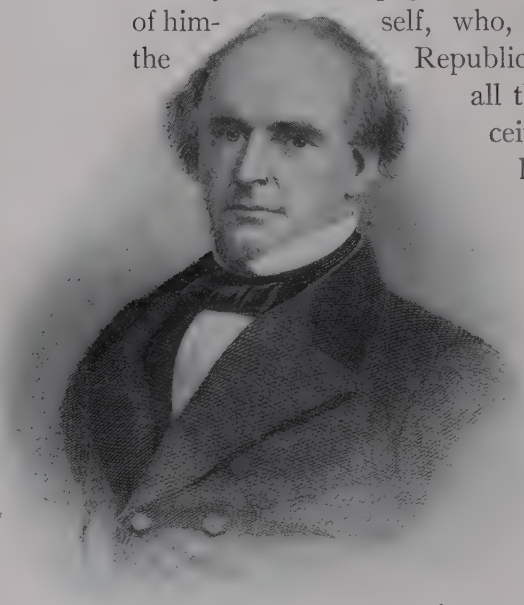


William H. Seward (*From Ritchie's engraving*)

Never perhaps in the history of cabinets has one been selected with such singleness of purpose, such purity of motive. Mr. Lincoln's first idea, his only idea, was to get the men whom he conceived to be the best for the place, on whose loyalty to the Union he could implicitly trust; he never for one moment considered his personal feelings in the matter; in fact, there is no reason to doubt that he sacrificed his own personal predilections not once but many times. Had he done so a little less, had he considered himself a little more, his cabinet would have made a more comfortable official family for him than it was destined to be. Seward, secretary of state, Stanton, secretary of war, Chase, secretary of the treasury; these were men of mighty mold;

and the other members of the little group in whose hands so much was laid, were hardly less in stature, power, and ability.

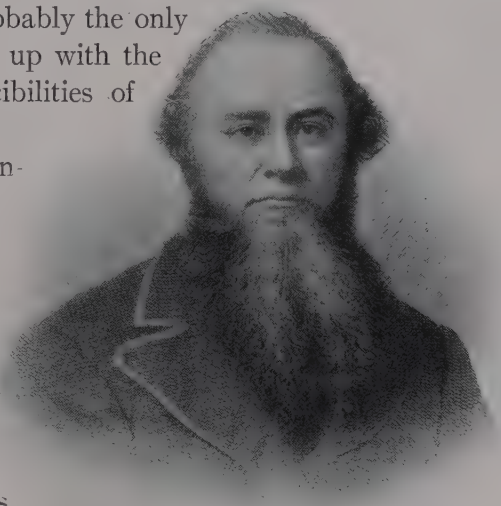
Yet there was, of all these men, only one, Gideon Welles, whose loyalty to his President equaled his loyalty to his country. Seward, piqued at the election of Lincoln instead of himself, who, he felt, should have been the Republican nominee, started in with all the arrogance of what he conceived to be his superior intellect. In the end, he came to know his President better, and to his wife he wrote, "The President is the best of us!" but this was not his view at the beginning, and many were the slurs and slings that Mr. Lincoln endured with ineffable patience, knowing that in the end all would be well. Mr. Chase, disappointed also in presidential aspirations, proved a most difficult person to preserve in even half-endurable amenity; while Stanton was an out-and-out Tartar, who challenged to the utmost the President's patience, generalship, and good nature; indeed, had it not been for Lincoln's sense of humor, he would never have been able to live with his cabinet at all.



Salmon P. Chase

In the end they came to know him, and to worship him, as far as worship lay in the natures of those of them who lasted till the end; though Stanton remained to the last unreconciled and irreconcilable to what he regarded as his chief's senseless levity. It was this so-called levity, this

ability to rest his overwearied brain and overtaxed patience with the kindly light of humor, that carried Lincoln through the test. So deeply, so tragically did he feel the sorrows and the sufferings of others that, had it not been for this avenue of relaxation, he might not have endured to the end. And especially did he delight in, as he said, "getting something on Stanton." It was probably the only thing that enabled him to put up with the many sharp angles and irascibilities of his great war secretary.



EDWIN M. STANTON (*From Ritchie's engraving*)

It is reported that he answered one excited caller, who was expressing his views in the most vitriolic and blasphemous fashion, as follows:

"You are an Episcopalian, are you not, Mr. Fessenden?"

Mr. Fessenden, somewhat surprised, admitted that he was of that church.

"I thought so; Seward is an Episcopalian; you Episcopalians all swear alike. Now Stanton is a Presbyterian. You ought to hear him swear!"

When, in the first weeks of his administration, the knotty problems of those terrible opening days of secession crowded upon him all at once, the President was at first exasperated, but finally became amused, at the throngs of suppliants who appeared with axes to grind. By thousands they emerged from every corner of the land, seeking favor, appointment, anything; and so steadily and so fast did they come that, had he seen them all, no time would have been left for the matters of state which were so infinitely more

important. Shaking his hands in despair, Mr. Lincoln likened his position to that of a man kept so busy renting rooms in one end of his house that he had no time left to put out a fire which was destroying the other.

"Now!" he cried in triumph, when ill with varioloid, "now let them all come: for at last I have something I can give them!"

As the first clouds of doubt were driven away forever by the flash from the guns that assailed Sumter, the President found his course, which had been so darkly dubious, now plain and open as day. It was his duty to save the Union; and to that idea, and to no other, he addressed his whole mind and soul. Let the question of slavery rest; there would be time enough to discuss other things when the Union was safe; so, while even the people who had elected him still doubted and wavered, he clung to his sole idea. In the first days, when the call for volunteers first went forth, Lincoln actually did not know whether that call would be answered or not. That it was answered, so promptly and so generously, was the first comfort vouchsafed him.

When, from city and hamlet and plain, the volunteers assembled, bidding their families farewell, inflexible of face and purpose, and with their stout song already rising to their lips, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong"; when the brave young regiments were mustered eagerly into service, and the tread of tramping men, marching to the defense of their country, was heard in Washington streets, the President knew, with certainty for the first time, that the country's heart was with him. Let his enemies taunt and censure him now in vain; let the South wave its flaunting banners across the Potomac as they would, the grave-faced, melancholy-eyed man who stood exposed to all the slurs of friend and foe was armored now to face the storm. With a patience and cheerfulness

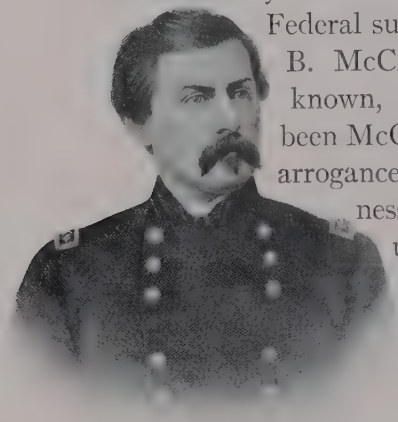
that nothing could dismay, he began the solving of the riddle.

Dauntlessly the long fight commenced — the fight which was to produce so much of heroism, so much of suffering, so much at once terrible yet sublime. In the beginning all was strange ground. Nothing was known, nothing certain. There was an army; but much of it had never been in battle; there was a navy, but it was a small one, relatively, and not especially well equipped for war. The chief difficulty which was first noticeable was the lack of leaders. Men there were, of course, who had seen much service; but few of them were of the material that makes for success. The great war had to create its own great leaders; and it would do it in time; but that time had not yet come. General Scott, commander-in-chief of the army, was stricken in years; he had achieved an enviable record in the Mexican War; but he was too old to handle another struggle, especially one of such dimensions. So the North had to rely on one champion after another, testing each in the crucible of experience and discarding those found wanting. The South, on the contrary, had almost all its leaders ready to hand: Lee, the Johnstons, Beauregard, Bragg, and many more,— though one of their most remarkable, he who was known as Stonewall Jackson, earned his fame upon the Civil War's own fields.

In Washington this vital question of a commander-in-chief was one which confronted the administration before its sway was an hour old; and one which continued to be a perplexing and almost insoluble problem until Ulysses S. Grant was made lieutenant-general of all the Federal armies. After the defeat of McDowell at Manassas there was no possibility of keeping him in command; for while he had planned his battle well and fought it bravely, the confidence in him as a leader, essential to success, was lost. For a

time General Scott remained in control; but it was plain that he was too old, and the President was compelled to cast about for his successor.

Late in November, '61, Scott resigned from active service; and there was appointed in his place the man who had fought so brilliantly in West Virginia, winning in fact the only Federal successes of the year,— General George B. McClellan, or, as he became familiarly known, "Little Mac." Whatever may have been McClellan's faults, and they were many,— arrogance, self-assertion, and morbid cautiousness being the worst of them,— he is unanimously conceded to have organized and perfected the most wonderful fighting-machine of the war; with the exception of the army of all armies, that of General Robert Edward Lee.



GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

Auspiciously in the extreme did McClellan's régime begin. Before he had ridden along his army's front three times, every man in it was his devoted admirer. Never was there a leader who obtained so swiftly and so easily the loyalty and devotion of the men in his ranks. He made them work, too; there was no more loafing in Washington when McClellan took command. Drills began and were kept up; shiftlessness ceased almost entirely; green soldiers, who scarcely knew one end of a musket from the other, were whipped into line with almost magical touch. The army of the Potomac was born.

Frederick Stevens, with his Maryland regiment, found life quite a different thing under McClellan; the new general distributed, as far as possible, old soldiers among the green recruits, and many an invaluable lesson did the youngsters learn. They found out how to walk, and how to sleep, and

how to cook and keep well, as well as how to drink cheap spirits and smoke more than doubtful tobacco. It was valuable time; but it lasted too long.

"Don't you s'pose we 're ever going to move?" asked Frederick's bunk-mate, one George, or, in the vernacular, "Baldy" Stone; he had asked this question, in common with one hundred thousand other men, one thousand times; but it seemed never to grow old. The answers were as invariable as the question.

"Oh, we 'll move when everything is ready," said the optimists.

"Thunder, we ain't never goin' to move!" growled the pessimistically minded.

Frederick, who had had his baptism at Bull Run, was not nearly so impatient as those who had not been so favored. He felt that he could wait till good judgment advised an advance; but he was almost alone in his opinion.

" 'On to Richmond!' That is a good joke!" Baldy would continue. "The whole country crying 'On to Richmond!' and here we sit exactly in the same old trenches we sat in six months ago! I don't blame the people for howling their heads off. I don't believe it is Little Mac's fault; it 's the administration. They 're afraid of another licking. I 'm getting tired of this sitting around."

It was not, however, the fault of the administration; it was McClellan, and McClellan alone. He was waiting until his army was strong enough to attack the immense force which he imagined confronted him; and, like a mollusk, he "exerted force to resist pressure." The President might urge as he would; McClellan did not intend to move until he got ready; and move he did not. In the first month of '62 he fell ill of fever, and this was an anxious time. The country behind the idle army began to clamor for action, and that in no uncertain tones. It was hoped that when the

general was once more on his feet, an advance would be made; not so. The pressure brought to bear upon the administration now grew extreme; it was time, and high time, that something should be done.

"General McClellan rode out to Fairfax Court-House," came the daily bulletin, with maddening regularity, till the anxious North shuddered at the oft-repeated intelligence.

Fairfax Court-House, Virginia

The North might cry "On to Richmond!" from morning till night; from the seat of war came, ever and monotonously, the same old: "All 's quiet along the Potomac!" till it sickened on the Northern ear.

Lincoln, bending beneath the weight of responsibility which he bore, grew more and more depressed. It is re-reported that it was at this time that he said: "If McClellan does n't want to use the army, I should like to borrow it; provided I can see how it can be made to do something!"

In this manner passed the end of '61, and January and February of '62. Toward the close of the latter month, Frederick Stevens, with his and two other Maryland regiments, was transferred to Fortress Monroe, the principal stronghold on the lower western shore of Chesapeake Bay. Here he was assigned to garrison duty; and though the work was almost as monotonous as that in Washington, he was glad of the change. It was understood that these regiments

FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA

were still part of the regular army and that this garrison duty was purely temporary; and Frederick gave himself up to the new sights and sounds of the fort. In the course of a few days he was dispatched to Hampton Roads, and at that place, on March 8, he witnessed what has many times been held to be the decisive battle of the war.

Lying at anchor off Hampton were five American ships,—five stately wooden frigates, with their towering masts and furled white canvas making a beautiful as well as a formidable sight. From the port-holes looked forth the black muzzles of guns; for the Federal authorities had

THE BARRACKS AT FORTRESS MONROE

converted them into fighting vessels immediately after the fall of Sumter. There they lay, majestic and wonderful in the placid waters of the inlet; the *Cumberland*, the *Congress*, the *Minnesota*, the *Roanoke*, and the *Saint Lawrence;* no mean fleet was here. To them suddenly appeared the specter of a strange vessel, of a pattern no man had ever seen before, approaching slowly but steadily across the water from Norfolk. Nearer and nearer it came, till at last the men on the startled frigates, and the soldiers and civilians ashore, could see what manner of craft this was, approaching so cavalierly, so alone, the Federal fleet.

It was no ship of a kind that any man, whether seaman or landlubber, had beheld before. Frederick, who had lived all his life within easy reach of the ocean, and who had seen the shipping at Hampton Roads every year of his life, looked in amazement at this unearthly craft. Low she was, riding deep in the water, and having her superstructure free from all masts or rigging of any kind. Only the turmoil in the water astern showed that she was propelled by steam. The part of her that projected from the water was slanted back from the water line, like a mansard roof, and on this mansard-like structure gleamed plates of shining armor; and through the black port-holes protruded wicked looking cannon. At her prow she bore a ram, a ram similar to those on the ships of Antony at Actium; her iron plates were greased with tallow, that the enemy's shot might fly off the more readily; altogether, she was as ugly a customer as a wooden ship would care to meet; and this was the vessel which, under her new name of the *Virginia*, now descended in silence and unannounced upon the Federal fleet.

When in '61 the Federal forces had evacuated Norfolk the 3500-ton, forty-gun frigate *Merrimac* had been abandoned, burned, and partly submerged, in the navy yard. It was this vessel which had now returned, reclaimed, rebuilt,

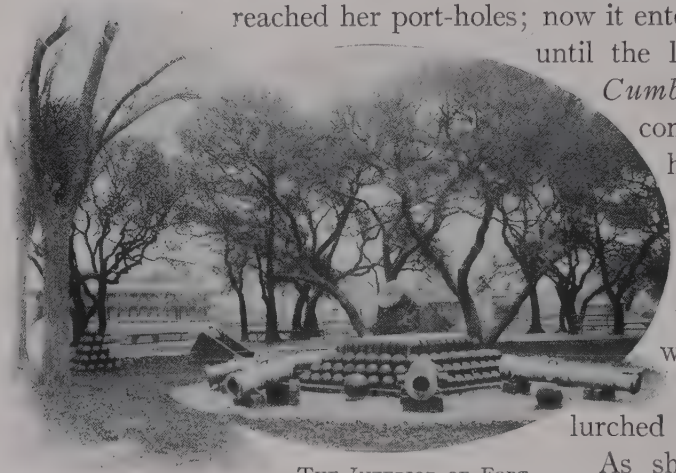
THE DUEL BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND THE "VIRGINIA" — THE FIRST BATTLE BETWEEN IRONCLADS (*From the painting by J. Rogers*)

renewed, with her sails gone, using steam for her only motive power and steel for her defense,— to wreak a tardy vengeance upon those who had abandoned her. Farewell, ye wooden warships! farewell, ye slow sailers! Now is come a vessel of iron propelled by steam, to make of you old-world things! After the work of this day, your era as fighting machines will have passed; make the most of your last few hours, for they are your last!

Buchanan, in the *Virginia*, lost no time in manœuvering; he knew exactly what he had to do and he went about it without frills. By this time, before even the first shot of the battle was fired, the shores were lined with spectators. On the roofs of the houses they gathered; they climbed trees that they might see the better; and thus, before a silent and fascinated audience, the strange fight was joined. Frederick, from the fort ramparts, could see the whole thing; with glasses he and his fellows could sweep the entire surface of the water. Anxiety at their hearts, they waited for the opening move.

Straight for the *Cumberland* moved the silent stranger; she had not yet fired a shot. From the side of the *Cumberland* belched a sheet of flame; with a roar that shook the sea her entire broadside was discharged at once, a bombardment sufficient to have blown any wooden ship afloat off the face of the waters. But from the shining sides of this imperturbable craft the tremendous broadside bounded like peas; the *Virginia* trembled a little under the impact, that was all. Nothing daunted, the *Cumberland*, aided now by the *Congress*, repeated her terrific fire. In vain; the *Virginia* came on as though she were on parade. Heavily amidships the beak of the Confederate vessel struck the *Cumberland*. The mighty vessel reeled back from the blow; and as the assailant drew away it could be seen that on the *Cumberland's* water line was a gaping hole big enough for a man to enter.

Still the furious cannonading kept up, the *Cumberland's* gunners firing their great guns with the fury of desperation. The water began to pour into the hole in her side; gradually at first, then swiftly and more swiftly, the gallant old frigate settled into the waves. Her towering masts tipping crazily toward the sky, she sank lower and lower. Now the water reached her port-holes; now it entered them; and until the last minute the *Cumberland's* men continued to work her guns. It was over now; with a sigh and a sob as though the heart of her were broken, the *Cumberland* lurched once, and sank. As she did so, her crew, swarming into the rigging, sent up a cheer that rang from shore to shore. Defeated but indomitable, the men struck out for shore, or hung where they were till they could be taken off by the small boats that put off from shore. But the *Virginia*, turning her back upon her sinking foe, steered straight for the *Congress*, her next opponent. The captain of this vessel, seeing the fate of the *Cumberland*, strove to save his ship by driving on shore. She was in too shallow water for the *Virginia* to reach her; but under a fierce fire which her spirited return could not slacken, she was soon in flames. Through the gathering dusk the lurid light shot up toward the sky. It was by this time nearly dark; and therefore, leisurely as ever, with the air of one who can afford to wait, having his quarry safe in his power, the *Virginia* drew off.



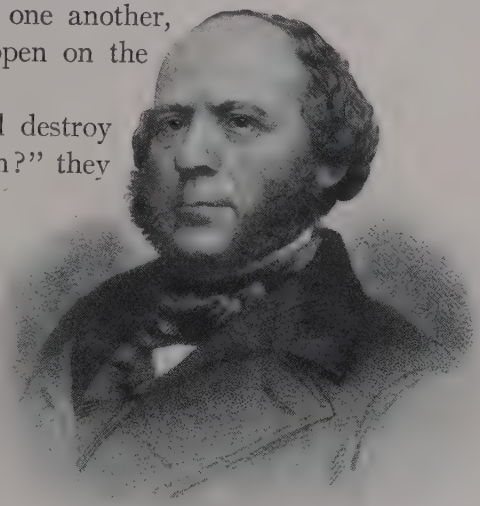
THE INTERIOR OF FORTRESS MONROE

Behind her she left consternation, affright, panic; sinking of hearts, wild fear, the gravest of apprehension. When it became understood that here was a vessel which no Federal vessel, now that the *Cumberland* had failed, had power to harm, the peril of the situation was seen. Men went about in open panic, asking one another, white-faced, what would happen on the morrow.

"She will come back and destroy the three frigates. What then?" they said.

"She can go anywhere; up the Potomac; she can shell Washington!"

"Ay, and New York, and Baltimore, and Boston. There is no stopping her."



JOHN ERICSSON (*From the engraving by S. Hollyer*)

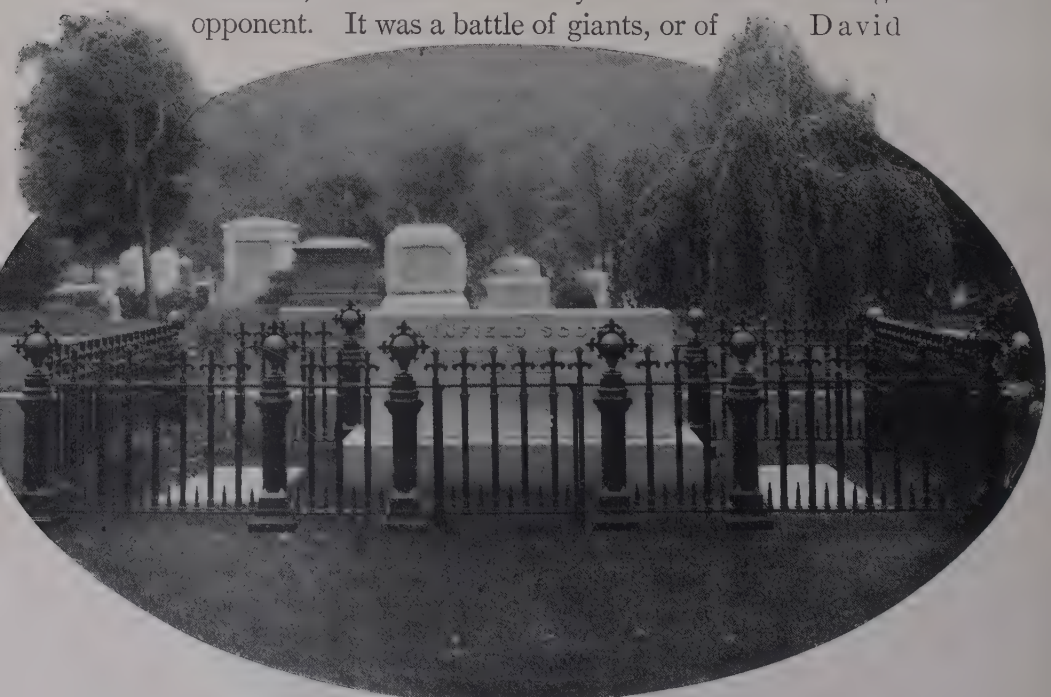
Indeed, it seemed as though this were true. In Washington, when the wires brought the news, the case was even more desperate than at Hampton. In the White House Lincoln anxiously studied for some means of adequate defense; while Stanton, in terrible distress of mind, paced up and down the room, declaring that the war was lost unless the *Virginia* were taken.

It was a night never to be forgotten. To Frederick, waiting at Hampton, the hours seemed to drag interminably; he longed for the dawn to come, much as he dreaded the coming. Before it was light, the shores were lined with hundreds and thousands of anxious watchers, looking with strained gaze across the water to the place whence the foe was expected to appear. As dawn broke, the crowd looked

eagerly; the *Virginia* was not in sight; it was, in fact, not till well on into the forenoon that she made her leisurely reappearance, and started forward, in a business-like manner, to finish the work she had in hand. Ashore on a shoal, directly in her path, lay the *Minnesota*; and to her the stranger started. With sinking heart, Frederick fastened his eyes on the doomed ship, and waited for the end.

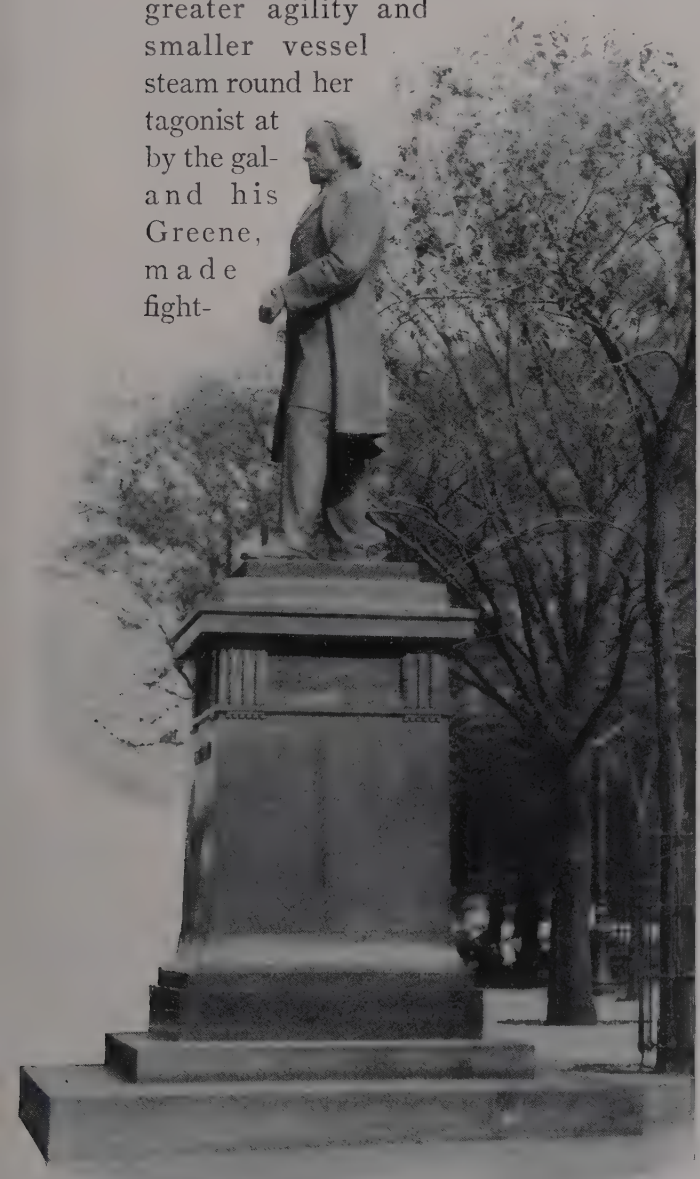
Out from under the lee of the *Minnesota* moved a little vessel. At least it rode upon the water, so it must be a vessel of some kind, though none such had ever been seen before. On a flat little hull, practically submerged in the water, was a round little revolving turret, whose rat-colored hide showed clearly that it was covered with sheet metal. It was the *Monitor*, arrived from New York, built and designed by John Ericsson, and destined to be the savior of its country's supremacy upon the sea.

Amid the doubtful silence of its friends, and the unconcealed derision of the foe, who dubbed it the "Yankee cheese-box on a raft," it moved cheerfully out to confront its huge opponent. It was a battle of giants, or of David



The Grave of General Scott at West Point, New York

and Goliath, if you will, for the *Monitor* was scarcely a quarter of the size of its foe. But it did the work. The *Virginia's* shot bounced as harmlessly off its turret as had the *Cumberland's* from the *Virginia's* own sides; while the greater agility and speed of the smaller vessel enabled her to steam round her unwieldy antagonist at will. Captained by the gallant Worden and his able lieutenant, Greene, the *Monitor* made most of the fighting, which lasted for four hours, without much advantage to either side.



At last a lucky shot from the *Monitor* struck the *Virginia* in an unprotected spot along her water line; her engines were beginning to give out, from their strain of two days' fighting, and her men were exhausted. Dancing about on the top of the waves, the

STATUE OF JOHN ERICSSON, BATTERY PARK, NEW YORK CITY
(By J. Scott Hartley)

Monitor seemed as fresh as ever! Buchanan, believing that any further combat was vain, drew off, and amid the frantic cheering from ten thousand throats, he steamed wearily back to Norfolk.

The frigates were saved, Hampton was saved, Washington was saved, and the North was saved by the ingenuity of the Swedish inventor Ericsson, and by the boat that he had built. From every loyal heart that night went gratitude to Heaven. Frederick, back in Fortress Monroe, slept the sleep of the just for almost twenty-four hours; the reaction from the anxiety and the sleepless night before were too much; but he awoke upon a world that was all beauty.

THE "MONITOR" AND THE "VIRGINIA" (*From the painting in the Capitol at Washington*)

CHAPTER X

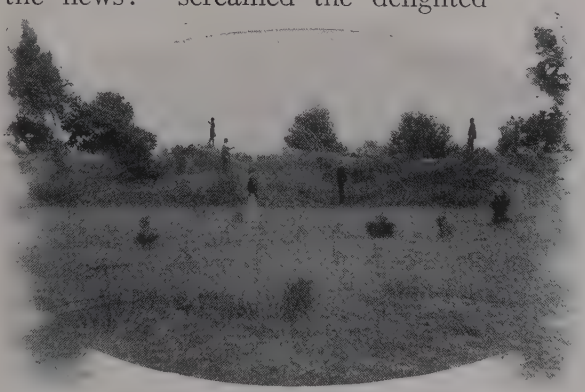
"ON TO RICHMOND!"

THERE was now no reason under the sun for any more delay at Washington.

Even McClellan admitted that the time had come to move. Three days after the victory of the *Monitor* in Hampton Roads, McClellan and his army embarked at Alexandria, on their way to Fortress Monroe. The advance on Richmond had begun.

"Have ye heard the news?" screamed the delighted soldiers of Frederick's company at the fortress. Those who had not heard, listened with all their ears.

"Why, the army's started, that's what! The army 's started at last! It 's left Alexandria, and will be here any minute. Three cheers for Mac!"



THE MAGRUDER EARTHWORKS AT WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

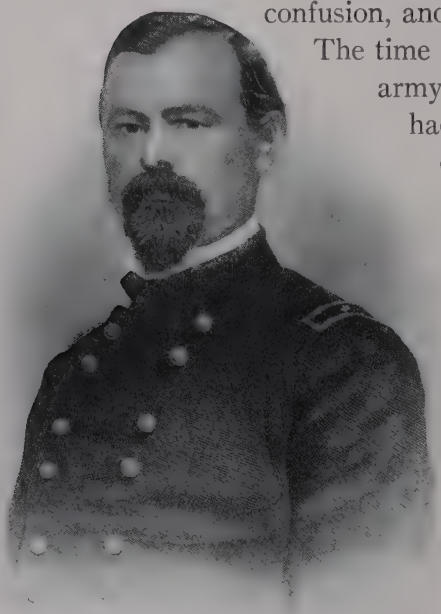
"Huh! What good will that do us? We won't be in it, like as not!"

Baldy Stone retained his invincible gloominess in the face even of this.

"Oh, we 'll be in it, all right; Mac will take all the men he 's got!"

True enough; McClellan had no intention of sacrificing any possible fighting strength. During the next three weeks

the transports plied busily up and down the river, and the great army, comprising over 100,000 men, was finally transported to Fortress Monroe, with all its trains of munitions and supplies, with all its camp-followers and accouterments. Yet with all this force there was little or no delay, little confusion, and no loss of men or equipment. The time for action was at hand; and the army, wild with joy that the chance had come at last, stood the tedium of preparation with heavenly and lamb-like patience. Little Mac was going to lead them to Richmond, and they were content. It was a long road.



IRWIN MCDOWELL

McClellan was a little disconcerted because the President had kept McDowell's army at Washington, for the defense of that city; nevertheless, he moved, on April 6, 1862, up the peninsula, toward his goal. He had decided that he must take Yorktown first, before moving on the Southern capital; and April 7 his outposts reached this place. Here they were confronted by the Confederate forces of General Magruder, which, though only about one-fifth of McClellan's army in number, put up so imposing a front as to deceive the Northern general completely. With the caution characteristic of him, he believed that he was confronted by so heavy a force that he must exert the greatest pains; he therefore advanced "with pick and shovel," intrenching as he went, but spending a month on the task of a day. Not until May 4 was McClellan ready to order the advance.

On that day Frederick's division, under the command of Hooker, advancing stoutly upon the walls that had faced them so long, found that the foe had departed, quietly and serenely, leaving their "Quaker guns" still in the embrasures. It was a humiliating experience for the soldiers who were ready to charge those empty ramparts, and for the general

THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG (*From Chappell's painting*)

who had wasted a month before them. McClellan, stung to action, dispatched five divisions immediately upon the track of the retreating Magruder, now reinforced by Johnston himself, who had come to take charge of the defense in person. At Williamsburg, the first actual engagement of the peninsular campaign took place; and while this was hardly more than a brush between rear-guard and advance-guard, it was a sharp and bloody battle, in which more than 3000 men were lost.

The Federal army now numbered more than 100,000 men, while that of Johnston was perhaps half that number. There seemed no immediate reason why there should be any

more delay; yet delay there was. For one thing, McClellan was still convinced that he was confronted by an army largely in excess of his own, and he still wished McDowell to be sent down to help him. Why McDowell did not come, will be told in its place; when at last it became evident that he was not coming, McClellan put his columns in motion once more. There had been brushes between the two armies which lay so near together; and Frederick had been under fire at Eltham's Landing, and in one or two other engagements. He was getting to feel quite like a hardened veteran; but he was soon to figure in a battle which made his previous military experiences seem like school boys' romping. The first real battle of the campaign was at hand.

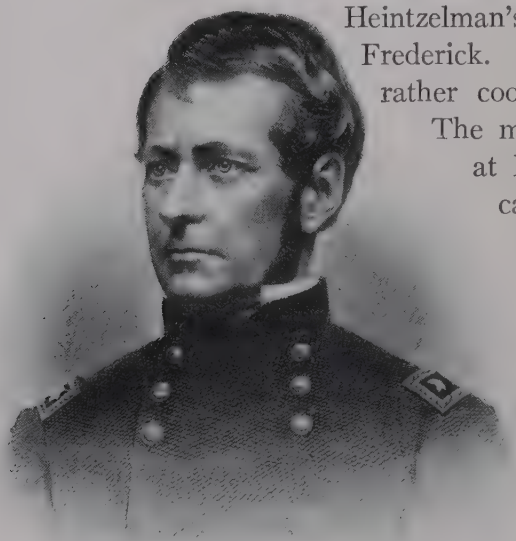
Richmond stands upon an eminence which rises steeply from the James River, though to no great height. To the north and northeast runs a broad plateau, broken by valleys and little rolling ridges, and covered with pine trees over a great part of its surface. About five miles from the city's outskirts lies the little suburb of Seven Pines, and on the way to this the traveler passes through another hamlet known as Fair Oaks. It was at this point that, on the last day of May, there occurred the battle which has become known by both these two names; the North speaking of it as Fair Oaks, while the South, with perhaps more technical exactness, prefers Seven Pines.

YORKTOWN IN THE TIME OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

The battle was forced by two considerations, the first being the wish of Johnston to inflict some blow upon the Federal forces before they could be joined by the unknown quantity, McDowell; and the second was a tactical error of McClellan's in the placing of his men, an error which Johnston was instant in detecting, and no less swift to utilize in his plans. The two corps of Keyes and Heintzelman were advanced a little, having been thrown across to the right bank of the Chickahominy Creek, a muddy little stream which was in the best of weathers little better than an animated swamp. Now, with the rains of the last weeks, the Chickahominy was swollen into a muddy and oozing torrent which left it a difficult obstacle for any moving army. Most of the bridges had either been destroyed or swept away by the flood, and Johnston straightway determined to attack and crush these two exposed corps before the main Federal army could come to their assistance.

FAIR OAKS, VIRGINIA

On the left bank remained McClellan and the bulk of the army; on the right, at the extreme end of the line, was Casey's division, whose pickets were within four miles of Richmond, and his men well distributed in the vicinity of Fair Oaks station; farther east, at Seven Pines, was Couch; while at the extreme east was Hooker, with the best of Heintzelman's corps. In this corps was Frederick. The day was clear and rather cool.



Joseph Hooker

The men of Frederick's mess were at luncheon when the sound of cannonading was heard, booming heavily through the thick trees; from the west it came. "What is that?" was the first cry. Realizing the truth, the men grabbed their rifles and fell into line. The sound of musketry grew until the uproar was constant; it seemed to be growing rapidly nearer. "Go to Keyes at once, and find out if he is holding them," ordered Hooker to an aide; and the man sprang upon his horse and raced away into the woods.

It was an uncanny business, this listening to the sound of firing and being unable to see or know what was going on. Hooker, riding up and down before the lines, bade the boys keep cool; they would soon find out.

"It 's coming nearer, boys, anyhow!" he cried. Hooker found it hard to think of any fighting being afoot that he was not in. Presently the aide who had been sent to find out the truth, returned, riding like fury through

the low hanging branches of the trees. He drew up at Hooker's side.

"They have attacked Casey, and are driving him back toward the creek," he cried. He was out of breath from his hard riding, and waited a minute then.

Breastworks at Seven Pines

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried Hooker impatiently, "and how about Heintzelman? How about the center? Are they holding them there? Speak, man!"

The messenger was not sure. He had not found Heintzelman, but had heard from his chief of staff that Johnston with a heavy force had driven Casey and his men back with great loss. Both Keyes and the center were now engaged. The firing was terrific. Hooker, riding up and down with frantic eagerness, was in two minds; he did not wish to leave his intrenchments without good reason; yet he was almost convinced that his duty was to reinforce the center. Presently came further word, that the center was driven back to the swamps of the creek, that the whole line was engaged, and fighting hard, but at a disadvantage. Fighting like demons, the boys in grey were coming stronger every minute, and the situation was growing desperate.

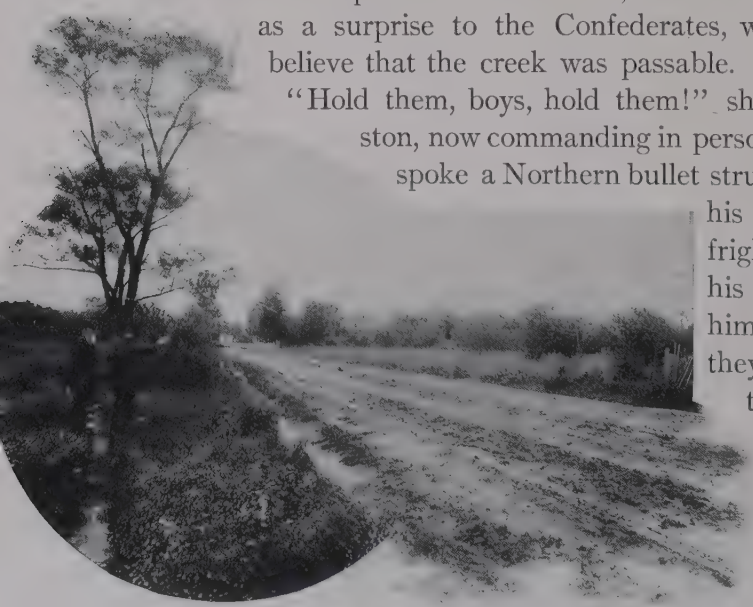
Now from his coign of vantage Johnston, who had not been on the scene at the start of the battle, determined to

House at Seven Pines Used as a Federal Hospital

strike what should be a crushing blow. He sent Smith's division like an avalanche down upon the struggling, hard-pressed Federal columns, which, with the swamp at their backs, were fighting for their life. With awful force the fresh troops struck the Federal right; and, though resisting bravely, the latter was forced backward to the river bank. Hooker, who was guarding the passes at White Oak Swamp, did not dare to leave this duty, even for the prospect of a fight; and so Frederick, though every nerve in him tingled with the excitement of the thing, was compelled to remain, with all Hooker's division, quietly in their intrenchments.

The climax of the battle was at hand; and sunset was near. Upon the rear of Smith's division came the sudden impact of a fresh assault. It was Sumner and his men from across the creek who now hurled themselves upon the Confederate column, and changed entirely the face of the whole field. Hearing the sound of battle from afar, the old veteran had, on his own authority, rushed his men across the tottering bridges, and arrived just in time to save the day. His attack was too spirited to be resisted, even had it not come as a surprise to the Confederates, who did not believe that the creek was passable.

"Hold them, boys, hold them!" shouted Johnston, now commanding in person, and as he spoke a Northern bullet struck him from his horse. With frightened faces, his men picked him up; were they to lose him too, now, as the other great Johnston had



On the Battlefield of Seven Pines

been lost? Fortunately for them, no; for the general, while severely wounded, was not mortally so. Tenderly they bore him off the field; and falling back in the gathering dusk, the Confederate forces withdrew to the intrenchments formerly occupied by the Federals. Night came at last.

On the next day the battle was renewed, with the effect of compelling the Confederates, now outnumbered and disheartened by the wounding of their leader, to retire to the fortifications at Richmond. Here Johnston retired that his wound might have attention, and two days later, on June 2, Robert Edward Lee took command of the army of Virginia, which command he was to hold until the end. Amid the tumultuous cheering of the whole Southern army, "Uncle Robert" lifted his sword above the army which was to follow him as dauntlessly as ever leader was followed in the history of the world.

Meanwhile, where was McDowell? While McClellan called for him, and upbraided the Washington authorities bitterly because he was not reinforced by McDowell's corps, that general himself was in a most embarrassing position. The cause of this embarrassment was one man, most ineptly termed "Stonewall" Jackson. If ever a name was unillustrative, that was the one. Jackson was a cricket, a fox, a flea, he was quicksilver, he was wildfire, he was anything you like which was lively and spirited and never still a minute; but a stone wall,— never! There was only one man in the history of the war who was of Jackson's stature in these particulars; and that was Philip H. Sheridan. And well it was for the armies of these two men that they never met!

Jackson, when it became known that McClellan was advancing upon Richmond, held consultation with Johnston. It was patent to both that something must be done. Johnston was willing to face an army twice the size of his, but

he did not see how he could cope with one three times his own. Hence, there was but one thing to do, and that was to prevent the junction of McClellan's and McDowell's forces. This, calmly enough, Jackson agreed to do.

This remarkable man, in whose army Oliver Stevens found himself, had been, like Grant, hitherto a failure at almost everything he had undertaken. Like Grant again, he was built for war; and now he had found his work. In person above medium height, with full black beard streaked with grey, he presented a striking and unusual appearance. Worshiped as a military genius, he was equally conspicuous in the army for his personal virtues. Like Cromwell, the great Puritan leader, he blended religious fervor with the severity of the soldier. He seems to have interpreted literally the Scriptural injunction to "pray without ceasing." He never began a battle without first asking the blessing of Heaven, and after a victory never failed to publicly thank God.

Oliver Stevens had fallen in with a man named Dabney, a Presbyterian minister who had been a friend of Jackson's when the latter was still teaching in the Virginia Institute. Dabney, and Oliver as well, through his influence, were made part of Jackson's personal staff. Oliver would rather have served with Lee, but there was no choice, and he soon grew devoted to his new leader, though Lee was to remain his great ideal forever.

While McClellan was hesitating which way to turn, Jackson hurried northward on his great task. He must so manœuver that McDowell should be held from joining the main army; and he solved the problem by deciding to threaten Washington. Pushing northward by forced marches into the Shenandoah Valley, he leapt out of thin air upon one of the divisions of Banks's army in that region. Upon Shields at Winchester he fell like a bolt from the blue, and while he was heavily outnumbered, and the battle was

THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY: JEFFERSON DAVIS'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE IN RICHMOND

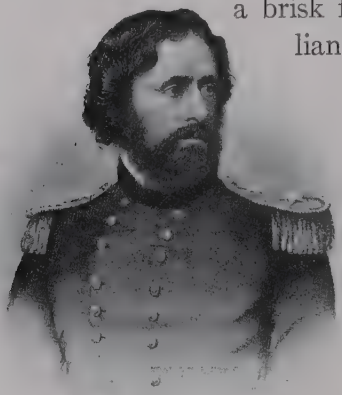
a draw, he convinced the Federal general that he had been assailed by a Confederate force of tremendous strength. The call for haste went through the valley and Washington heard the cry. What was happening in the Valley? Washington wanted to know.

Washington found out; she found out, from a number of sources, that an attacking army of magnificent proportions and terrific energy was at loose in that region. Banks with 20,000 men was at Strasburg; Frémont was at Moorefield with the same number; and there were two smaller forces an available force in all of 50,000 troops; against these was Jackson, with 6000, soon to be joined by Ewell with 10,000! Yet the cries of alarm that went up from the startled Northern armies may well have impressed Washington.

Giving the enemy no time to recover from its surprise, Jackson started east with great pomp and circumstance. It looked as though he were leaving the valley, and every blue-coat in it heaved an involuntary sigh of relief. It was a ruse; as swiftly as the news could travel, indeed more swiftly, the army of Jackson now returned, and, traveling almost at cavalry speed, struck the unsuspecting columns of Milroy. He defeated them in a sharp encounter; and they retreated in good order, falling back to join Frémont, setting fire to the forests as they went. Pushing past them in the smoke, Jackson made a demonstration before Frémont's astonished eyes, retired as swiftly, and was ready for the real business of the day. All this had been merely a preamble.

Banks, still at Strasburg, with his forces diminished by the detachment of Shields's division, was the point now to be assailed. Marching with his terrible swiftness, Jackson suddenly appeared before Banks's line. The Federal general, seeing himself outnumbered — for Ewell had swelled Jackson's forces to 16,000 men — beat a hasty and

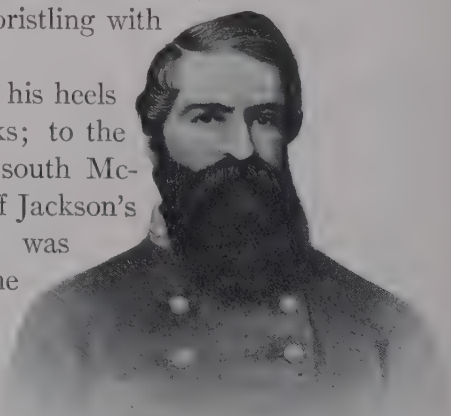
well guarded retreat. Jackson followed like a wolf. The two armies raced for Winchester, the Federals reaching it first, only in time to turn and face their pursuers. After a brisk fight, in which both sides fought brilliantly, Banks retired again, getting off this time in safety to the banks of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry.



General John Charles Frémont
(*From the engraving by Buttre*)

At Washington was the wildest alarm. Lincoln, who knew how important it was that the city should be held safe, sent peremptory orders to McDowell, bidding him return from Petersburg at once to the defense of the capital. Jackson's object was accomplished; McDowell could not join McClellan; and Richmond, for the time being, at least, was saved. To the man who had done all this, new problems now presented themselves. It was all very well to make this foray, but by so doing he had cut himself off from his line of retreat. Here he was, on the bank of the Potomac, separated from any other Southern force by seventy miles of open country, and this country bristling with his foes.

At Harper's Ferry, snarling at his heels as he turned southward, lay Banks; to the west was Frémont, while to the south McDowell, marching sturdily to cut off Jackson's only possible avenue of escape, was already at Front Royal when the quarry was still at Winchester. Laden with booty and with prisoners, Jackson, now the hunted fox, started southward undaunted.



General Turner Ashby

Marching with the speed for which his army was so remarkable, he managed to reach Strasburg as Frémont's advance guard came in sight; Frémont the "pathfinder" had not been able to find the path this time, and Jackson now had but one enemy in front.

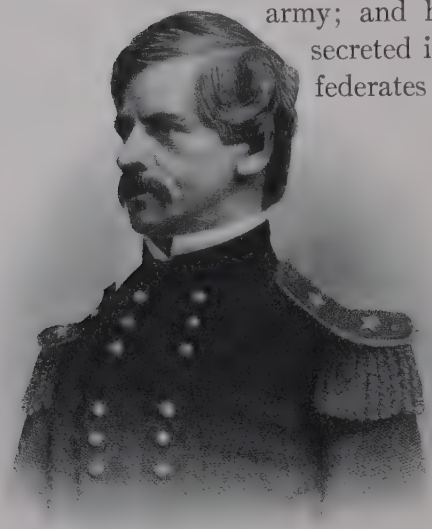
He thereupon made ready for the last move in this brilliant campaign, which was to press on up the valley to Port Republic, pass through Brown's Gap in the Blue Ridge, to Gordonsville, and thence follow the railroad track to Richmond. This intrepid programme he now began.

Before it could be accomplished, however, two dangers confronted him. One was his cavalry problem; for on June 6, Ashby, his dashing and beloved cavalry leader, whose figure on the great white horse was one of the fetishes of Jackson's army — Ashby was killed in battle. The sky was deep in gloom; and for a while it seemed as though, without the aid of this gallant soldier, the Southern army might fare ill indeed. Two days after this, Jackson himself narrowly escaped capture at Port Republic, in a brush with Shields.

Taking Oliver and two other aides with him, Jackson, with a small force, had pushed ahead on a reconnaissance. The country at this point, just outside of Port Republic, was thickly covered with trees, and the road they were on wound through the center of this little forest. No Federal force was known to be near, and Jackson, riding along, muttering to himself as was his wont, was presumably far from thinking of the possibility of attack.

Oliver and two other aides, at the head of a little column of perhaps 200 or 300 men, rode on ahead; the rest of the column brought up the rear. It was a sunny day, and the blue June sky was clear. After the heart-breaking efforts of the last weeks, in which the army had traveled over 600 miles and fought five hard battles, this silent ride through

the beautiful country was like a boon from Heaven. The enemy was distanced, for Ewell had been left behind to block off Frémont's well-meant but futile efforts, and Shields was supposed to be on the other side of the Ridge with all his forces. He had charge of the advance guard of McDowell's army; and he was, in point of fact, already secreted in the wooded plain which the Confederates were now entering.



NATHANIEL P. BANKS
(*From the engraving by Perrine*)

As the road wound out to an open space before a little bridge across a creek, the enemy made their attack. Suddenly they leapt out from cover and flung themselves upon Jackson's little column, already starting to cross the bridge. The Southerners were taken by surprise, and were vastly outnumbered; nevertheless they went into battle with the spirit which had made them so nearly invincible. On the possession of the bridge hinged the possibility of Jackson's escape; therefore the bridge must be taken. Oliver and his troops flung themselves savagely upon the Federals. On the back of his horse, Stonewall Jackson raised his hands in prayer. The bridge was taken.

The next day the main battle took place. Ewell, having repulsed Frémont at Cross Keys, hurried on to join his chief; while the Federal vanguard with Shields was already drawn up ready to offer battle. The struggle was long and bitter; but in the end Jackson and his men were returned the victors, though Tyler fought like a hero, and kept the issue long in doubt. Just as the action closed, on the far bank of the

swollen Shenandoah, the belated troops of Frémont came up. With the angry tears of disappointment on their faces, they had to stand and watch Jackson make his triumphant exit. Cut off from him by the few rods of rolling torrent, they could do nothing; and he, with his plunder and his prisoners and his trains of supplies, with his men cheering him as they marched, and with the knowledge in his breast that he had done all that he had been asked to do, and even more, plunged sturdily southward to the last move of his campaign, the road to Richmond.

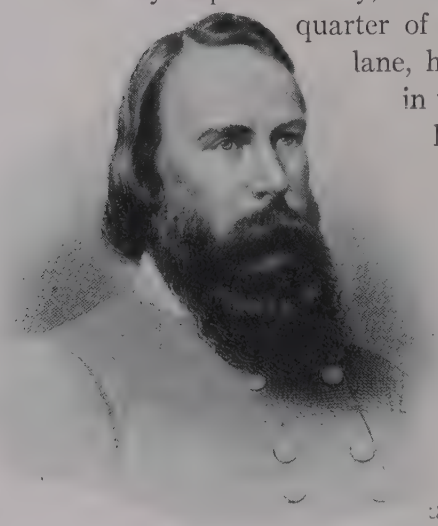
General Lee's House in Richmond, 1861-1864

Oliver, looking back along the lines of footworn but triumphant men, and seeing back of them the impotent armies of the foe, now left hopelessly in the rear, marched on by the side of his leader. On the morning of June 26, Jackson and his army were facing McClellan, as though they had never been away, on the battle front at Hanover Court-House.

CHAPTER XI

UNDER THE ROSE

A YOUNG man with a black cape left the road and plunged into the woody lane that led along past the Federal picket line. Walking swiftly, but as one who knew every step of the way, he was soon lost to sight. Perhaps a quarter of a mile from the opening of the lane, he came out into a little clearing, in the center of which was an old log hut, some negro's dwelling, probably. The night was dark, for the sky was overhung with clouds that threatened rain, and the trees merged their black branches into the velvet blackness of the sky. As the man in the cape reached the clearing, he stopped, listening intently. The night, still and close, allowed every sound to be heard distinctly.



JAMES LONGSTREET

Far behind him, on the way he had come, he could hear the sound of wheels as some wagon crossed a bridge; but ahead of him there was nothing to break the stillness. As he listened, holding his breath, there came a click as of a shifted musket. He caught his breath swiftly; the Federal pickets were there, then. He must look sharply ere he proceeded. Again came the sound, and presently a soft hail in the darkness. No answer; still he waited; then, again, but farther away, he heard a crack that sounded like

a broken twig. Plunging into the thicket in the direction of the first sound, he ran at full speed.

"Who goes there?" he heard the hail; but he was past the danger line; he was already inside the Union lines. From here on it was easier. At the corner of a fence, hardly distinguishable in the darkness, he came to a sudden halt and remained quiescent for perhaps ten long minutes.

The Wounded Picket

Without a rustle of a leaf, or a sound of a footfall, a dark form loomed beside him. A figure he could scarcely see pressed his arm.

"Is it you, then?" asked the waiting man. "Why are you so late?"

"I could not get away before," the other whispered quickly. "Take it!"

He handed over a little packet, which the waiting man thrust hastily into the pocket of his cape. He turned without another word, to go.

"Careful with that news," cautioned the messenger. "There is big work afoot. Don't let anything happen to that packet, that 's all! Good night."

A second later, there was no one at all at the fence corner in the dark.

The man in the cape started swiftly back over his own path. As he neared the last picket, he slackened his pace, and, coming to a full stop, waited. For a long time he could hear no sound; he began to wonder if the picket had gone to sleep, or changed his post, or if he had been called in. He was just about to chance it, when, hardly ten paces away, he heard the sound of a yawn.

"Golly, I wonder what time it 's a-gettin' to be," said a weary voice.

No answer from the forest. The picket straightened himself, and, throwing his musket over his shoulder, moved away to the right, perhaps ten paces more.

As silently as a wraith, the listener stole by the place where the picket had been. With an involuntary sigh of relief, he turned his face back to his own lines. That part of the work was over, for another night, thank Heaven!

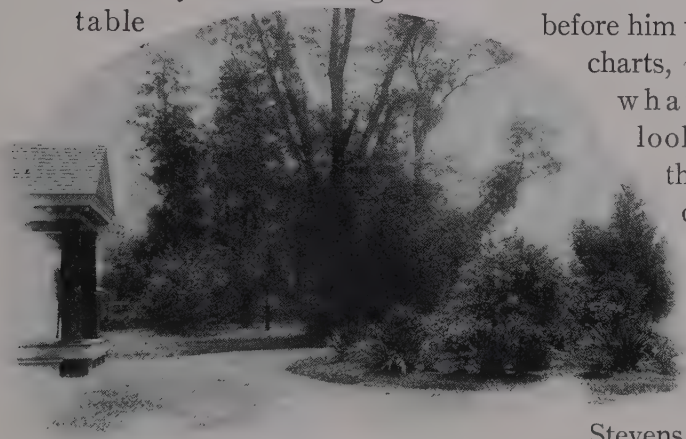
An hour later, he stopped before a closed tent near the staff headquarters.

"Announce me," he said, curtly, to an orderly standing at guard. The man disappeared inside the tent, returning almost instantly with a nod of the head.

The man in the cape flung back the tent-flap and entered. At a table of solid mahogany, which contrasted strangely

The Bridge over Which the Federal Army Crossed the Chickahominy, near Mechanicsville, Virginia

with the stained canvas walls of the tent, sat a man about thirty years of age. A forage cap was cocked over one eye, and his jacket was flung over the back of his chair. On the table before him were papers, charts, dispatches, whatnot. He looked up as the newcomer entered, and greeted him with a little bob of the head.



THE GARDEN AT MALVERN HILL

"Well, Stevens," he said, briskly, "what luck to-night? Get through all right? But you never have any trouble with those sleepy-heads, though!"

"I got through," said Norbert Stevens, briefly. "Here are the papers, sir."

He strode across the room and laid the little packet upon the board.

MALVERN HILL, VIRGINIA

The other grabbed it, and tore it open with eager fingers. His left hand twitched with a nervous affection; his face was lean and brown. On the third finger of his twitching hand he wore a magnificent seal ring, engraved with a large "W,"—for this man was Walker, head of the Confederate secret service, once the representative of the Golden Circle and a man about town in Washington.

MALVERN HILL RESTORED

Norbert Stevens stood stiffly at attention, waiting for a word. At times the casual air of the other infuriated him; after all they had been friends in Washington, and there was no reason for such superior airs now. Walker looked up quickly, and guessed the thought, from Norbert's eyes; he motioned to a camp chair standing by the table, across from his own seat.

"Sit down," he said lightly, "I 'll be done with this in a minute!"

He read the dispatch with the aid of a code which he

spread out on the table before him. For a while he labored in silence, working it out, word by word. Suddenly he raised his head, flinging it back with a jerk, and spoke:

"By God, Norbert, you don't get much ahead of Uncle Robert! Listen to this: 'From what I hear Mac is going to shift his base; where, I cannot learn as yet, but all supplies are being shipped back to White House. The army will move before two days.' That is all there is of it. Lee said that McClellan would not risk an attack now that Stonewall and his men are back again."

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN

"But this shifting his base — where do you suppose he will go?" Norbert was as much in the dark as every one else about the celebrated shift which McClellan was now planning. The South could foresee it no more than the authorities at Washington; McClellan conceived it and executed it in a flawless manner. As strategy it was superb; though it seems rather a pity that such magnificent handling of an army could not have been directed in a forward movement.

It is easy to say, afterward, what should have been done, in almost any contingency; but to the people who have the decisions to make, this final wisdom is not so easy to attain. To McClellan, overestimating as he did the forces arrayed against him, it seemed that his army was in mortal danger. The exploits of Jackson had magnified him and his army into a creature of heroic size and attributes, and

A Forced March

now to discover that Jackson was back from his foray and was threatening the Union right, was to the Federal general serious news. Lee, he figured, was almost certain to believe that the Union army would attempt to retain its hold on its line of communications, and that consequently any Confederate attack would be directed against the Federal right flank. The fact that Jackson now menaced this flank strengthened this belief; and McClellan accordingly determined to upset this scheme of the enemy by his shift across the Peninsula to the James River, abandoning his base on the York.

He knew that Jackson would undoubtedly attempt to flank him, that he was already extending his lines past the

Federal right at Mechanicsville, and that by changing his base, he himself might be able to cut the Confederate army in two. Let Jackson proceed to the northeast, and cut him off from the York; very well, he would make the most of his adversary's error. But lest something of his plan be suspected, he sent half his trains of supplies back to White House, there to be shipped on transports to the new base. It was a shrewd move, as far as it went, and it completely deceived the Confederates.

To Walker, puzzling over the spy's report, it seemed fairly plain; but he cursed the incompleteness of the information, and Norbert as well.

"It is all very well for Jenks to say McClellan is shifting his base, but to be of any use to us, he has got to know more than that! Why can't the fool say where the army is likely to go? Jenks is a fool and always was!"

Norbert flamed up at once. "And I am a fool, too, I suppose?" he cried.

"No-o," said Walker, with a cool little smile, eying Norbert calmly. "No, I should say you were rather foolish, at times, but hardly a fool."

"That information is perfectly good; it is for you to transmit it to the general, rather than to stay here and say that the men who got it are fools," pursued Norbert hotly. But the other shook his head, unperturbed and cool.

"No; I cannot go trotting to the general with the stray vaporings of an imaginative Jenks, unless they are the best I can get! Suppose —" he paused, and looked at Norbert keenly. There was an angry light in the young man's eye, the light of wounded vanity, and Walker smiled inwardly as he applied the salve which he knew would heal the wound as if by enchantment.

"I would n't trust this to any one but you," he said. "Suppose you try to get through to the headquarters your-

self, to-morrow night, and find out something definite, something we can go on. Of course, if you don't care to — "

"Not to-morrow night; to-night!" said Norbert, rising. "There is time yet."

"So much the better! You can get through as you did before, all right?"

Norbert nodded in his best manner. Without another word he stalked out of the tent. Walker, left alone, soon gathered up his papers and started off for Lee's headquarters, there to plan and figure half the night. It was no sinecure, the secret service, in the ranks of the army that guarded Richmond.

How Norbert had been drawn into the work was simple enough. When the war started, he had been at Washington, and had seen the wild times there. When it came to him that the time had come to choose, he had no doubt which side his heart supported, but he found that there was within him something which left him curiously reluctant to fire upon the Union army. Whether it was the thought that his own brother now wore a blue uniform, or what, he did not know. Nevertheless, he enlisted in a Virginia regiment, and saw service at Eltham's Landing, and later at Ball's Bluff. This was the last of it; for in addition to his reluctance already mentioned he found that the life in the regular army did not suit him at all. He was on the same plane with everybody else, and he did not like that, nor the discipline. He had hoped to gain celebrity early; but he found that in the Southern army, where all the men fought with the desperation of fanatics, there was little chance for him.

Then, in Richmond, he met Walker, his old boulevard friend from the old Golden Circle days; but now changed so greatly that Norbert hardly knew him.

"What are you doing, my gilded youth?" Walker de-

GLENDALE, WHERE HILL AND LONGSTREET ENGAGED THE UNION FORCES

manded of him. In due course the whole story followed. Walker, with an ease which gave him the grace to blush, persuaded Norbert to give up the regular army, and to join his branch of the service. He spoke lightly of the hazard of life, and also of the glorious chance for distinction which lay before the secret service man. He played upon Norbert's desire for getting out of the rank and file, and being exempt from the orders of sergeants and the like; and Norbert listened and was convinced. Two days later he joined Walker's staff of special messengers. He had been in that service now for nearly a year, and was as contented as he was likely to be anywhere.

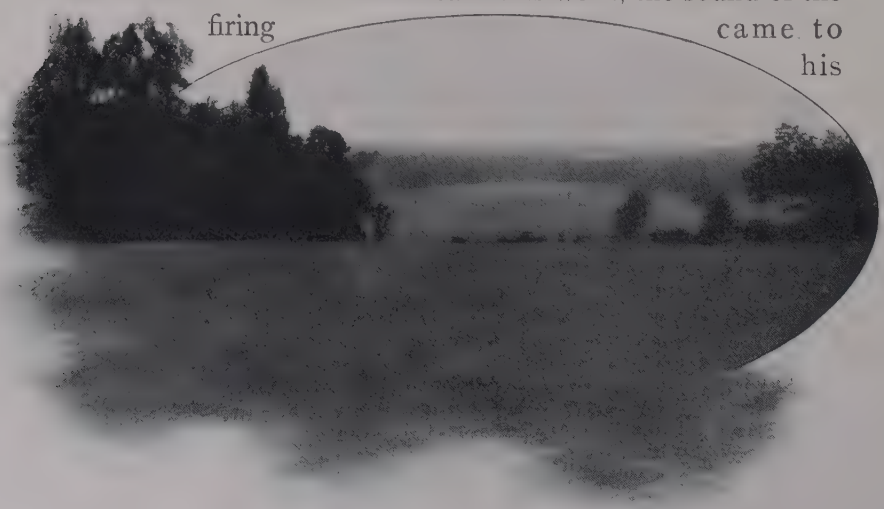
As he left Walker's tent, on this late June night, he saw by his watch that it lacked an hour of midnight. He knew that the Union pickets were changed at 2 o'clock, and that it was important that he should pass before that time. He must have a horse; so he turned to the stables of his chief. Half an hour before the hour for the change, he passed the silent picket, as he had done before, and strode boldly on into the Union camp. He knew where Jenks was stationed, and made for the place at once. He was, however, as he knew full well, taking a fearful chance, for in these days, with the army moving so frequently, a change might take place at a moment's notice. It was with a sigh of relief plainly evident that he found himself outside of Jenks's trench. It was by this time past 3 o'clock; in another hour or so it would be getting light.

He had on the uniform of a Federal private, and he moved amongst the trees with assurance. As he passed the trench and the line of men, sleeping on their arms, some one hailed him drowsily. He made no answer, but strode off into the darkness. The call came again, loud and clear this time; he halted.

"Oh, dry up, Meagher," he answered in a casual tone.

Jenks had told him that Meagher was the outpost at this point. Meagher "dried up," and Norbert moved hurriedly on into the wood. Jenks was ensconced outside the tent of one of Hooker's colonels, and Norbert could not find him at once. So he lay down, pretending to sleep, and waited for the first streak of morning. Slowly, slowly, it came, first as the merest hint of light, then the grey dawn. By the aid of it he found Jenks at last, and lay down beside him, waking him with a touch on the arm. Together the two lay in silence; presently both slept again, there in the line of sleeping men, each with his musket under his arm.

As full morning broke, the army began to awaken, and stretch itself. The men rose, yawned, and raised their arms toward the sky; all along the long line the sleepers awoke, and the traffic of the day commenced. It was Norbert's hope that through Jenks he would be able to learn some definite information regarding the destination of the army in time to get back to the Confederate headquarters before night. He passed readily enough through the camp; for the commands were greatly mixed at this point, and it was easy for him to pass as an orderly from another regiment. There was work afoot, he could see by the air of the officers; and shortly before noon, he learned that the army was going into action. Almost as he heard this word, the sound of the firing came to his



The Mechanicsville Battlefield, Curd's Hill in the Distance

ears. Off to the north, at Mechanicsville, Hill's division was attacking the Union right under McCall. A bloody battle was waged, but the attack was repulsed by the Federals with small cost to themselves; the Confederates lost heavily, and were forced to call Jackson, already marching around to cut off the Union line of retreat to White House, back to their aid. The Federal right now fell back to Gaines's Mill, where the morning of June 27 found Fitz-John Porter, with the whole right wing of the Union army, in a strong position. Jackson was expected any minute, and the Confederates under Hill were preparing for a desperate advance.

FITZ-JOHN PORTER

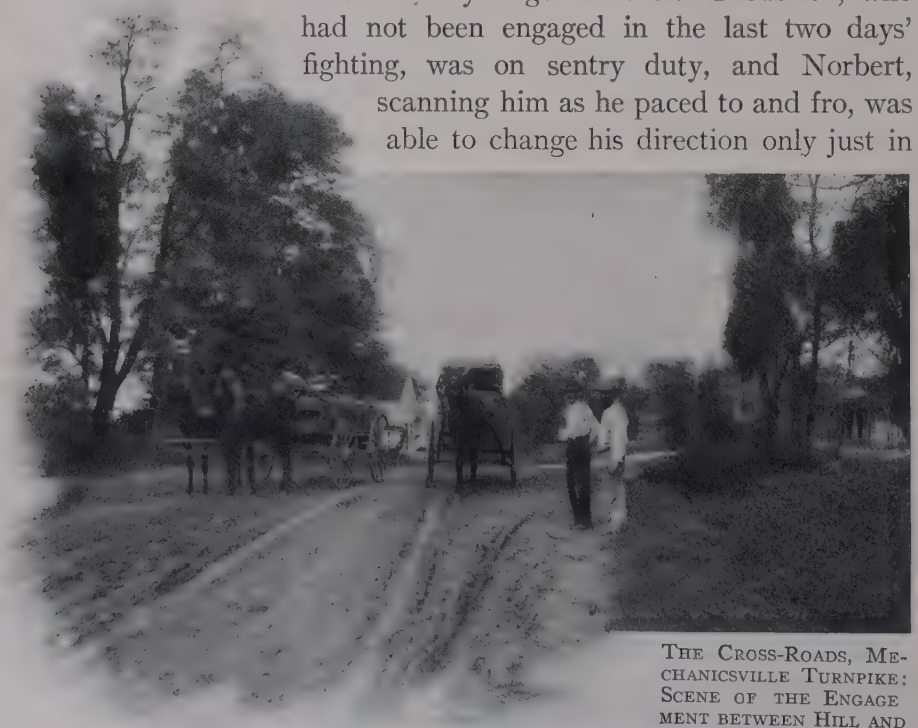
Back near Hooker's quarters, Norbert, chafing at the delay, but helpless to learn anything more, could do nothing but await developments. About noon Hill's columns assailed the Federal right. Again and again the brilliant line in grey rushed the Federal trenches, only to be driven back each time with heavy loss. The Federal fire was tremendous, and the attacking columns melted away beneath it. All that afternoon the fight continued; and at last it seemed as though the Federals had won the day. Just at this time appeared Jackson and his indomitable troops, and rushed into the fray.

It was sunset; the shadows were already falling long upon the battle ground. Porter, perceiving by the added impetus of the attack that he had fresh foes to face, sent a courier to McClellan asking for reinforcements. It was

too late; a division was sent, but the fight was over. The Federals, while they had had all the best of the fighting, retired that night across the Chickahominy by the new bridges, and burned those bridges behind them. The entire Federal army was now on the south side of the creek, and ready for its great shift across to the James. Norbert, at the eleventh hour, from the report of a courier to his colonel, found out that this was McClellan's plan.

It was clear that there was no time to lose. Norbert, in a fever of impatience, sought for Jenks high and low. He must know the countersign, or he might be held at the lines, if challenged, and he dared run no extra risk with the great news that he now bore. At last Jenks was discovered.

Five minutes later, Norbert, making his way hastily northward through the Union inner lines, came face to face with his younger brother. Frederick, who had not been engaged in the last two days' fighting, was on sentry duty, and Norbert, scanning him as he paced to and fro, was able to change his direction only just in



THE CROSS-ROADS, MECHANICSVILLE TURNPIKE: SCENE OF THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN HILL AND MCCALL

time. He found his heart thumping in a manner which made his face flush with shame; but he knew that he dare not let his brother see him — he did not dare to face him. Frederick, turning at the end of his little beat, looked curiously at the private hastening away among the trees, but gave him no further thought. Reaching the front at another point, Norbert made the best of his way through. This was in the early morning of June 28.

Behind him he could hear the preparations of the army about to start on its southward movement, and the thought lent his feet wings. He passed the lines safely, and went forward toward those of the Confederates. At the Chickahominy he was halted; for the bridges were destroyed, and he did not see how he was going to cross. At last, gritting his teeth, he leapt in and swam the swollen stream; he had still in mind Walker's sneer, and he was determined that nothing could stop him now. Dripping from head to foot, he dragged himself up the muddy bank, and started toward Jackson's outposts.

Presently he found them. He was pursuing the best of his way along a narrow road, when he heard the sharp hail of a Southern picket.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

ON THE WILLIAMSBURG ROAD NEAR WHITE OAK SWAMP, WHERE JACKSON ATTACKED THE FEDERAL REAR

"A friend," he made answer, holding up his hand in amity.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," the picket went on.

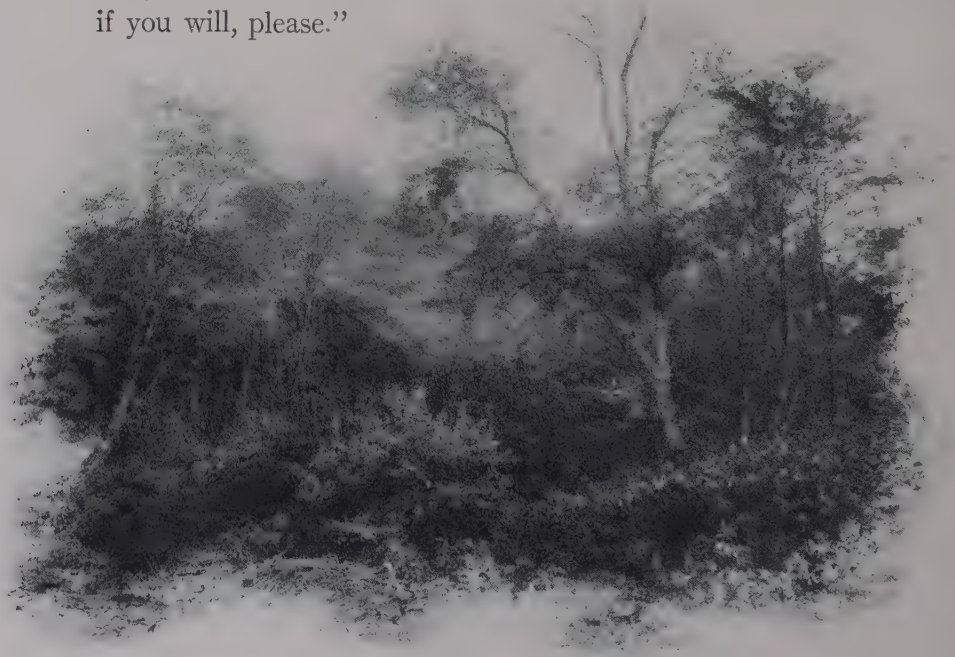
"I have not the countersign, but I am Stevens of the secret service. Take me at once to some officer's head-quarters. I have news of the very utmost importance!" The man looked at him, and shook his head, smiling slowly.

"Mebbe you have and mebbe you 're Stevens,— but I 'd like the countersign."

Norbert flew into a rage. To be balked, and by this fool of a picket! He shook a furious fist in the man's face, who eyed him unblinkingly the while.

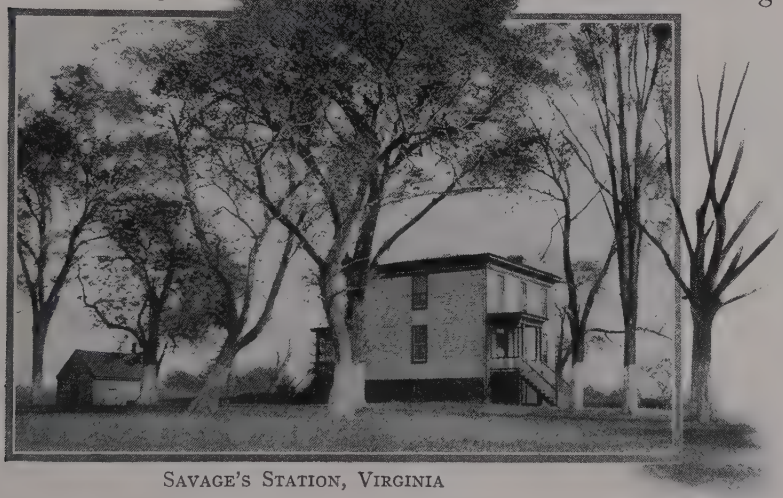
"Take me to the guard-house, then, anywhere," Norbert cried. "I don't care where, just so they 're not all fools like you. I tell you I have news that Lee would give his head for,— and every minute is of value!"

"Well, come along," said the soldier cautiously, "but you ought to have had the countersign! You march first, Mr. Secret Service Man; if you will, please."



Scene in the White Oak Swamp

Together they started off through the wood; the soldier keeping his musket pointed at the small of Norbert's back. Norbert, biting his nails at the silliness of his position, had nothing to do but walk as fast as possible. At last they reached the Southern lines; and Norbert, smarting with indignation, was finally confronted with an officer. He wasted five good minutes telling



SAVAGE'S STATION, VIRGINIA

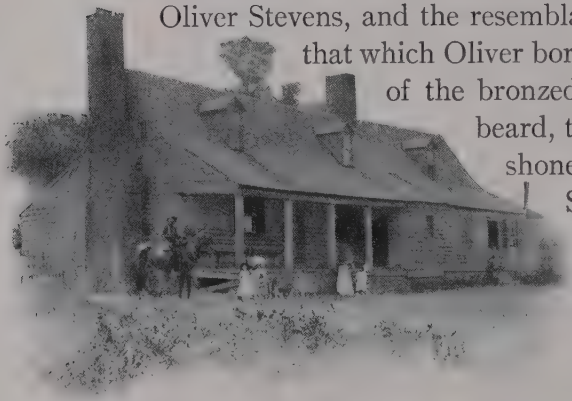
that gentleman what he thought of his fool picket, and then, mounted on a war-horse which had seen better days, he went galloping off to find the man he sought. Walker he wanted, but he knew that Walker was probably at Richmond, and that he must search for Lee himself, or Jackson.

It was Jackson whom he found. Getting off his horse before the general's tent, he inquired of an aide whether the general was within. The aide, a tall young man of clear eye and straight body, looked at him curiously as he spoke. Norbert in turn regarded this youth, who had on his cheeks the straggling beard of a youngster who had been many weeks without a shave. He seemed to find something familiar in his face, and as he was racking his

memory, the aide spoke to him, hesitatingly, not answering his question as to Jackson, but asking one of his own, instead, regarding Norbert fixedly the while.

"This is cousin Norbert, isn't it?" he asked in a pleasant voice.

"My name is Norbert," answered that young man, without enthusiasm. He knew now who this youth was; it was Oliver Stevens, and the resemblance he had noted was that which Oliver bore to his sister. In spite of the bronzed face, and the ragged beard, the likeness to Rosalind shone out salient and clear. Something stirred in Norbert's heart; but he showed no sign of softening in his manner. "Yes, I am Norbert Stevens," he repeated. "And you?"



Gaines's Mill, Virginia

"I am Oliver Stevens from Ten Oaks," the other replied, a little abashed.

"Glad to see you again," said Norbert briefly; "where is General Jackson?"

The Virginian drew himself up a little stiffly, and turned on his heel.

"I will tell him you wish to see him," he said, and disappeared.

Another minute, and Norbert was in Jackson's tent; five minutes later, and the army was in motion. About the same time had come word from Magruder that the Federals were in motion southward, and Lee saw that he was tricked, for the moment at least. Norbert, his work done, made his way back to Richmond, without another look at Oliver; and even before he left the lines, he could

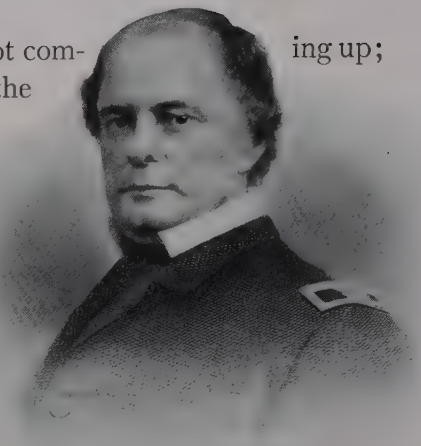
see the marching men, as they fell into line on the Union trail.

There was hardly time for any complete plan to be worked out, but Lee ordered Jackson forward to fall on the Federal rear, ordered Magruder to make an attack on the flank at Savage's Station, and sent Longstreet and Hill by forced marches to intercept the marching Federals at Frayser's Farm. All that day and all the next, the Confederate armies assailed the marching columns. Attacking bitterly at Savage's, Magruder and his men were repulsed time after time. The Federal rear stood firm. All day the men marching steadily onward through the heat and dust,— for the hot Southern sun had now made the roads deep in dusty sand,— repelled all the attacks of the swarming armies that hung on their flanks. Mile after slow mile they kept their course.

The next day Longstreet and Hill made their attempt at Glendale, near Frayser's Farm, while Jackson with his doughty column attacked the Union rear at White Oak Swamp. Here Franklin, with barely half of Johnston's force, held the wonderful Southron at bay through all the long afternoon. Hour after hour the grey lines surged against the Federal position; in vain. When night came, the army of McClellan, having repelled its assailants on every side, moved weariedly on to the high ground south, which was known as Malvern Hill.

FRAYSER'S FARM

Through the night they kept coming up; and McClellan, knowing that the main attack would begin on the morrow, placed his men as best he could, in the sloping plateau of the hill, which rose, cup-like, its sides sloping like a vast amphitheater. Here the Federal stand was made. Here, on the morning of July 1, the culminating battle of the campaign was fought.



JOHN RODGERS

Frederick Stevens, having distinguished himself by conspicuous gallantry, had been recommended for a commission, and was even now in charge of a small file whose lieutenant had been killed at Glendale. As the morning dawned, it surprised McClellan to see that the Confederates made no motion forward. This gave him time to place his army more advantageously, and he made the most of it.

FEDERAL GUNBOATS COVERING MCCLELLAN'S RETREAT AT THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL

The Malvern Hill Battlefield

Fitz-John Porter, in immediate command, while McClellan was absent to confer with Commodore Rodgers on the gunboat Galena, with his corps on the left wing, faced toward Richmond; Sumner and Franklin, in the center, faced Glendale, while Keyes held the right on the farthest slopes of Malvern. About noon the Confederates moved forward.

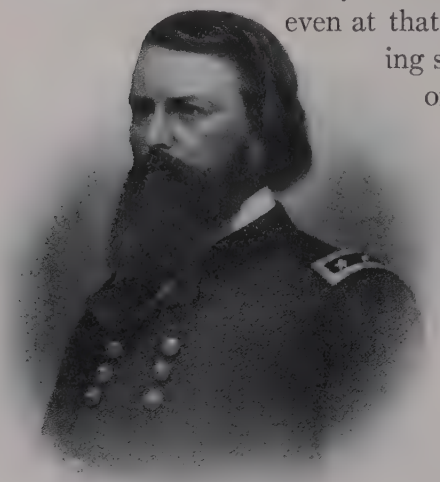
The Battle of Malvern Hill, Virginia

The battle of Malvern Hill was one of the most bitterly contested of the war. The Confederates were on the low ground; they were without their cavalry, and they could not get a view of the battle as they fought it. On the other hand, the Federals, on the peak of the hill, could see the whole field; and this was not without its bearing on the result. At nightfall, after the most superhuman exertions on both sides, the armies of Lee withdrew; they had done all that human creatures could do, and they had not forced back the enemy one foot. McClellan, his men exhausted, but with his army unbeaten and his stores unrifled, made the best of his way to his new base at Harrison's Landing, on the James. The seven days' fighting were at an end.

CHAPTER XII

THE LADY IN THE SUN-BONNET

WITH the closing of the Peninsular Campaign, came the waning of McClellan's star. True, he had baffled his enemies, and his army had fought brilliantly; but the fact remained that he had not done what he might readily have done, had he possessed even half of Lee's or Jackson's assurance. He had been hampered through the withdrawal by the President of McDowell's army; but even at that he had more than twice the fighting strength of his opponent. Instead of being the invader, he had been forced to adopt a defensive attitude; and public confidence in him, for the time at least, was at an end.



JOHN POPE

The great success of the Western armies under Halleck now led to the belief that they had been better generaled than the Army of the Potomac; and so, close on the heels of Grant's victory at Shiloh and McClellan's retreat to the James, Henry W. Halleck was called to Washington, and given full command of all the Federal armies, East and West. Further than this, John Pope, the hero of Island Number 10, was brought to Washington, and given charge of the new army, composed of the corps of Banks, Frémont, and McDowell, and known as the Army of Virginia. Mc-

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN

Clellan was ordered to return to Acquia Creek, and hold himself and his army in readiness to coöperate with Pope.

Pope, known by the Confederates as "Proclamation Pope," began his campaign in a bombastic fashion. He was lying with his new army near the banks of the Rapidan, the chief tributary of the Rappahannock; he made Manassas Junction his base and prepared immediately for a vigorous forward movement. His advance guard lay near Culpeper, and on July 14, he ordered Banks forward on the road to Gordonsville, his object being to prevent the Confederate armies from entering the Shenandoah. Idle hope; Banks, advancing cheerfully, found that Jackson had already preceded him; and he was forced to fall back to Culpeper. At the end of July, Pope arrived at Culpeper in person; and on the same day Frederick, having been sent to Pope as a bearer of dispatches from McClellan at Acquia, was attached to Pope's army as first lieutenant, being in charge of a company of Maryland volunteers in Ricketts's division.

At the Confederate headquarters, Lee and Jackson held a council of war. Flushed with triumph over the outcome of the Peninsular fighting, Lee saw no reason why Pope should not be as easily circumvented as McClellan had been. The Confederate forces greatly outnumbered those of Pope, and the only thing necessary was to strike Pope a crushing blow before McClellan with his 100,000 men could come to join old "Proclamation." Jackson, confident as ever, proposed a plan which seemed to promise good chances of success; it was that he should march northward, turn the Federal right, and, if possible, cut off Pope's army from its base. To this proposal Lee assented at once.

Oliver Stevens, marching with his general's staff, moved out of the Confederate lines on August 5. To the north lay Banks, and toward him the columns headed. At Cedar Mountain, the opposing armies met, and a hot fight resulted. Oliver was far in the rear when the battle commenced, and, like his general, did not come upon the field until the close. But for the present the northern movement was at an end, for the Federals were too strong to be dislodged. Two weeks of marching and countermarching ensued; and at last, toward the end of August, Oliver followed his grave-faced leader northward again, heading this time past Culpeper, past Warrenton, toward Front Royal in the Blue Ridge. As they drew northward, Oliver, turning his eyes across the blue miles toward the west, fancied he could see the little eminence of Ten Oaks. As the men marched steadily onward, he had time to think. He wondered if all were well at home; he had not had a letter in more than a month, and with the Federal armies swarming about Warrenton, he had the gravest apprehensions. He wondered if his mother were well, and Rosalind; the blood quickened in his veins at the thought of possible danger to them; and he longed as never before to see them, that he might make sure

Cedar Mountain

that all was well with them. To his friend Dabney he said something of this as they rode along.

"There is my home over there," he said, pointing as he spoke to the top of Ten Oaks hill, now dimly visible, a scant five miles away. It would have been so easy for him to have galloped across those short miles, and seen his mother if only for a minute; but he would not ask leave. They camped that night half way between Ten Oaks and Warrenton; and as morning broke they were wakened by the sound of musketry. From a little copse on the left came the Union soldiers, who rushed toward the wakening Confederates. After a brisk little brush, the Federals were driven back. But when Dabney turned to see what had become of Oliver, he found him lying on the ground, white and still, with his shirt stained at the heart with crimson.

The old ex-preacher raised Oliver's body carefully in his arms, feeling for the wound with hands as tender as a woman's. Other men came and looked, anxiously, for the silent young Virginian was regarded by his fellows with an almost sentimental interest. They plied Dabney with anxious queries. A surgeon came up, and knelt at once by Oliver's side; for a minute he probed and felt without a word; then he raised his head in relief, and nodded to Dabney.

"Serious, but not mortal; through the left lung, but missed the heart," he said. "Bring a stretcher. He must go to the hospital at once!"

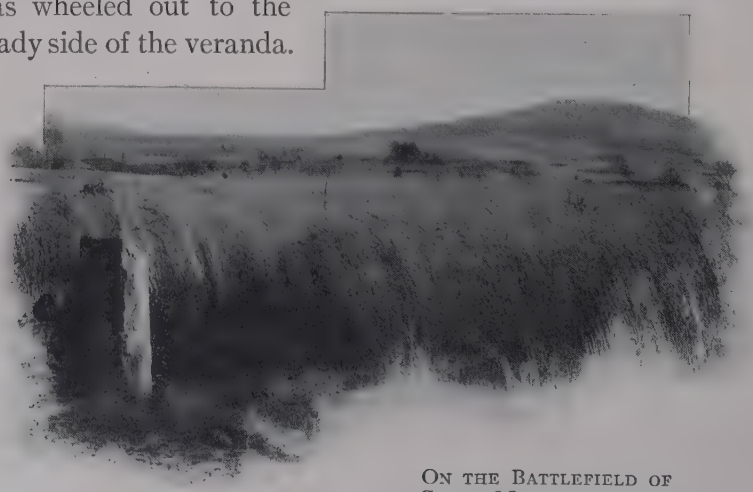
But Dabney had another thought. He laid his hand on the surgeon's arm.

"He lives only over there," he said. "They can nurse him better at home. We must n't lose him for Virginia, sir!" The surgeon nodded in assent.

At Ten Oaks Major Lee and his little family were at breakfast. It was a late breakfast, after the major's wont;

and the little circle was silent. Ten Oaks had not yet, save for a stray raider or two from passing Federal or Confederate armies, felt seriously the hardships of war; when the Southern troops were within reach, it was the major's habit to send to the officer in command such food and comforts as could be spared. When the Federal troops were in the neighborhood, the plantation was stripped as clean as careful hiding could make it. The marauding bands were for the most part well behaved, but this somehow seemed to increase the major's rancor against them. It was as though by being more decent than he had expected, they had disappointed him. He never left his chair now, and had to be carried up and down stairs by his old inseparable body-servant "Geawge."

This morning, as he sat late at the morning meal, he was inveighing most bitterly at "this man Grant," who had n't sense enough to know when he was beaten to a pulp. It was the major's opinion, openly expressed, that you could look for little more from a common Yankee. It was to the battle of Shiloh that the major had reference; and, this being nearly four months old and therefore ancient history, Eleanor tried to get the old gentleman to talk of something else. The meal ended in amity, and the major was wheeled out to the shady side of the veranda.



On the Battlefield of Cedar Mountain

For an hour or so he dozed in his chair; wakened by some sound in the garden, he opened his eyes, a little startled. Looking down the slope of Ten Oaks hill, he beheld a little group of soldiers approaching at a gallop. At a glance the major saw that they were Southrons, and he called loudly to boys working in the yard to go down to the gate and let the gentlemen in.

Six troopers, from Jackson's picked cavalry, rode up to the veranda, where they stood, their horses pawing the turf. One of them, touching his hat, leapt to the ground, and approached the steps, deferentially, hat in hand.

"Have I the honor, sir, of addressing Major Lee of Ten Oaks?"

The major made a pathetic effort to bow in answer to the question.

"Paralyzed, by Jove," said the officer to himself. "I had better find some one else to tell, I reckon." Then, to the major, "May my men and myself have a drink of water from your well? We are very thirsty indeed."

"No, sir," said the major stoutly, and so forcibly that the man jumped; "no, sir, no water can you have of me, sir! You are Virginians, I take it? I thought so, sir. Geawge, Geawge! One moment, gentlemen. Ah, here you are, you reprobate: go and fetch these gentlemen three bottles of that claret! You will pardon me for asking you to split a bottle, gentlemen, but the fact is the stock is almost gone; and I must save a glass or two, in case my kinsman, General Robert Lee, should pass this way some day, sir!"

George had disappeared, and in the doorway, drawn by the sound of unwonted voices, stood Rosalind, an old faded yellow sun-bonnet on her head.

"By Jove!" thought the officer, "is this his sister, or his wife? I 'll chance it being his sister!" He bowed low before her, and she bent her head gravely in reply to his

salute. He came a step closer, and spoke low, so that the major could not hear what he was saying from his chair.

"Are you — is Oliver Stevens of this family — your brother perhaps?"

Rosalind's hands went to her heart. She looked the question, wide-eyed.

"I have news — take me where I can tell you," he said, very low.

"You must be tired, sir!" she said, in a clear voice. "Will you not enter the hall? And will your men not come in out of the sun?"

They were now a little away from the others, and the officer spoke swiftly in her ear. "Oliver is safe — do not be afraid — but he is badly hurt and we are bringing him home to be taken care of. Jackson is there!"

Rosalind made no movement, but her face grew as pale as a white rose.

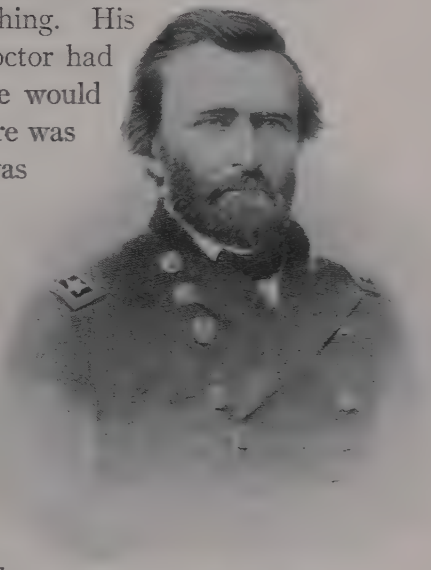
"Bring him at once," she said softly: "I will tell my mother now!"

She passed George with the tray, and stepped swiftly into the house.

Half an hour later the slow cavalcade toiled up the Ten Oaks road. It had been Eleanor who had told the major, knowing he would have to be told. The women were strong enough to bear it, but they had their fears for him; and the third stroke would be the last one. He sat still, his old eyes fixed upon the moving group that slowly approached the house. His face was set in terrible lines, and his eyes never left the form upon the stretcher. Up the steps and into the hall they bore Oliver, and up again to his old room at the north corner by the upper stair. Stepping softly, the soldiers, rough men as they were, came down the wide stairs as silently as though Death were really there, instead of a mere shadow of his shadow. As they went

down the road the old man sat as they had found him, gazing out across the fields as though he could see clear to Washington, still with that cold blaze in his eyes.

When the soldiers were gone, life dropped back, a little, to a point more nearly normal. Oliver had come home; he was ill, but not going to die, and the two women who loved him took turns at the watching. His fever was still high, though the doctor had said that with careful nursing he would be on his feet in a month. There was no fear about the nursing; he was nursed by hands that loved him, the hands of the best nurses in the world. He would get well.



Ulysses S. Grant

In the Union ranks, meanwhile, was disquiet. The few bands which had seen Jackson in his northward march reported the fact to Pope, and he sent three divisions rapidly in pursuit. Frederick, whose company was one of those detailed for this work, started only a day later than Jackson himself. There was an idea that Jackson was heading for the Shenandoah, and to Front Royal Colonel Mayhew turned his column. But Jackson had not gone to Front Royal, as the Federals found when they reached that place. There was nothing to do but retrace their steps and regain the army; disgusted and chop-fallen, the column started to retrace its steps, as the long afternoon ended.

As the sun sank crimson over the purple mountains, Frederick, with an uncontrollable tremor at his heart, saw that their route was leading them right toward the Ten

Oaks hill. All the time he had been on this little foray, he had been living in the past,— the old and, he had supposed, the half-forgotten past. He had found that it was not forgotten, was never to be forgotten in all his life. He remembered with a strange grip at his heart the young girl who had seemed to him to have all the beauty of the earth in her face and in her hair. Rosalind! His soul sang the name. Had she grown, had she changed? It was seven years since he had seen her; surely that was time enough for a man's heart to change! They said one's system changed entirely every seven years! How was it, then, that he remembered her with this strange pull upon his heart-strings? He had been but a boy — surely a boy could not remember so long?

Yet as they drew near the old hill, and he caught sight of the house glimmering pale in the twilight upon the summit, he know that he was the same person who had worshiped in silence, and gone away in silence, those seven years ago. He was recalled to himself by the voice of Colonel Mayhew.

"Here is a rebel plantation!" he said. "Let us bivouac here to-night!"

There was no demur. Frederick found himself starting, involuntarily, to protest. He asked himself, "Why?" and that question he could not answer.

"By fours, right," ordered the colonel, and the men marched up the hill.

In the cool of the evening the family sat, looking out into the gathering dusk. As the soldiers rode up, it was impossible to tell whether their color was grey or blue. Mayhew rode respectfully up to the porch, and spoke.

"Your pardon," he said gravely, "but may I and my men trespass upon your garden's and your well's hospitality to-night? I can answer for the good conduct of my soldiers." He stopped at the edge of the veranda.

The Blue Ridge Mountains near Culpeper, Virginia

Eleanor was upstairs with the invalid; only the major and Rosalind were there, with old George in waiting. Rosalind arose from her chair, in doubt, for a moment; but as the man spoke she knew by his accent he was from the North. For a moment she hesitated, looking at the colonel; and thus it happened that she did not see that the major was striving to rise from his chair. The old man, his face terrible in its helpless rage, was trying to raise himself by his arms alone. George gave a cry of superstitious terror.

Rosalind flew to the major's side, and putting her arms around him tried to hold him. His hands twitching with rage, he flung her aside, and resumed his efforts. His eyes were flaming, the muscles of his chest working painfully, his hands gripping the arms of the chair. Just as, with a desperate effort, he flung himself upright, Eleanor, with a candle, and with wide, startled eyes, appeared in the doorway. At the sight of the old man, who had not left his chair for months, standing thus shakingly erect, she flew to his side with a great breath of anguish. Too late; he flung her off as he had Rosalind, and mastering his tottering limbs, he half walked, half dragged himself over to the head of the steps, facing the officer, who stood there, thunderstruck.

Catching at his throat as though to tear the syllables loose, the major cried out the single word: "*Murderers!*" For an instant he stood, swaying gently on the edge of the steps; then, with his hands to his breast, he pitched suddenly forward into the officer's arms. So startled was the colonel that he had barely presence of mind enough to catch the falling and pitifully light old body as it descended; but he did catch it, and, holding it in his arms he laid it reverently upon the floor of the veranda. The major was dead.

Slowly, foot by foot, Eleanor approached the poor old frame, lying so still. Tenderly she knelt beside him and

gathered his head up into her arms. Rosalind, by the table, gripping the candle, which she did not know she had obtained, stood as though stricken to marble. George, his old black hands clasped before him, muttered gibberish that may have been a prayer. As the little group so stood, unmoving, there came slowly up the steps, as if drawn by a force he could not resist, a young man in a blue uniform.

For a moment he stood, bare of head, looking down upon the silent body in the woman's arms; raising his eyes in answer to an irresistible urging, he looked at the slender girl by the table, with the candle flickering in her hand. She, as though drawn by a simultaneous impulse, turned her eyes toward him; and so for a moment they stood, no sound on earth or in air.

Frederick broke the spell that held him. He bent over and touched Eleanor gently upon the shoulder. She, raising her face to his, met his gaze.

"Let me help you take him into the house," he whispered gently.

She made no answer; it is doubtful if she recognized him; he had been a boy seven years ago, and the years had done much with him.

"Let me help you," he repeated. "I am Frederick Stevens, your cousin. Do you not remember? Will you not let me help you carry him inside?"

LONGSTREET'S POSITION SOUTH OF THE WARRENTON PIKE AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN

She obeyed, unquestioningly; between them, but with Frederick bearing all the frail body's weight, they moved across the veranda, into the house. They laid the body upon the sofa in the great hall, and Frederick, drawing back, would have gone without a word. Eleanor stopped him as he went.

"Will you — have your men — go away?" she asked, with difficulty. Frederick bowed his assurance. "I will remain if you wish it," he said, "to be of any service that I may." From her bent head he read that she wished it so.

Outside he found the little group unchanged, save that Rosalind stood now facing the door, and facing him therefore, as he came out. At the sight of her mournful beauty a blind sorrow rushed into his heart. He would have passed her without a word; but she, seeing him come, sprang forward. She fixed her eyes, not on his face, but on his uniform, his uniform of blue.

"Go away," she said, almost in a whisper, yet he caught every syllable as it fell, "go away, and never come here again. You have killed him — as you would kill all that we love! Do not come here again while you live."

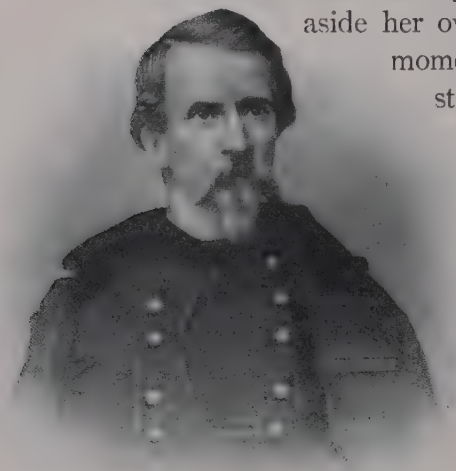
He bowed and went. To the colonel he spoke briefly; and presently the column stole quietly off in the deep dusk. Frederick. hesitating,

The Battlefield at Bull Run Looking toward Thoroughfare Gap

torn between two forces, at last turned and went back. Past the girl he went, and into the house. He found Eleanor where he had left her, on the floor by the sofa.

"Your daughter bids me go; she says I must never come again," he said.

Eleanor raised her eyes and regarded him; she laid aside her own grief for a moment to give a moment to his. Perhaps she understood, perhaps not.



PHILIP KEARNEY

"It may be better so," she said. "We can manage alone. Good bye!"

At the door he met Rosalind; she swept by him without a backward glance. One instant he stood in the doorway, and all his heart was in his eyes. He saw the slender figure kneel by her mother's side. The candle which still she carried seemed somehow to make an aureole around her head. So he left her.

It was a strange self that he bore with him for the weeks that followed. He did not seem to be a real person at all; rather was he an abstraction that bore his name, and performed his duties. He moved among the men as usual, and flung himself into the war business of the hour with his customary good will. But it was as though he had been through a long period of forgetfulness; when he tried to think back to the known and noted events of even the immediate past, they seemed to be separated from him by a veil of mist; they were afar off, unfamiliar. It could not be that it was but such a little time since he had come to Warrenton. In common with those who pass near the great

realities of life or death, the face of earth seemed changed. He was glad that there was prospect of vivid action ahead, and he flung himself into the campaign as a sort of test, to see whether there was in the world anything familiar at all.

They were wild days that followed, too. Jackson, at the height of his brilliance, sped through the country like a flame; he got around in the back of Pope, and burned his base at Manassas Junction; he foiled the attempt to cut him off; he foiled the attempt to leave him and turn on Lee; he forced the harassed Pope to give him battle at Manassas, almost on the same ground of his first great stand that gave him his nickname. Lee, following up the efforts of his great lieutenant, was no whit behind him in ingenuity and in address. Longstreet and Hill, eluding the Federals sent to capture or block them off, swarmed through Thoroughfare Gap as Jackson had done, came up behind that general's forces, and changed a battlefield from defeat to victory in an hour. Irresistibly, on the Union right, the doubled forces struck.

Fitz-John Porter, knowing more than his chief, knew

General Kearney at the Battle of Chantilly, Virginia

that Longstreet and Hill were against him and knew that it was suicidal for him to go forward; but Pope, understanding nothing, believing nothing of what he should have known and believed, forced Porter to make the attempt. For the delay of this general, he was subsequently court-martialed; but the fault was Pope's and Pope's alone. It is well that, many years later, Porter was exonerated, beyond any shadow of doubt, by no less an authority than Ulysses Simpson Grant.

Isaac Ingalls Stevens

It was too late to save the battle for the Federals, however; the right broke, and the battle of Bull Run was repeated, in all its terrible details. Right, center, and left, the Federals were swept from the field, and though their generals attempted heroically to stem the tide, the army fled. Back over the well-trodden fields they swept, and never stopped till, as on that other day, they reached the streets of Washington. Only this time there was no failure to pursue. The Confederates, following close, thought to finish their victory at Washington's gates; but they had counted without Philip Kearney. At Chantilly, during a furious thunderstorm, they came upon this great soldier, standing like a mountain; and against his unyielding columns the Southern advance broke itself in vain. Each side lost heavily, and among the Federal dead was General Isaac I. Stevens.

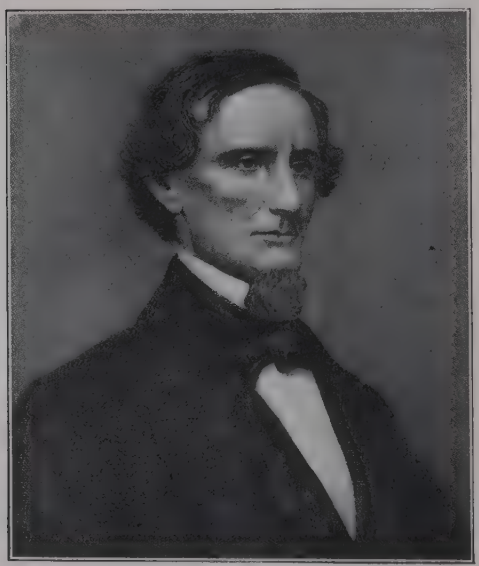
Kearney fell, too, but not until his work was done; and the army, falling backward, but now in no danger of pursuit, regained the shelter of the capital's defenses. Frederick, as he walked once more along the old familiar streets,

no longer found his sky obscured. He was his own man again; the defeat of the army, that touch of intimate reality, had restored him to himself; he was a little quieter, a little graver, that is all. And in his heart he knew that the love which he had held for seven years was that which would never go away. His lady had bidden him never to see her more; but in his heart he knew he could never see a face other than hers.

CHAPTER XIII

"LET THE NORTH BEWARE!"

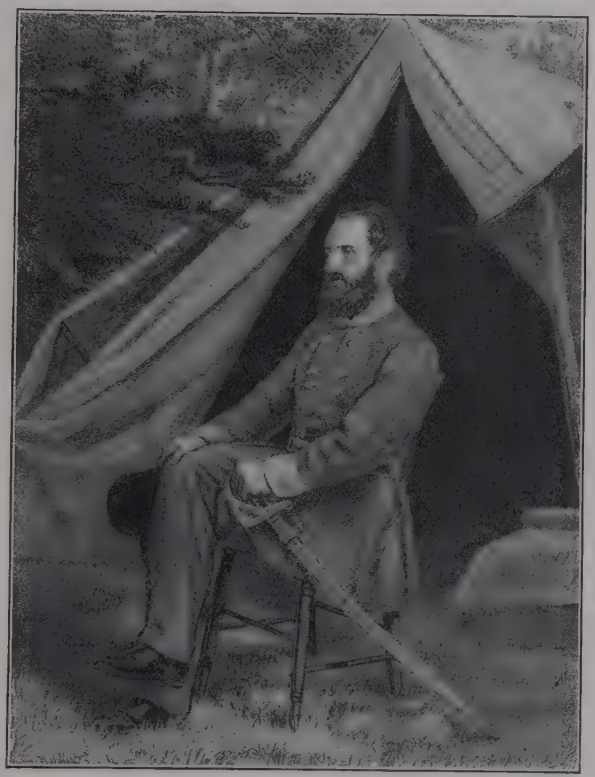
TO Oliver Stevens, convalescing impatiently at Ten Oaks, came tidings of a great event. Lee was about to invade the North! Flushed with his victories over the two proud generals and their two proud armies, he determined to carry the war into his enemy's land. He had good cause to feel contentment, had Lee: with his "right arm," Jackson, he had euchred McClellan, he had beaten armies more than twice his own strength, he had saved Richmond, he had sent Pope and his proclamations and his armies reeling back beaten into Washington, where they remained, leaderless and in wild confusion.



President Jefferson Davis

All this time, too, at the South had lain the hope that Maryland might be saved to the Secession. From the first, to Confederate eyes, her allegiance to the Union had been of the most doubtful nature, and President Davis, in concurring with Lee's proposed invasion of the border State, expressed his belief that with a triumphant Southern army in sight, the whole State would rise for the Confederacy.

So, all authorities being agreed, Lee made ready for the invasion. Calling Jackson to him, the two planned their campaign. Seated together on a fallen tree-trunk, the two captains laid the train for what was to follow. It is significant of the disrespect in which many victories caused them to hold the Federal generals, that the two men agreed almost at once upon a most daring programme. This was no other than to divide the Southern army, Lee and the main army to cross directly into Maryland, while Jackson turned aside to capture Harper's Ferry.



STONEWALL JACKSON (*From the painting by Nast*)

It was this news which, coming to Ten Oaks, drove Oliver Stevens into his saddle, though his wound had barely closed, and he was still weak. His mother, pleading with him with anguished heart, found her efforts vain. He must go to join his general. His wound was well; a week in camp would put him on his feet; all he wanted was a little open air exercise.

"Mother," he said, at last, when she had remained deaf to all his arguments, "do you not see that I must go?" No; she did not see it.

"I am as well as I shall ever be,— better than if I stay here fretting because I am not somewhere else. Mother, you must let me go, dear!"

They were brave women, those on both sides, in these days. At the last, because he said that he must go, and because the physician, while he shook a doubtful head, admitted that if the boy stayed home fretting it would perhaps be worse for him than if he went — at the last, she gave her unwilling consent.

"I shall be all right, mother mine," he said. "Like as not we shall not see any fighting; perhaps Maryland will rise to us; who knows?"

Eleanor shook her head sadly; her feeling truer than his hope.

"No," she said, "Maryland would have risen before now, if she were going to rise. Yet if General Lee and the President plan it, they may be right after all!"

Oliver sent word to the stable to have his horse made ready. He did not know how soon the invasion of the North was to begin, but he knew that it would not be long before the armies moved, the word having gone forth. To his mother and to Rosalind he bade farewell, in the golden morning light, next day. His mother wept and clung to him whispering over and over again that he must take care, must be careful, that he must promise to come home if he were wounded — a thousand sad entreaties. Loosening her arms, she let him go.

"Good bye!" he shouted cheerily from the gate; and from choked hearts the two women, standing very close for comfort, made answer as best they could.

"Good bye!" they called. It is doubtful if he heard.

The Battlefield of Antietam

With eyes that saw through tear-mist they watched him out of sight.

It was early September. Sturdily up the south bank of the Potomac went the army of invasion. At last the war was to be carried into the enemy's land. Oliver, having timed his journey from Ten Oaks with judgment, joined his command some miles above Leesburg. A little pale, but proudly erect, he rode into the line of marching men. Some of the troopers, old Jackson men, knew him and greeted him with a shout; and, cheered by the greeting, he rode on until he reached the general's own staff. Jackson himself was absent for the time being; but Dabney greeted him with open arms; and the other younger officers thronged around him jubilantly. They had been afraid he would never return, to their army or to any army. Oliver, falling into line happily with the rest, was glad that he had come. His wound, which had been paining him much, seemed now to lose its agony; he rode on by Dabney's side, weary but happy.

"What is the plan of the army now?" he asked his companion. Dabney, who had gone far, in both appearance and manner, from the preacher he had once been, answered him with unction. As far as known, the scheme was this:

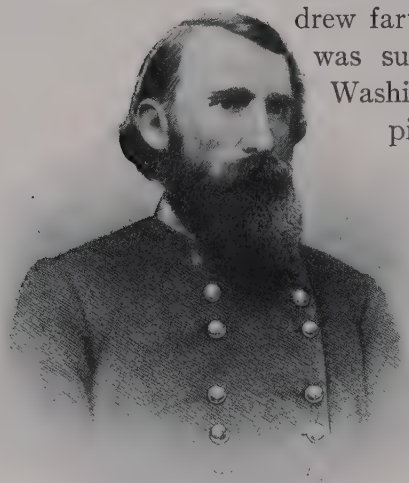
"We cross the Potomac at the first chance; and hang on northward till we get to Sharpsburg; there we cross back, and come up behind Harper's Ferry, to cut off the Federal retreat; meanwhile Walker and McLaws converge upon the city from south and east. We will have them like a rat in a trap; after which we cross again and join Uncle Robert at Fredericktown or thereabouts!"

"And what will the Federals be doing all this time?" asked Oliver.

"Well," smiled Dabney, "McClellan is back in command, so the chances are they won't be doing anything; or

if they do, it will be done too slow, or they will start it too late. We're safe enough on that score, my boy!"

On that very day, September 7, McClellan, with his reorganized army, was hastening northward to repel the advancing South. With all possible speed he rushed his army up the river; it seemed as though, for once, he were going to take time by the forelock. He was in doubt, however, about the enemy's purpose, and was forced to use caution, as he drew farther away from the two points he was supposed to protect, Baltimore and Washington. On the sixth day out, a great piece of luck fell from the skies upon him.



A. P. Hill

"General, here is a dispatch which one of my men found on the line of march," said an orderly, presenting McClellan with a piece of dirty and crumpled paper. Little Mac, sitting straight and soldierly on his horse, took it.

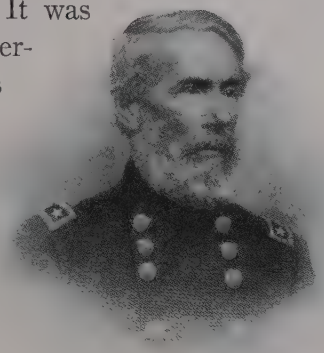
He read it with growing excitement; turned it over; and read it again.

"Do you know what this is?" demanded he of the messenger. "It is a letter to Hill from Lee himself, and it gives the plans of all their armies!"

The orderly, who had read it himself, and was discreet, said nothing.

"Where did you say this was found?" pursued McClellan. "It cannot be a trick, do you believe,— left to mislead us?" In his heart he knew better; the chance was too long a one! No, it must be a real dispatch. With the greatest eagerness he began to form his campaign according to this letter.

Knowing that now he had Lee's army cut in twain, his course seemed to be clear. He had only to send Franklin on to relieve Harper's Ferry; then, with the entire remainder of his army, he could fall on Longstreet and Hill, and crush the main wing of Lee's entire force. It was a glittering prospect; and if again the serpent of doubt had not entered McClellan's mind, the outcome might have been even as his hope of it. But alas! the besetting sin of this general was to betray him yet again. The manner of it was as follows:

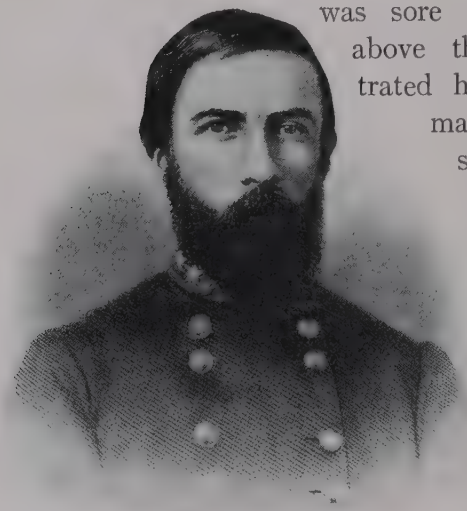


E. V. Sumner

If he were to cut off Longstreet and Hill, he must do it before they reached the passes in the Blue Ridge, for which they were making. There were two passes, Crampton's Gap, and Turner's Gap, and these two passes belonged to the first comer. Yet McClellan, before dispatching his pursuing forces, let them sleep on it one night, instead of pushing forward by forced marches.

This branch of the army, comprising the corps of Burnside, Sumner, and Hooker, marched, when the order was given, with exemplary speed. It was too late; the Confederates were already in possession of the passes; and now it became a question of fighting for their possession. Frederick Stevens, back once more under his old chief, Hooker, was among the first to go into action. The battle was of three hours' duration, and at the end of it, the Confederate forces retired; but they had gained half a day by this stay, and every hour to them now was of value; for every hour their scattered forces were getting closer and closer together, and McClellan's fine plan of annihilating them by sections was fading by the minute.

Meanwhile at Turner's Gap, to southward, Franklin, on his way to succor Harper's Ferry, was having the same experience. After a brisk engagement he too won his way through; but here also the delay was of priceless value to the Southerners. For now, the garrison of Harper's Ferry was sore beset. On Maryland Heights above the town McLaws had concentrated his men; and Miles, the commander of the Union garrison, seemed too stupid to defend his position. So close a thing was it, that, less than ten miles away, he could hear Franklin's cannon thundering in the pass; but he gave no heed to it, and, with relief almost within shouting distance, he surrendered the town, and his entire army. It was one of the most unnecessary as well as one of the most asinine performances of the war. But what was done, was done; and there was an end of it.



D. H. Hill

Jackson, descending hastily from the west, knowing how valuable time was at this juncture, rode into the captured city, with no intent to remain.

"Look at him," it is reported some of the Union prisoners said ruefully, as they regarded the silent, black-bearded man, rather ragged of uniform and unkempt in appearance,—"he ain't much to look at, is he? All the same, if we 'd had him for a leader, we should n't have been prisoners now!"

Jackson smiled, and nodded a grim appreciation. He had heard the sound of cannon to the north; and he knew that his presence was needed there. To A. P. Hill he left

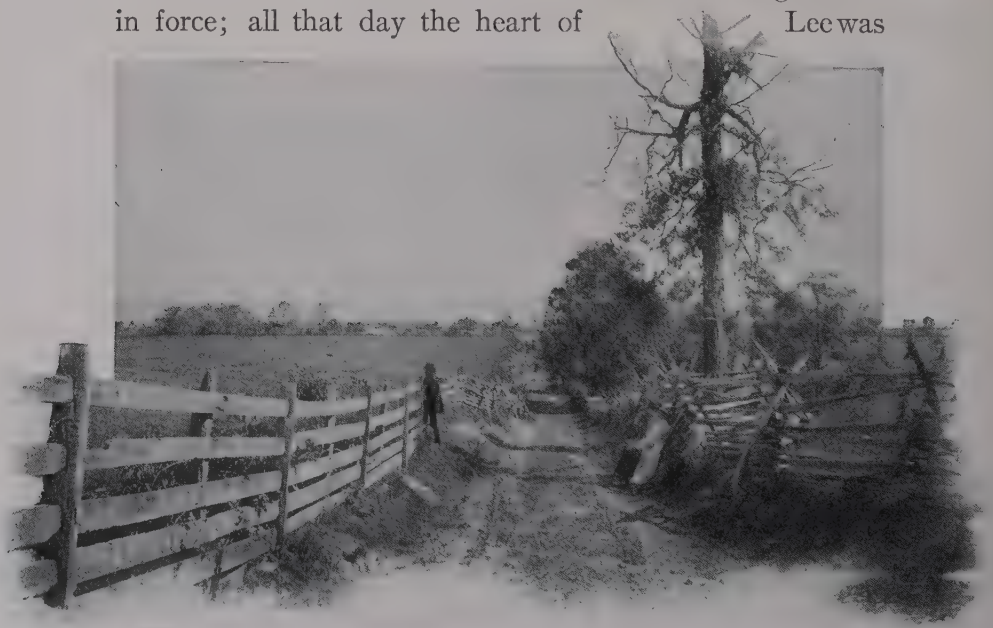
the task of finishing the capture, and of taking care of the prisoners and the greatly needed supplies; and, almost before the white flag was done waving, he hastened across the Potomac, and pushed forward to join Lee at Sharpsburg. It was now late in the afternoon of September 15, 1862.

Lee had not found his hopes realized, thus far in his invasion of Maryland. If he had thought that the sight of a victorious Southern army would raise the Marylanders to enthusiasm sufficient to pry them loose from the Union, that hope was dead. When he marched into Fredericktown, his long grey columns deep in dust, his army was a memorable, but hardly an alluring sight. His men, many of them, were almost unshod, they were clad in the ragged remnants of uniforms, they were footsore, dirty, and weary. Their drooping battle-flags, borne proudly enough aloft by the standard bearers, had no breeze to stir them into life. All the Marylanders who were drawn to the Southern cause had joined it long since; the rest were loyal to the Union; and not the sight of a thousand armies, bravest of the brave though they were, had power to change their loyalty. So one great object of the movement being lost, Lee was forced to turn his attention to nearer and more vital matters.

When, from the cannonading in the passes, he became aware that the Union forces were on his track, he began to wonder if perhaps he had not despised McClellan too deeply. Couriers, swift as the wind, were sent to Jackson, to Longstreet, and to Hill; and the assembling call went forth. Lee himself, at the village of Sharpsburg, prepared his battle line, and a strong and astute preparation it was. Before him flowed the little Antictam Creek, across whose narrow span no bridges now were left. His battle front lay in a long curve, from the Antictam on the right, west toward the Potomac above Sharpsburg on the left; and the hills whereon he lay formed a natural fortification. Hour by

hour his men were coming up. Longstreet's troops were already in line; D. H. Hill's approaching, close at hand; and Jackson himself, the invincible, coming as fast as human endurance would allow, was on the road. Lee was well content.

On the other side, across Antietam Creek, were doubt and indecision. Hooker was there and Sumner; and Franklin had come up; there was still time, if only the attack could be made at once, to crush Longstreet before the other generals could arrive. But McClellan had given orders to wait for him; and there was no one to arrange the attack. Hooker, to Frederick's fearful delight, offered to lead the charge himself, but Sumner dissuaded him; and Sumner was right, technically, for the orders were to wait. So the long afternoon was spent by the Federals in arranging their forces and in searching for means to cross the creek, when the time for crossing should come. All that day the armies drew in; all that hot afternoon the Federal forces gathered in force; all that day the heart of Lee was



Looking down the Bloody Lane, Antietam, Maryland

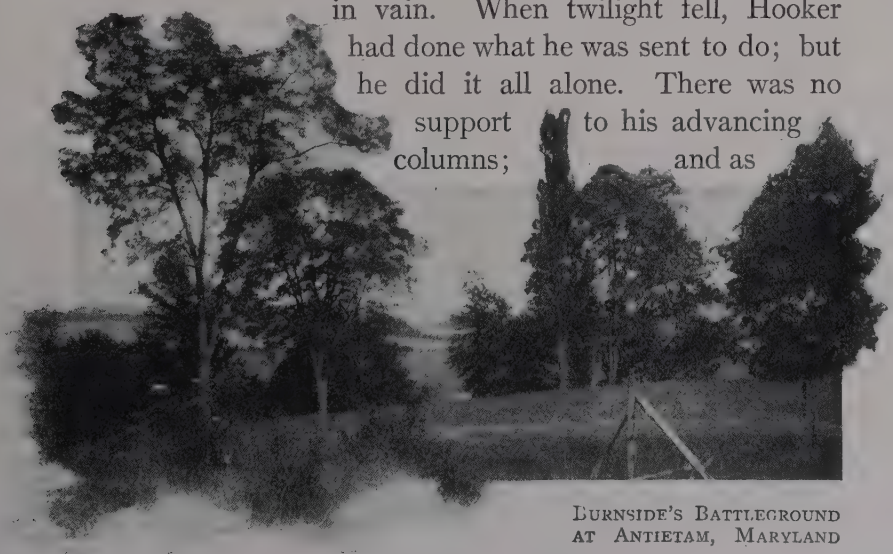
gladdened by the sight of his swelling columns. When, late in the afternoon, McClellan finally came up, it was too late to do anything but wait for the morrow.

At noon of September 16 the attack began. Briefly, McClellan's plan of battle was to turn the Confederate right and left by two separate flank movements, and follow up whichever seemed most successful with the direct onset of his center. It was a good plan; but it was put into execution too late.

Hooker, riding out in front of his men on his big grey horse, pointed his sword at the enemy, with a cheery shout of command. Frederick, seeing and hearing, felt that here indeed was a leader worth the following.

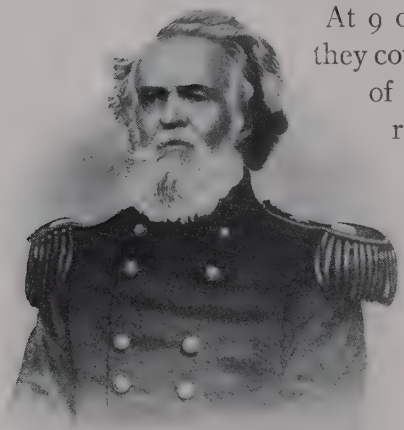
"Boys, there they are!" he cried. "There 's Hood; up and at 'em!"

The boys went. They struggled through the trees, over or through the shallow waters of the creek, and they went at Hood tooth and nail. The fighting was close and dark; it was impossible to see far ahead, and the heavy foliage already put the battlefield half in gloom. Back slowly the Southerners were driven, resisting doggedly, but in vain. When twilight fell, Hooker had done what he was sent to do; but he did it all alone. There was no support to his advancing columns; and as



BURNSIDE'S BATTLEGROUND AT ANTIETAM, MARYLAND

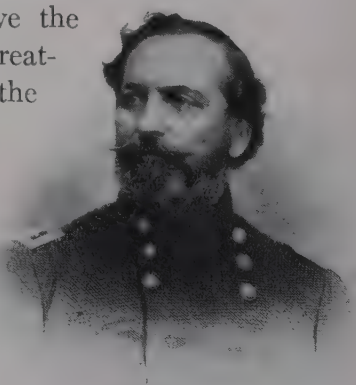
darkness descended on the field, the battle rested. McClellan's last hope of a sweeping victory was gone; he had been too slow, and the chance was thrown away!



J. K. Mansfield

At 9 o'clock that night, marching as though they could so march forever, the first troopers of Jackson appeared at the Confederate rear. Set-faced, inflexible, invincible, they filed in and took their places. Now let happen what would, Lee was ready! He put his arm on his faithful general's shoulder, and thanked God that Jackson was come.

The battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, as Federal accounts have it, began at break of day, September 17. It began with a magnificent attack by Hooker on the enemy's left wing. At the same time the order went forth to the other wing, under Burnside, to make his attack as swiftly as might be. On the side, where Hooker led, the Union soldiers advanced with stubborn courage; up the sloping height they went, and struck the Confederate line tremendously. Lee, to whom all things were clear as crystal, saw at once that something was wrong with Burnside. His left, yielding to Hooker, was in imminent danger; there was not a moment to spare; and he, cool and wary, gave the orders to mass men heavily on the threatened left; the center moved over; the right, where no battle was, moved over to the center and in this new alignment the fighting went on. Against the strengthened Confederate wing, Hooker and his columns broke themselves in vain. Mansfield fell; Hooker him-

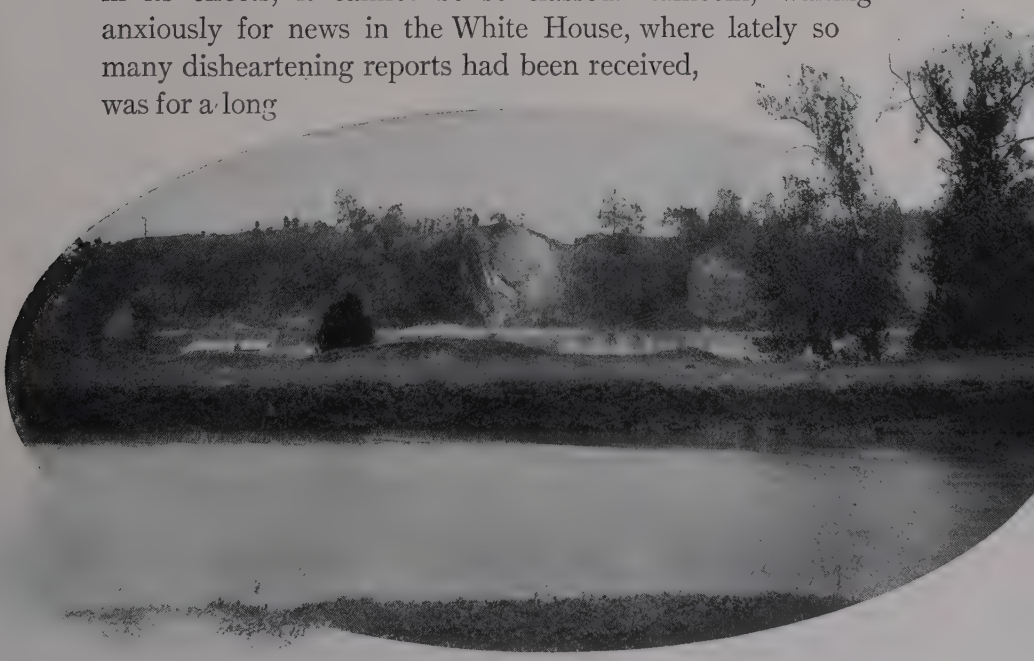


John Sedgwick

self was wounded, as was also Meagher, the gallant Irishman, and Sedgwick; now Hooker himself needed support, and the Federal center, in its turn, had to be weakened to save him. It was bitterly hard fighting, thrown away. At last, gingerly on the Confederate right, Burnside and his men made their dilatory advance.

Had it been made only half an hour earlier, there would have been no force to oppose it; now, Hill was come, was here from Harper's Ferry, and Burnside might do what he would. The plan of McClellan was ruined by the failure of Burnside to attack; and the battle might end itself the best way it could. Night fell on a battlefield still thick with the smoke of contending armies.

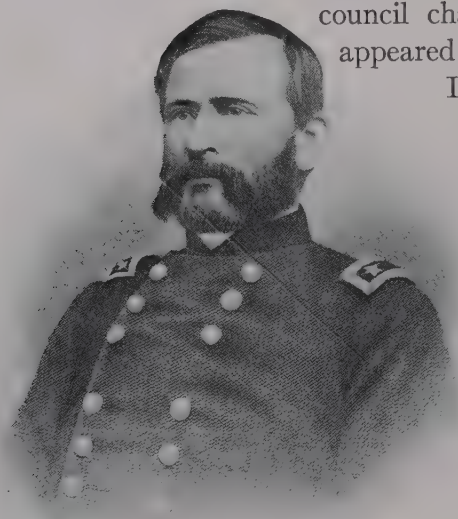
Two days later Lee withdrew from his position, and recrossed the Potomac into Virginia; his brief invasion of Maryland was over, for the time at least. The battle of Sharpsburg was to all intents and purposes a Federal victory; true, it had many of the earmarks of a drawn battle; but in its effects, it cannot be so classed. Lincoln, waiting anxiously for news in the White House, where lately so many disheartening reports had been received, was for a long



ANTIETAM CREEK, SHOWING THE BLUFF NEAR SHARPSBURG WHERE THE PHILADELPHIA CORN EXCHANGE REGIMENT WAS DESTROYED

time in doubt whether McClellan had gained a victory or not. As the news came, however, of the withdrawal of Lee into his native State, Lincoln made up his mind that his slow general had, however doubtfully, succeeded.

September 19 Lee retreated; September 21 there was a memorable meeting of the cabinet in the White House council chamber; on the next day there appeared over the signature of Abraham Lincoln the first monitory proclamation of emancipation to all slaves within the borders of the seceded States.



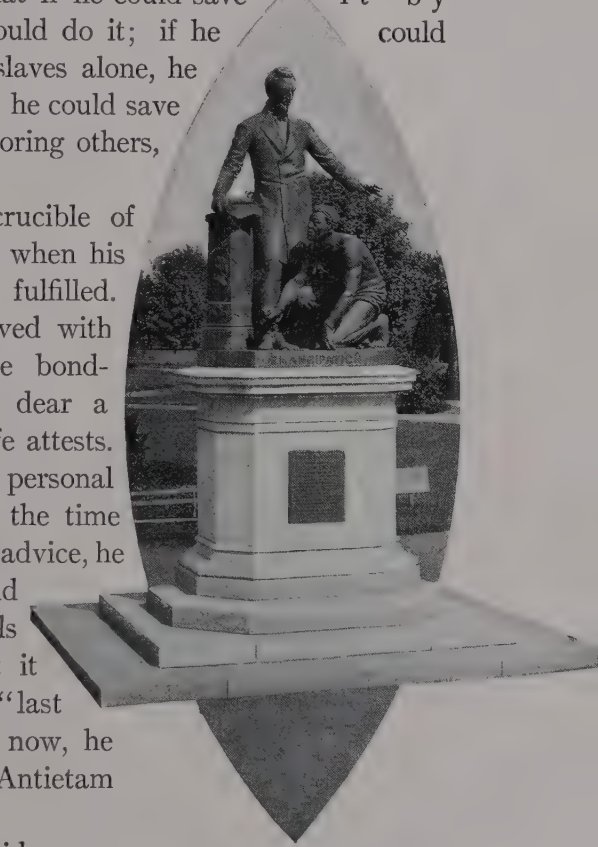
W. B. Franklin

"I made a vow to my God," said Lincoln, "that if Lee were driven back from Maryland, I would issue this proclamation, and not delay it longer!"

Looking back at the history of emancipation after this lapse of years, it is hard to say which seems in Lincoln the more wonderful, the skill with which he steered the public mind up to the point which it must reach to make his great proclamation ratified by the heart of the people, or the patience and the self-forgetfulness wherewith he waited for that hour to come. He knew — no one better — of the storm of abuse and revilings that would greet the measure; he knew how the enemies of the administration would receive it; that the South would regard it as a breach of faith, after his inaugural speech. Yet, knowing all these things, he chose his hour, and gave his proclamation to the world. All along he had said that the purpose of the administration was not the

freeing of the slaves, it was the saving of the Union. He clung inexorably, in spite of all efforts to make him desist, to the pledge he had made: to wit, that he would try to save the Union, that only; that if he could save it by freeing the slaves, he would do it; if he could save it by letting the slaves alone, he would let them alone; if he could save it by freeing some and ignoring others, he would also do that!

Now, in the slow crucible of time, the hour had come when his great hope could be fulfilled. From the first, he had lived with the dream of freeing the bondmen of the South; how dear a hope it was his whole life attests. Yet he had restrained his personal feeling, until he believed the time was ripe. On Stanton's advice, he had waited till he could issue his paper on the heels of a Union victory, lest it might be regarded as the "last shriek of defeat." But now, he need wait no longer. Antietam had paved the way.



THE LINCOLN EMANCIPATION STATUE AT WASHINGTON

It was, as has been said, merely the preliminary proclamation which was issued at this time. It was monitory in form, stating "that, on the first day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State which should then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free!" Further, "that the Executive will on the first day of January aforesaid, designate the

States or parts of States in which the people thereof are in rebellion against the United States."

On January 1, 1863, then, the final Proclamation would go forth; and the echo of it would reach to the four corners of the globe. Before the final dramatic moment of the signing of this, perhaps the greatest State paper in the history of this country, or of any country, there would be raving of wild tongues against the sky. Let them rave; the man who set them stirring had found his inspiration in a Soul greater than theirs, and was content to leave the issue there.

The Battle of Antietam, Maryland

CHAPTER XIV

THE EYES OF THE SECRET SERVICE

MR. WALKER was engaged in reading a dispatch from one of his men who had contrived to get the paper through before he himself was captured. Mr. Walker frowned heavily as he read, because Jenks was one of his best servants, and now that he had been taken in the act of abstracting Federal dispatches, he would unquestionably be shot, and that would compel Mr. Walker to find a new man to take his place. This was none too easy; good men were scarce.

AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE

He called the orderly from outside his tent. The man entered at once.

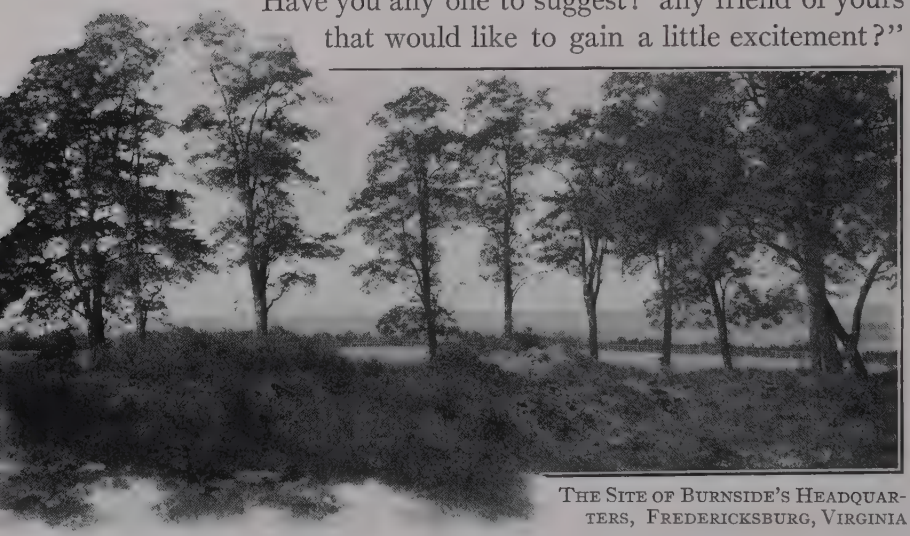
"Send Stevens to me if you can find him," demanded Walker shortly.

"Yes, sir; I know where he can be found!" The man touched his cap, and withdrew. A few moments later Norbert quietly entered his superior's presence. Walker, engrossed with his reading, for a moment did not look up.

"What 's all this about Jenks being captured?" he suddenly demanded.

"That is all I know about it, that he is captured," retorted Norbert; "and that he will undoubtedly be executed at sunrise to-morrow. They make short work, these days, of gentlemen about a gentleman's business, if they catch them at it. Jenks was a good man, but clumsy; that is all!"

"Where will I replace him, that is what I want to know! Have you any one to suggest? any friend of yours that would like to gain a little excitement?"



THE SITE OF BURNSIDE'S HEADQUARTERS, FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

"I remember the game," sneered Norbert; "I remember when you put the thing up to me; I wish I'd seen you further before ever I listened to you!"

"Oh, come now, what has got into you? This is a new sensation — to hear you objecting to your work — you who have pulled off some things that I would not have believed possible for any one not gifted with invisibility!"

"Enough of that," said Norbert shortly. "I can get tired of running into danger for no reward, can't I? What is there in it for me; tell me that!"

"Five hundred a month, for one thing," said Walker slowly, eying Norbert curiously through half-shut eyes.

"Well, and what use is that? With this damned blockade shutting up all our ports, what can you buy with your miserable five hundred when you get it? And every day your greasy yellowbacks buy less than the day before!"

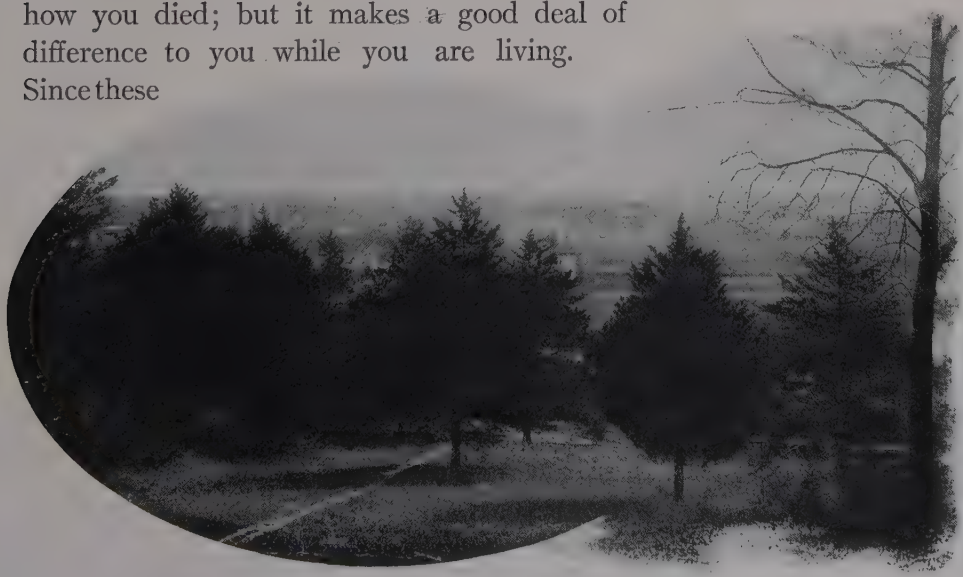
"See here, Stevens," said Walker crisply; "do you want to quit? Is that it? Speak out, and quick, too; I have n't time to listen to drivel about what money will buy. What do I care what money will buy, in Heaven's name?"

Norbert rose and paced back and forth in silence for a moment.

"I don't know what I want to do," he said at last. "Sometimes I wish I 'd never gone into this thing; other times I think I was made for it. This spying business is dirty business, any way you look at it, that I swear!"

"Not so; one way at least of looking at it makes it the most worthy service a man can offer to the cause he supports. Does he not risk his life as often as those who go into battle — and risk a death stripped of all that is supposed to remove death's sting? It should be the finest of service!"

"When you 're dead, I reckon it does n't much matter how you died; but it makes a good deal of difference to you while you are living. Since these



FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA, FROM THE MARYE HOUSE

dam' Yanks have got so keen, it is as much as your life is worth, these days!"

"Well, a little hazard makes life worth living. Tell me, do you think you can find out what our new Yankee boss is going to start off with?"

Norbert looked at him a moment. "You offer me the chance to do so?"

Walker, before answering, laughed. "Did you hear what Uncle Robert said when they took out McClellan and put in this man Burnside in his place?"

"No," replied Norbert. "What did he say about it?"

"He said, did Uncle Robert,"— and even Walker's voice unconsciously softened when he spoke the familiar name — "he said: 'I 'm sorry they have taken away McClellan! We understood each other so well! I 'm afraid if they keep on changing they may hit on some one I shan't understand at all!' But I do not imagine he is going to have much trouble in understanding Burnside!"

"What do you wish me to do?" Norbert broke in. "Tell me, and have it over."

"I want to know the direction of the Federal movement. I understand that old Halleck is this minute at Warrenton with his new general, and they are framing their plans for their old dream, 'On to Richmond!' I want to know which way they are going to try this time. That is all, Mr. Stevens."

"It 's enough," said Norbert briefly. "But I 'll try it, I reckon!"

That night, in his uniform of a private in the Union army, he contrived to enter the Federal lines, and moved toward the headquarters of Burnside.

Ambrose E. Burnside was a man of fine presence, a good soldier, an honorable gentleman; he had made a good name for himself thus far in the war, and his slowness at Sharps-

Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, Virginia

burg was the only blemish on his military career. The President, after McClellan's failure to follow up his advantage at Antietam, and after being told that McClellan could not move without further reinforcements, though he then outnumbered his enemy by nearly two to one,— had chosen Burnside to be Little Mac's successor; and Burnside, though he frankly considered himself unequal to the task, had at last reluctantly consented.

It was a magnificent army that was given over to his care; as it stood under his reorganization of it, there were three grand divisions, each consisting of two corps; and these were under the command of three gallant and capable commanders, Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin. If the campaign were to be anything but a success, it was not to be the army's fault, nor the fault of these men. Burnside, picking up first one plan and then another, fumed and fretted in his tent at Warrenton. Halleck, on his way back to Washington, shook his head in doubt. He would carry Burnside's plan to the President, but he had not much faith in it. The President, however, agreed to the scheme, "If only Burnside would move at once — otherwise not."

In Hooker's camp Frederick Stevens, now advanced to the rank of captain, was ensconced with his men immediately back of his general's staff quarters. Burnside's tent was near by, and the two generals, with the two other corps commanders, were busy arranging details for the movement to be begun when the President's sanction was received. Frederick, looking back on the long months behind him since that first day when he went into the battle at Bull Run, thought with a smile how far he had traveled in a year and a half. So long ago it seemed, it was hardly possible that so short a time only had passed. Now, encamped as he was at Warrenton within sight of the eminence of Ten Oaks, he had time to brood on other changes as well. He won-

dered if Rosalind had forgiven him, or ever would forgive him, his part — which had not really been a part at all — in her great-uncle's death. With a little shudder he recalled the cold light in her eyes as she had said, "Do not ever come again!"

Nevertheless he found himself wishing he were at Ten

WHERE GENERAL SUMNER CROSSED THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Oaks that minute. Unconsciously his eyes turned in that direction. As the days swung round to twilight, which came early now in this clear November weather, he could not but think of the last time he had come up that hill; he thought of how the old major had tottered before he fell — and closed his eyes that he might not see the anguish on the staring faces of the women. Well, he could not see Rosalind again, perhaps, but he could at least hold her in his heart, whence she had never been absent in all the seven years.

In the days when he was at Warrenton he fell into the way of walking at sunset to a little hill from which he fancied

he could see Ten Oaks itself. Here for a few moments he would remain, dreaming; it seemed sweet to him to steal thus a few minutes of each day for something other than war and its traffic; and he came back to his work with renewed courage and kindliness.

November was late for armies to be in the field, but the

WHERE GENERAL FRANKLIN CROSSED THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

cold held off well, and Burnside was anxious to make some decisive movement before winter came.

Frederick, coming back to his company one evening as the sun dropped low behind the far Blue Ridge range, felt the shiver of coming frost. He walked briskly along, to keep warm, and lost no time in returning, thinking to himself that fires would feel good that night. As he drew near his quarters the sentry, to his surprise, addressed him.

"Beg pardon, captain," he said, "but there is a man snooping around the general's tent. I saw him first this afternoon; and he 's none of our corps, that I 'll swear. That 's him now, sir, walking along by that hedge."

Frederick thanked the man with a nod, and walked on; he would keep an eye on the stranger. In pursuance of this idea he slackened his pace a bit, keeping close himself to the rough and now leafless hedge. The object of his scrutiny was acting in a strange fashion, and Frederick watched him now with quickened interest. Suddenly the man turned, and seemed to catch sight of Frederick's following figure; for all at once he dodged in behind a tree, and disappeared. Determined not to lose him, Frederick followed; he too leapt through the hedge, and ran along the farther side at full speed.

Farther off he could hear the tramp of men approaching. The stranger, evidently finding his retreat cut off, turned back the way that he had come. Frederick, coming at full speed, almost ran into the crouching figure. The man gave an exclamation of anger, and rose to his full height.

"What are you trying to do?" he began angrily; his eyes, lit with an angry light, shone in the twilight as he looked into Frederick's face. Then, suddenly, quick as thought, he turned to run. He was not quick enough.

"Here, that will do," called Frederick, and caught him by the arm.

In spite of the man's struggles, he turned him around by main force; and then, as he caught sight of the distorted visage, he loosed his hold with a gasp of amazement. The man thus released made no effort to escape, but stood impudently regarding his captor, a sneering smile upon his face.

"Well, little brother," he said, "you seem to be so fond of your old frater that you run hard to have a look at him. You flatter me!"

He bowed ironically. Frederick, collecting his startled wits, looked him straight in the eye. "What are you doing here?" he asked, determinedly.

"What should I be doing, but hunting for my dear little brother?"

"But here? and in this uniform? Are you then in the Federal army?"

"Was I ever in any other?" demanded Norbert pointedly. He felt sure that Frederick had not known of his brief military career in the Confederate ranks; while of his subsequent employment, no one but Walker and himself were aware. Frederick, struck by the plausibility of the retort, was given pause for a moment.

"No," he said doubtfully, "but I thought from the way you talked —"

"Oh, bother the way I talked! Cannot a man talk a little now and then? Of course I am fighting for my country, and having heard that my little brother had achieved great distinction, I thought I would come and congratulate him!"

The two were all alone; and somehow, as Frederick listened, it became clear that Norbert was lying. He closed his hands, and strove to think.

General Sumner's Headquarters, Fredericksburg, Virginia

"Further than that, when I get through admiring you, I have another call to pay in this vicinity, before we leave for Richmond in a day or two."

Frederick ignored the Richmond reference. All too well he knew what call his brother meant. He must have time to think this thing out; he must have time! Following out this thought, he took Norbert by the arm, intimately.

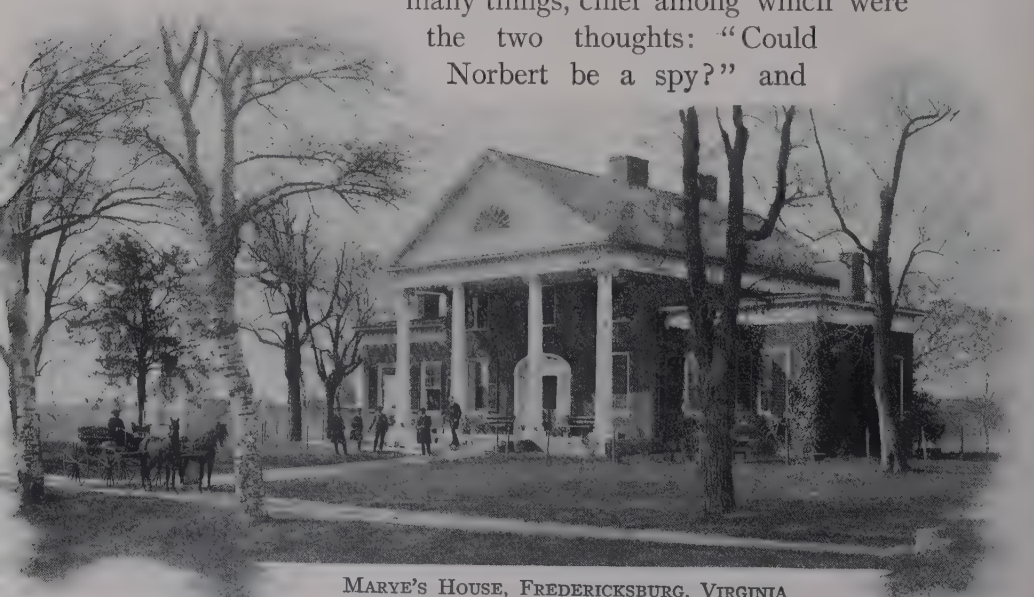
"Come to my tent," he said; "we must talk. Have you news from home?"

"None very recent," said Norbert curtly; "and I can't come to your tent; I came here to deliver a letter as well as to see you; and my letter is delivered, and I have seen you; and I must say good bye. We 'll meet again!"

He tried to wrench himself free; but for one moment Frederick held fast.

"Where are you going now?" he cried. And Norbert laughed, acidly.

"I 'm going to Ten Oaks to make my call on some one who will be glad to see me!" He jerked himself loose, and darted off into the gathering dusk. Frederick let him go; but at a late hour that night he was still awake, pondering many things, chief among which were the two thoughts: "Could Norbert be a spy?" and



MARYE'S HOUSE, FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

the other, and the one which held him longest, "Would Rosalind care for Norbert if she should see him now?" Between them, they ate up the night.

Norbert, meanwhile, still cursing his luck in meeting Frederick, was making the best of his way back to the Confederate lines. He had learned what he wished most to know, namely, that Burnside proposed to advance on Richmond by way of Fredericksburg. But his mind was not on that now; he would tell that to Walker, and that would end it! Then, why not? Why shouldn't he go to Ten Oaks? There it was, within an hour's ride, waiting for him!

His mind was made up. Long before he reached his lines, he had determined to go; and he flung his report on Walker's table with a contemptuous air, as though the thing had ceased to interest him; as indeed it had.

"Where are you off to now, in such a hurry?" Walker asked of him.

"I 'll be back to-morrow," Norbert flung out; and turned on his heel. An hour after sunrise this was; and he went to his tent and slept till noon. At 3 in the afternoon, mounting the best horse he could find, he started on the westward road. His thoughts were not so pleasant as he rode along; how was he to account for his time since the war began? He could not speak of the work that held him now! Never mind, he would trust to the moment's inspiration. As he drew within sight of Ten Oaks hill, he could see that the old house was still there. He quickened his horse's pace; he was getting impatient as the hour approached when he should see her again. He wished his mount were other than a decrepit army nag; but that could not be helped. Maybe it would aid his cause with her if he appeared to share the privations of the South.

He neared the gate. No one was in sight about the yard. He stopped, and called repeatedly at the top of his voice.

"Ho, the gate!" his voice rang out; and presently an old darky, no other than old George, ambled slowly down, and let aside the bars for him to enter.

"Don't you remember me, Geawge?" asked Norbert. Nobody who had ever seen the old servant could ever forget him. George muttered a non-committal, "Yes."

"Is your master at home, and the ladies?" asked Norbert next.

"Ol' mars' dead; killed by de Yanks! De ladies am here," said George.

A moment later Norbert dismounted at the door of the house. He waited on the veranda till George announced his arrival; in another minute he was bowing low over Eleanor's hand, and assuring her that he was her devoted slave.

Rosalind came downstairs and stood in the doorway; it seemed to him she trembled, and perhaps she did; but it was not with pleasure. In her heart she felt a pang; and her fingers were icy cold when Norbert touched them. For it was not thus that her memories of him were. Presently, when Eleanor left them alone on the veranda, they fell into talk, just as in the old days. But now, somehow, the words that he had thought to say did not come to his lips. She had changed greatly, yet all for the better. She was fairer than ever; and the little half-mourning bow that she wore seemed to make her hair only the more glorious. Norbert, knowing what he knew, was sober, ill at ease; it was not till his time was nearly gone that he regained a tithe of his old ardor. Then indeed he did endeavor to awaken a renewal of the old feeling that he knew she had had for him; but even as he made the effort, he saw it to be vain. Rosalind now was much more grave than the young girl he had wooed so ardently when both of them were younger. She had been close to real things, in these difficult times; death had come

near, and she had lost some of her airy fancyings beneath his shadow. She now had a mind within her instinct; when Norbert had wooed before, her mind had been one thing, her feelings another.

As she looked at him now, she found herself thinking over and over, "What is it that he has done, that he cannot meet one's eyes?" Yet she felt a stir of the old attraction for him; his abandon of manner and ardency of speech were of the sort that her sex has been touched by, time out of mind. When, under the shadow of the protecting twilight, he spoke softly in her ear, striking again old chords that had been dear, something within her thrilled at the sound. Norbert, seeing his advantage, threw all the fervor of his soul into his pleas. He saw that the long ago was more to her than the present; that she thought of him as he had been more kindly than of him as he was; and he made every effort to persuade her that the old days were the real ones, and that he could bring them back, if she would only give him leave.

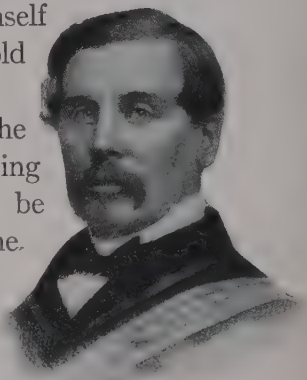
THE OLD SISSON BUILDING AS IT WAS JUST AFTER THE WAR: THE MARYE HOUSE IS ON THE HILL TO THE LEFT.

Over the beautiful hillside the dusk was coming; and the air grew cool. Rosalind shivered a little, and Norbert rose, in sharp self-reproach.

"I have kept you out here, and you are cold."

"It is nothing," she told him gravely. "I am glad to have stayed."

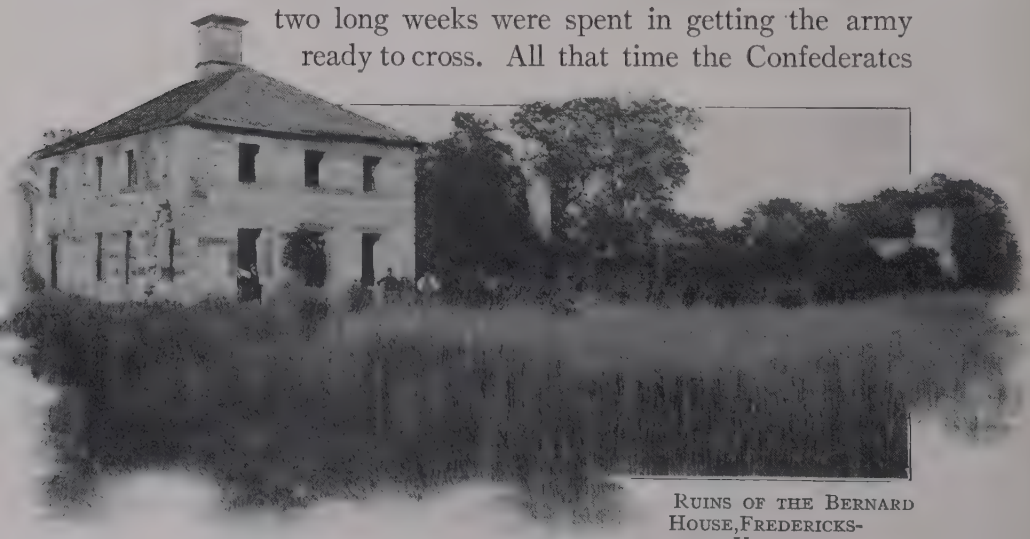
He did not understand her; it would have been better if he had. But he thought that his cause was gaining, and that perhaps he had better leave it for the time. He could come again; and at least he could flatter himself that he had set her thinking, remembering old days— and that was a gain.



Thomas F. Meagher

At parting, he took her hand gently. The abruptness was gone from his manner; something in her face warned him that she was not to be taken by storm, now; the time for that had gone. He pressed his lips to her fingers; and she watched him, impersonally, as though she were far away.

Back in the Federal camp, Frederick, getting his men hastily into line, had all else driven from his mind. Orders had gone forth that the line of attack was to be shifted to Fredericksburg, and the army was to march at once. At Fredericksburg it was to cross the Rappahannock on pontoons, to be ready for its use, and proceed at once to Richmond. But alas, the pontoons did not materialize, and two long weeks were spent in getting the army ready to cross. All that time the Confederates



Ruins of the Bernard House, Fredericksburg, Virginia

were gathering their forces. On the heights just back of the town Lee's main battle line was ranged, the strong point of his defense being the eminence which he held, the crucial point of which, known as Marye's Heights, was crowned by a long stone wall, four feet in height, forming an impregnable fortification.

Back of this wall, serene and content, Lee watched the preparations of Burnside for crossing the river. When, on December 11, the pontoons were finally ready, Lee, save for a little sharpshooters' firing, made no effort to prevent the crossing. By evening practically the whole Union army had been drawn up ready for the attack; and Lee, looking down upon the massing soldiery and again at his own lean columns, waited without a tremor for the dawn.

To Burnside, hesitant and undecided even now, in the very face of the enemy, came Franklin, leader of the left, asking to be allowed to make an assault along his whole front. This Burnside grudgingly granted, and adopted this movement into his scheme for the battle, which appears to have been hazy enough, even with that to start on. As far as can be learned, Franklin was to make his attack; then, when the enemy's attention was diverted there, Sumner was to storm the height's of Marye's Hill. These taken, the rest would be easy. Sweet it was, and simple; and it may have seemed to Burnside that it promised success. But for one trifling consideration, it might have proved all that he hoped for it; that consideration, however, was a most vital obstacle, to wit, that Marye's Heights could not be taken by any human soldiery.

As the morning fog rolled slowly off over the fields, and the fields of battle drifted into sight through the raveled fringes of the mist, the sight from the heights was indescribably grand. The Confederates looked down upon an ordered concourse of foes, whose long lines stretched out in

faultless and beautiful array. The glorious battle-flags, torn with the traffic of many fields, lifted themselves above the ranks of the marching men; the inspiring sound of the war-hymn came from regimental bands; and Franklin, having at last received the order for which he waited, dispatched Meade and his division against the Confederate right. The battle was joined.

Eighty feet in the air, resting upon its stone-crowned fortress, the Condederate flag surmounted Marye's Heights. Before it slanted the hill's steep slope, then came fields, dotted with fences, trees, roads, the latter leading to the town, whence now, under the most insane orders ever given on a field of battle, Sumner sent his men forward to capture Marye's Heights. Even had Franklin been successful in turning the enemy's flank — which he was not — no force in all the world could have stormed the impregnable slope that led up to that stone wall. On, on, tremendously, facing the hell of lead without a tremor of dismay, came Sumner and his men. Here rushed Hancock, here Sumner himself, white-haired and venerable, knowing the impossibility of what he was striving to do; here, cheering his men forward to death with all the fervor of his Irish soul, was Meagher, at the head of his Irish brigade!

The Sunken Road at Foot of Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, Virginia

On they went, up, up, across the fields, over the sunken ditch, through the fields, up to the very summit of the heights. Death swept over that slope like a devouring flood. Sheltered safe and cool behind their four-foot wall, the men of Cobb and Kershaw rested their rifles upon the stony rest,

THE ATTACK ON FREDERICKSBURG (*From the painting by Chappell*)

and fired, and fired again, untiring and unceasing. The heights was one white line of smoke and flame. Back reeled the beaten columns; no soldiers could stand that fire. Back they went; Sumner, his white hair streaming back from his face, led them again to the charge. Half of Hancock's men were gone; their bodies strewed the ground, terrible blue blotches on the yellow earth. Again the men went forward, in that hail of lead; again they came back, shattered and broken and torn,—came back, save that they left their fallen thousands behind them. The third time they went forth; the third time they retired.

Burnside, now gone thoroughly mad, ordered Hooker forward to support the charge. Hooker, as brave as any

man alive, could not see that this was aught but murder. With bitter tears in his eyes, he protested in strong terms with his commander.

"It is impossible to take that height! One hundred thousand men could not take it. You are murdering the men to ask them to go forward!"

"You are to obey orders, General Hooker. I order you to take that hill!"

Hooker saluted. He rode out in front of his men, looking at them sadly.

"There are the heights!" he cried, clarion-tongued. "Take them!"

Over the field they swept. Hide your diminished heads, ye Six Hundred of Balaklava, long hailed as the symbols of hopeless valor! Your task was not so hopeless as this; and these men went forward not once, but six times. Six times, in the teeth of that withering fire, they rushed into the jaws of death; six times, their shattered lines were flung back upon themselves.

THE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Night, mercifully coming to close this December day, shut out the sight of the shambles before that hill. Over the river, in the camp of his beaten army, Burnside, the slayer of 10,000 men, moaned over and over:

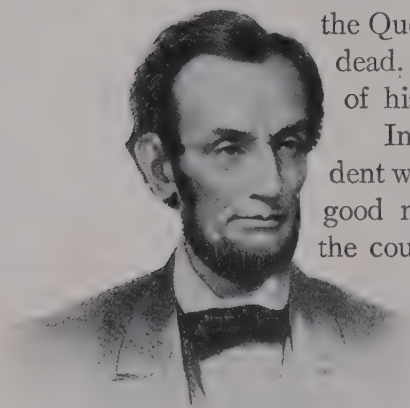
"Those men upon the ground! Those men, those men, those men!"

Lee, standing on his heights, magnificent above the stricken field, laid his hand on Longstreet's shoulder. "Oh, well for us that war is so terrible," he said with sad elation, "else we should love it too well!"

CHAPTER XV

EMANCIPATION

TEN o'clock on the evening of December 31, 1862. Somewhere in the incunabulum of time the New Year lay awaiting birth. Outside, in the dark, and with none to call it friend, the old year was fading into death. Out in the broad Atlantic, somewhere between Labrador and the Queenstown light, the old year was already dead. In Washington he had two hours left of his span.



In the White House Lincoln the President was bidding the members of his cabinet good night. One by one they filed out of the council chamber.

"Don't work too late, Mr. President," said Welles, as he took his leave.

"I won't," came the response. "But I have a little writing to do first!"

Ten minutes later his pen moved over the paper in even lines, and the final draft of the Emancipation Proclamation was set down in black on white. The promise that he had made, the thing he had sworn when Antietam was done, was now to come to pass. The thing for which he was probably put into the world — or one of the two things — was ready now; it lacked only his signature to complete it. The other end he sought, he might or might not attain,—the saving of the Union. This at least was done: the slaves were free—when on the morrow he should sign his name to his life's document.

LINCOLN (*From Carpenter's portrait*)

All New Year's morning and well into the afternoon the White House was filled with callers. The official reception of the season was being held; and the President was kept busy greeting friends, acquaintances, opponents, enemies — all who came. He stood to his task bravely, but 3 o'clock was long in coming.

The rush over, he sought the quiet of the executive chamber. He took from the drawer the manuscript of the Proclamation, laying it unfolded upon the table in front of him. From a pen rack he took a short steel pen.

"Seward," he said, half quizzically, turning to his secretary of state, "if I am to be remembered in history at all, it will probably be in connection with this piece of paper!" Seward made no response, and Lincoln sat down in the chair before the table. It could be seen that his hand was shaking.

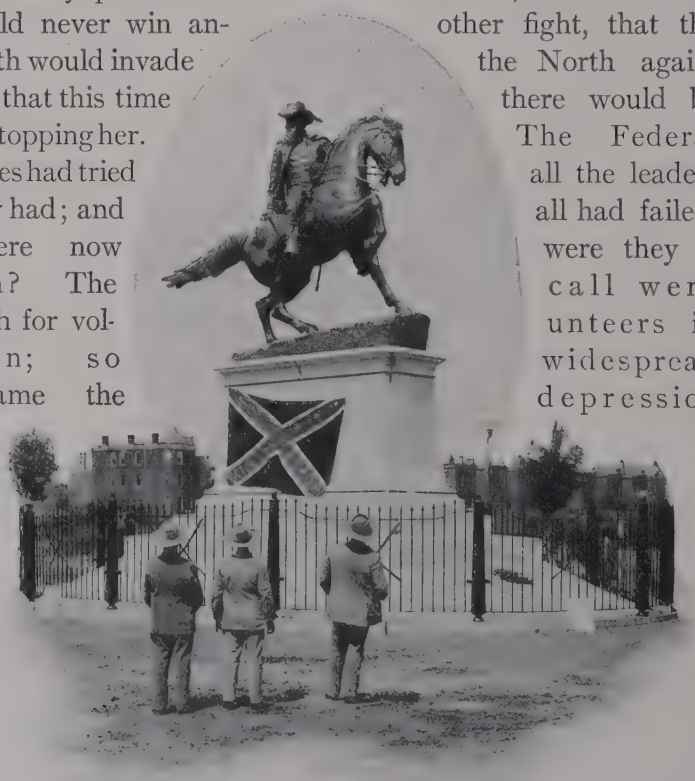
"I have been shaking hands with people for three mortal hours," he said, "and my hand trembles. If it trembles when I sign this, they will say I was afraid to sign it!" With a half-smile over his shoulder, he laid down the pen.

Picking it up, calmly, and without a quiver of a muscle in hand or arm, he signed his name. Clear, bold, and legible, it stood out on the white parchment, as though to mark the immortality of Abraham Lincoln.

It may be that Lincoln's half-joking comment will prove to be the truth; it may be that he will eventually come to be remembered only as the signer of the proclamation of proclamations,— of that long line of which the Magna Charta marked but a milestone on the road. In Time's august adjudication, it may be that this will be his place; that his humanity, his humor, his patience, his saving of the Union, his charities, his wisdom, even his homely but immortal utterances, will be forgotten. If it be so, let it be; but the Proclamation will stand as long as papers are preserved,

and it, with the other documents that sprang from the same inspiration in the same cause, will remain forever as the evidence to America that once he passed her way. To the end of time she will have it, irrefutable proof that once at least, when her need was the greatest, the high gods vouchsafed to her, no less than to Israel, a son of Man.

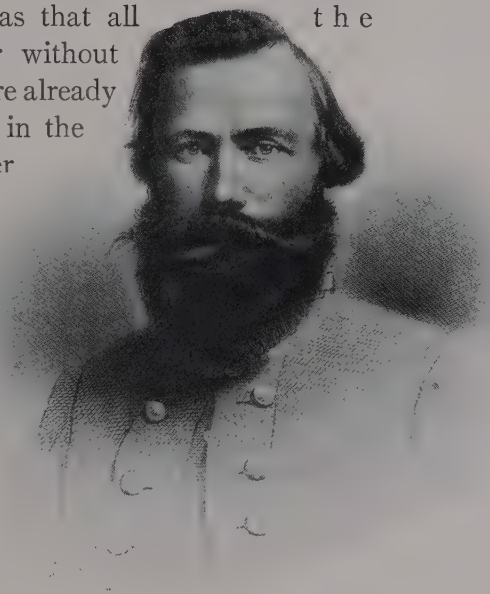
It was not a propitious season for the issuance of this great paper. All the prestige gained by the turning back of Lee at Antietam was long since fled, dispersed by the memories of Fredericksburg. The enemies of the war party in the North now came forth in all their venom; the attacks heaped upon the administration and upon Lincoln himself were of the most flagrant and bitter character. It was freely predicted that the war was lost, that the army would never win another fight, that the South would invade the North again, and that this time there would be no stopping her. The Federal forces had tried all the leaders they had; and all had failed. Where now were they to turn? The call went forth for volunteers in vain; so widespread became the depression



THE MONUMENT TO J. E. B. STUART AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

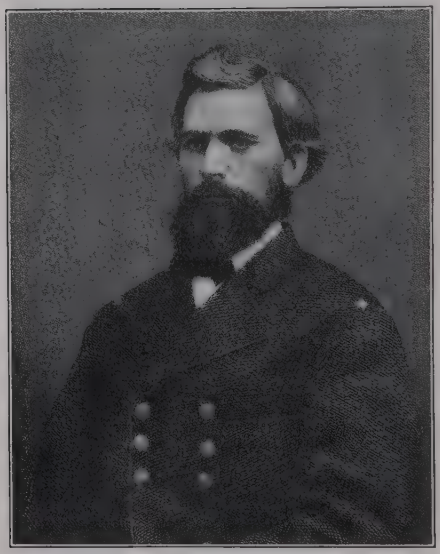
that it was found necessary to adopt some method of conscription. Yet the new bond issue was disposed of with comparative ease, and it was clear that underneath all the dissatisfaction was the sober, brave resolve that had not flagged since the first call went forth to save the Union.

The fact of the matter was that all the men who could go to war without almost impossible sacrifices were already under arms. The South was in the same condition. But after Fredericksburg, all the complaints were heard from Northern and not from Southern tongues. So high was the Confederate spirit that nothing could dim its elation. As the year 1863 swung into spring, the tide seemed surely turning toward the Southern arms. Lincoln, having at last yielded to Burnside's plea to be released from the command, had replaced his brave but incapable general with "Fighting Joe" Hooker, whose conduct on many fields had earned him an enviable name for dash and intrepidity. He took hold of the demoralized army, and won it back into form and courage. The men were soldiers from their boot-heels; if only they could have leaders such as their foes possessed! But Hooker started well.



J. E. B. ("Jeb") Stuart

In the neighborhood of that favorite bivouac of the Army of the Potomac, Frederick Stevens found himself with his men one day late in the month of April. He had come unscathed through the storming of Marye's Heights, though



O. O. Howard

more than half the men in his company had fallen; now, in the woods above the Rappahannock, they lay intrenched, while Hooker made ready to open his campaign. Lee, behind Fredericksburg, remained quiet, waiting for developments.

"Proceed at once across the Rappahannock," came the orders, soon.

The Rappahannock crossed, the Rapidan was forded. On the last day of April the army entered that woebegone and deserted country known as the Wilderness, and began to manœuver for position. The right wing, composed mainly of German troops under Howard, was at Chancellorsville, almost in

The Rear of the Chancellor House, Showing Shells

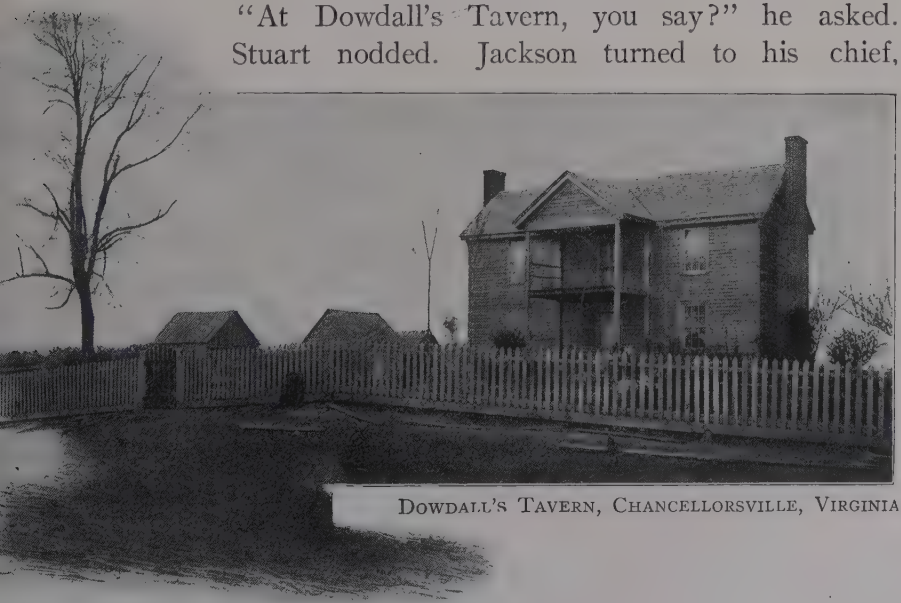
sight of the old Chancellor house. Here also was Frederick Stevens, having been sent to this point by Hooker, so that his men, being veterans, might serve as good leaven for the more inexperienced troops which formed the bulk of this wing.

Out in the dense forest and the barren wastes of the Wilderness was Lee, no one knew where; and all the first day of May was spent by Hooker in vain endeavors to find out where his blow might best be struck at this elusive foe. On the evening of that day two men sat on overturned cracker boxes in the abandoned Federal camp of that morning, two men who, heads close together, planned wild things which were not to prove wild. As they talked, a trooper appeared on horseback, saying that "Jeb" Stuart, Jackson's dashing cavalry commander, was coming with a most important piece of news to communicate. In another moment Stuart himself rode headlong through the woods.

"General Lee," he said, saluting, "and General Jackson, I have to report that the enemy's right is badly exposed at Dowdall's Tavern. It seems to me —"

He got no further. Jackson interrupted him, speaking with great eagerness.

"At Dowdall's Tavern, you say?" he asked. Stuart nodded. Jackson turned to his chief,



DOWDALL'S TAVERN, CHANCELLORSVILLE, VIRGINIA

and spoke rapidly in an undertone for perhaps half a minute.

"I can do it; I can crush them with my division alone, from the rear; and I can be ready to march in an hour. We can crush their whole right wing!"

Lee listened with his hand on his militant lieutenant's arm.

"You had better take more men, and make it sure," he said at last.

"No, my own division will be enough. Leave it to me, general!"

Lee left it to him. Jackson, however, on second thought, found it wiser to wait till the following day before beginning his movement; he wished the enemy to think he was retiring; accordingly, in broad day, in full sight of the Federal army, he moved his columns off to southward, toward Gordonsville; and the Federals watched, and tried to follow, for a little, and understood no more than the empty sky what scheme was hidden behind that backward move.

The long day passed slowly. Frederick, chafing at the inaction, wished that an order to advance might come. It was known that Lee confronted the Federal center, and that Hooker was almost ready to attack. But the long day passed, hour by slow hour, without any sign from the commander-in-chief. At noon the men prepared their midday meal, and ate it in the utter silence of the woods. Around them was the Wilderness's edge, the bleak bare land of dull red earth and barren hills, clothed — when clothed at all — with second-growth scrubs of trees and with only here and there a hint of the soft green of the budding spring. It was a desolate and forsaken land; and it chilled the heart that beat in every breast.

Noon over, the afternoon wore its grey length away. Minute by slow minute the men lay or sat in little groups,

The Chancellor House at Chancellorsville, Virginia

awaiting the word to march. No word came; as the sun drew low, it became clear that no word would come that day; and here and there the men began getting ready their suppers. Frederick, with two of his lieutenants, was talking quietly of the chances of battle, when from the woods above him he saw a pair of birds fly out. These were followed in a moment by another bird, then three, then a number all flying together.

"Nesting time, I guess," said one of the young officers, nodding aloft.

"Birds do not fly that way, when they go to nest," said Frederick thoughtfully. He looked curiously at the trees over his head as he spoke. All was still once more; but in a moment another little bird colony made its way over their heads, flying toward the open sky beyond the clearing.

"That is odd," mused Frederick. "Where can those birds be going?"

As he spoke, his eye was caught by the movement of some dark object in the wood to the right of him; it disappeared almost immediately, and only the fact that he had seen the movement itself made him sure that something had been there. He rose to his feet; here was a matter he did not understand.

Out of a thicket, almost at his feet, burst a startled rabbit, and whisked across the open space like a flash of furry light. This was followed closely by two more, running in great leaps, and disappearing so swiftly that they almost baffled the eye. For a moment nothing further came.

"My eye, those are awfully bold rabbits," said the young lieutenant.

"Or very badly frightened ones," rejoined Frederick. It was now sundown; the crimson still clung to the west, and the light was crimson where it straggled through the trees. The shadows were heavy and long. Throughout the camp

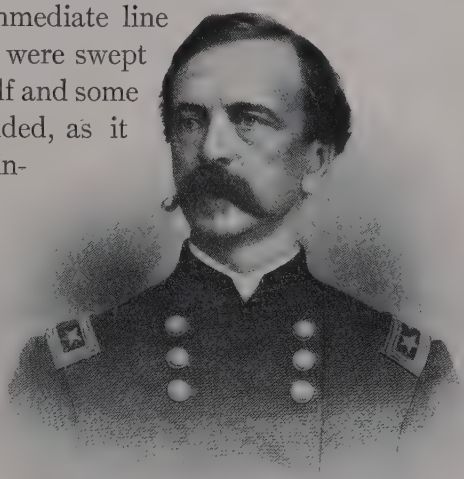
the men were busy over their fires, making coffee, or cooking other odorous and appetizing messes over the open flames. In and out through the trees the lines of fires meandered along the forest; and the little spirals of smoke went up toward the scrubby canopy of the trees. The sunset hush was in the air.

Sudden as the stroke of a trip-hammer came a "crack" from a far musket. A wild shout of alarm and excitement rent the air. The men, startled, jumped to their feet; some stood still, listening; others rushed at once to their guns. As though the heavens had opened, there came the crash of a thousand muskets, fired all together; and dimly at first, then more clearly, Frederick saw, rushing with headlong speed through the forest, the foremost ranks of Stonewall Jackson's men! An avalanche hid in grey shadow, they fell upon the surprised and helpless army. With leveled muskets they came, following up their great discharge of lead; and upon the struggling Federals they fell like wolves. Hardly could a well aligned column have endured so fierce an attack; and the Federals, half of them gunless, half tangled in kettles and pans and coffee pots, were utterly at a loss. Numbers

General View of the Chancellorsville Battlefield

of them fell, at the first discharge; the rest, utterly broken and panic stricken, took to their heels as best they could. Out of the woods burst the charging Confederates, and pursued the scattered quarry. It was rout, open and absolute.

Frederick, by good fortune on the extreme end of the position, was left out of the immediate line of the attack; most of his men were swept away like the rest, but he himself and some score of others were left stranded, as it were, by the receding tide of insurgents. Already the wood was clear where he and his men were standing; for Jackson's men had been few in number. Taking his little handful along, Frederick started to make the best of his way back to the main body of his army. Getting farther and farther away, the sounds of the flying battle could still be heard. Already the news was spreading to the Federal center, and already Sickles and Pleasanton were hauling artillery into line to repel the attacking Southerners. Two of the three divisions of the Union right were now gone; and the third was, though fighting bravely, on the point of defeat.



Daniel E. Sickles

As Frederick came out of the woods to a place where he could see the battlefield a little, he could detect the trend of the attack, and he could see now too that the onslaught was nearly at an end. The artillery of Pleasanton, planting itself sturdily on a hill-top, was sending grape and canister into the rushing foe, who already felt the effect. As Frederick and his men came in behind the Federal guns, the attack

on the right wing ended. Jackson, having done what he had promised, drew off as suddenly as he had come.

Panting, almost exhausted by their forced march and their charge through the wild forest, Jackson and his men prepared for still more adventure. Here he knew he had the great advantage of position, if the matter came to a head quickly; if the Federals were allowed to place their men, it would be another story. Sending a swift courier to Lee, to tell him of his whereabouts, Jackson ordered half an hour's halt for supper and for rest.

SITE OF GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE

Oliver Stevens, nursing a trifling wound in his left elbow, which caused his funny-bone to ache and tickle amazingly, had been close behind his leader all day long. Now, in the half hour's respite, he sat himself against a tree and closed his eyes. He was hungry, but he did not care to eat. He had gone through this day with a dull foreboding on him, which deepened now with the deepening night. He could not tell what it was, but he was conscious of this grave boding at his heart; it struck deeper as he looked at the soldierly figure of Jackson, who, cheerfully breaking dry bread with Dabney, sat again on a cracker box, as on the night before, when this was in the making. He was silent, obviously revolving his plans in his mind.

"They 've got the heights, if they know enough to keep them," said Dabney.

"They have them now; they may not have them by morning," rejoined his chief.

It was now dark; but in the east, rising above the dark line of the trees, and straggling through the thick branches overhead, the moon rode into the sky. Almost as though it were a signal, far away on the hill the firing of cannon was heard. Jackson stopped a crust half-way to his lips.

"What is that?" he asked sharply.

Dabney answered, after a little pause, "That must be Sickles's guns on the hill; that 's where he is stationed!"

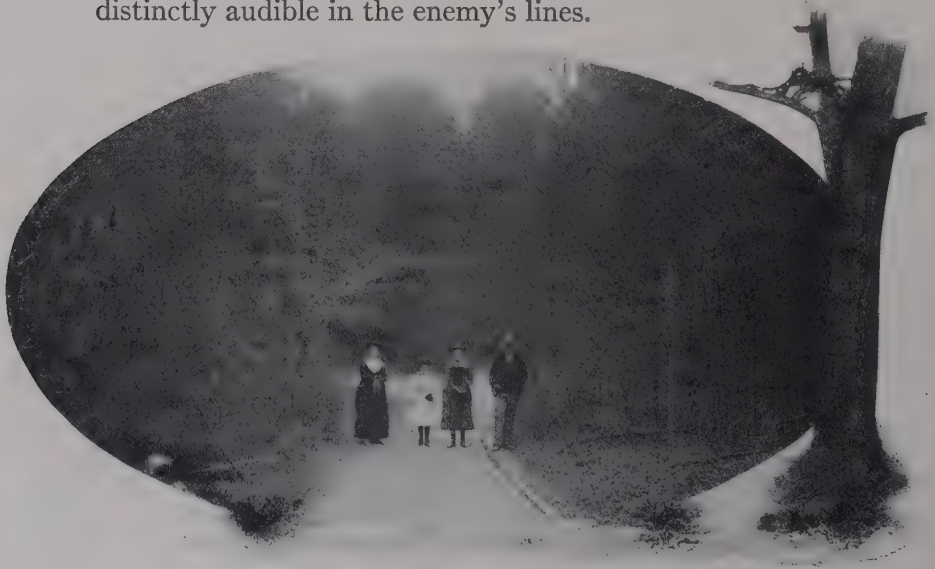
Jackson sat down again, and continued to eat in silence. The firing continued also, and grew more heavy, being now joined by the sharp rattle of musketry. It was plain that some movement was afoot. Just then, out of the darkness, came a horseman bearing a message from Lee. Jackson took it quickly.

"Dabney, Stevens, Carr; come with me!" he said to his aides. The four men, taking as a guard only half a dozen soldiers, moved off toward the sound of the battle. It was now full moonlight, and the yellow radiance, striking through the scrubby foliage, made golden patterns on the earth; little gold ovals moved and swam on the dark ground before the feet of the horsemen.

THE OLD WILDERNESS CHURCH, CHANCELLORSVILLE

Oliver, still with that strange dread in his heart, followed Jackson closely. They were now nearing the scene of the firing; the sight, as they drew nearer, was magnificently weird; over toward the rising ground a vague whiteness was to be seen,—this was smoke from the guns; piercing this smoke, and flashing like red fire through the black darkness where no smoke was, belched the red flames from the cannon's mouths. As the men moved, the intervening trees cut into the vista; it was like walking along and peering through a picket fence with an interminable number of pickets. Over all, shedding a pale glow on sky and forest, the mellow moon sailed in the open sky.

Jackson, his great head held aloft and his eyes seeming to peer through the dark as though they saw through night and trees alike, rode on ahead of his companions. They followed as best they could. Along the line of the midnight battle he held his way. Oliver knew for what he was seeking,— an opening by which his men could take the plateau of Chancellorsville on the morrow. Deaf to the sound of the cannon, Jackson rode "Little Sorrel" on ahead right into the Federals, so close that the words of command were distinctly audible in the enemy's lines.



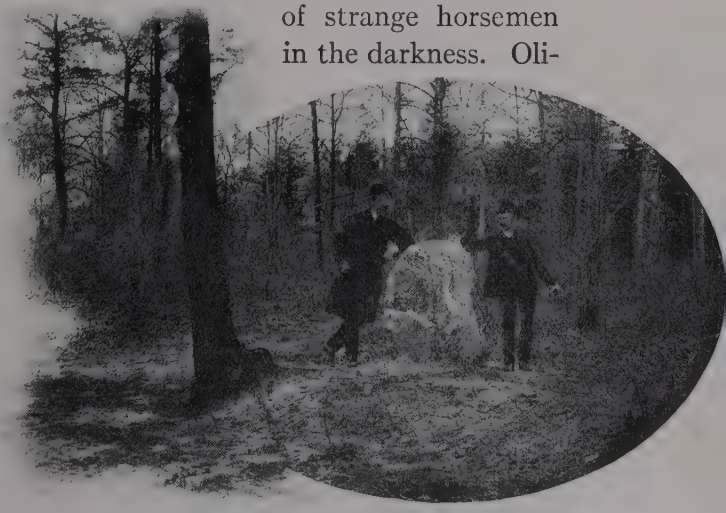
THE WILDERNESS, CHANCELLORSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Oliver, when his eyes became more used to the strange light, found himself watching with strained eagerness the shapes that surrounded them; the shadows made all manner of ungainly figures, dead blacks against grey blacks as they swarmed on every hand. The men were almost out of sight of the battle now, when, suddenly, Oliver caught a hint of movement in a little open space in the direction they were moving. There were men there, he was sure.

"General," he called, in a low voice, "you should not expose yourself so much."

Jackson paid no heed. "There is no danger, sir, the enemy is routed."

The black mass that Oliver was watching now broke into other smaller, moving blotches of black. From the edge of the shadow there came a sharp shuddering crack from a musket. A little tongue of flame leapt from a rifle's throat. It was the first shot from a detachment of Federal infantry that was groping through the thickets into the Southern lines. Immediately the skirmishers of both armies engaged each other. Jackson wheeled and started back. But the sound of battle startled a Confederate officer, and without waiting to see who they were, he gave the order to fire into the group of strange horsemen approaching in the darkness. Oliver darted forward, a wild cry of warning on his lips. Too late — the volley was deadly effective. "Little Sorrel," frantic, darted into the woods



THE SPOT WHERE STONEWALL JACKSON FELL, AT CHANCELLORSVILLE, VIRGINIA

toward the Federal lines. Once Jackson came near being unhorsed by an overhanging bough, but with bleeding hand he held onto the rein until a staff officer stopped the horse, just in time to catch the body of Stonewall Jackson in his arms. His face white with fear, Oliver knelt by the side of the fallen man, to find that three bullets had taken effect, one in the right hand and two in the left arm. He gave no heed to the command that had fired, who now came up with leveled bayonets to discover their terrible mistake.

By this time General Hill had arrived. He gave orders to remove Jackson to the rear, and realizing the gravity of the situation, he commanded that the army should not know who was wounded. Lying on General Hill's breast, Jackson opened his eyes and whispered, "Tell them simply that you have a wounded Confederate officer." Mournfully the company moved off into the night, bearing in their arms the silent body, while overhead raged a terrific storm of grape and canister.

Now all in vain the charge upon the right! All in vain the striving and the trouble and the marching; all in vain, for the Confederacy, would be the battle of the next few days, when Hooker,

THE HOUSE WHERE JACKSON DIED

stunned and incapable of leadership, should betray the field of Chancellorsville into Southern hands. Far in the rear, under the best care the Southern army afforded, lay Stonewall Jackson in a heavy sleep, his deep wound sapping his life. They would amputate. Lee would say, in affectionate grief, "You have but lost your left arm, general; I have lost my right!" The hopes of the army would rise and fall, ebb and flow, with the ebbing and flowing of Jackson's life. There would be wild hours of hopefulness, terrible hours of dread; the broken army of Hooker would be allowed to go where it would, collecting its scattered forces as it wished. But Lee, and the heart of the Southern army, waited with Oliver Stevens and Dabney by the cot of the stricken leader.

THE LAST MEETING OF LEE AND JACKSON

At the end of the week it was known that he was sinking; it was said that he could not live through the day. And at last, when the sun was dropping close to the horizon, the

THE JACKSON MONUMENT AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

surgeon in attendance, with averted eyes, rose from his knees beside the silent man. A ghost of a breath came from the waxen lips behind the great black beard. Jackson was speaking, his last speech on earth.

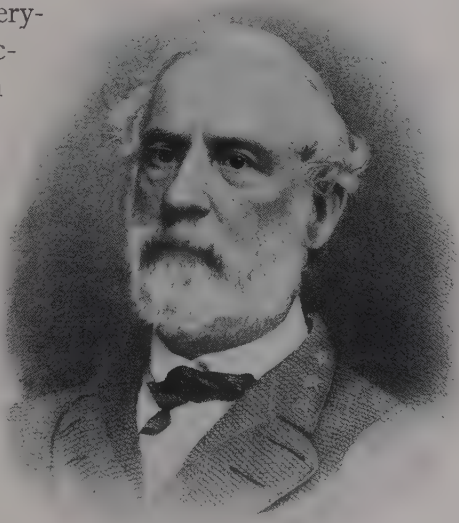
"Let us cross over the river," he whispered, "and rest under the shade of the trees!"

The lips were still. From the little group at the cot's side came the sound of men's sobbing, bitter, uncontrollable. The surgeon, still with his eyes set far across the hills, drew up the sheet over the dead man's face.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CREST OF THE SOUTHERN WAVE

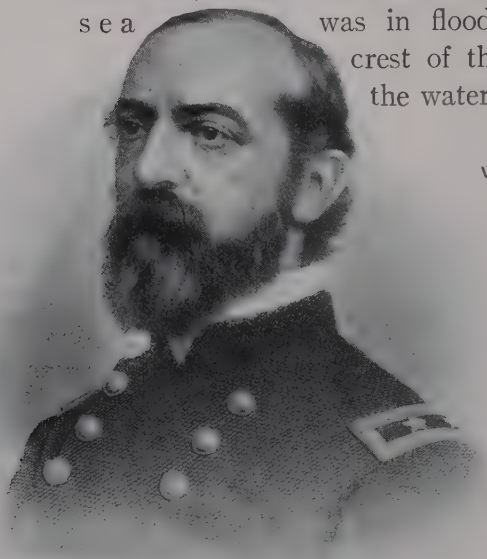
BACK in the old camping ground before Fredericksburg, the Army of the Potomac descended into the deepest gloom of its life. The North, whose military pulse rose and fell with this army, followed it down now into the depths. East and West and South, the Northern arms were everywhere eclipsed; everywhere victory rested with the South. In England even much sentiment stood now in favor of recognizing the Southern secession as an established thing; and throughout the country the impression prevailed that the South now could not be conquered. For the North this was the darkest moment of the whole war: darker even than after Fredericksburg; darker even than that day when the first beaten army took its panic-stricken way into the streets of Washington! For the South the sky was brighter than the sun.



ROBERT E. LEE

Lee, flushed with triumph, at the head of a veteran army of 80,000 men, having defeated his enemies on a score of fields, with his men behind him worshiping the ground his horse's feet trod, with his president and his country hailing him as their idol, their deliverer; yes, with the finest army

the South could furnish, its morale perfect, its enthusiasm unbounded, its leaders masters of their craft, what more could commander wish? Even the loss of Jackson, grievous as it had been, was now set aside for living things. The Southern sea was in flood, and Lee, riding on the crest of the wave, was about to give the waters sweep to do their utmost. The only cloud in the sky was the commissary department, which was far from being all that could be wished by men who had to eat to live. Perhaps the germ of Lee's determination was formed when, to the general's request for provisions for his army, the commissary-general replied: "I have no provisions to give you; if you need them, seek them in Pennsylvania!"



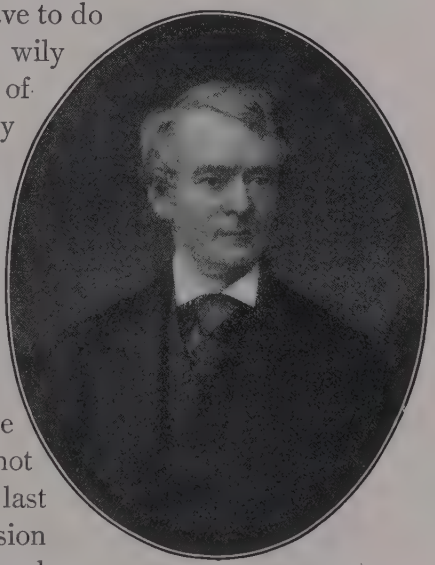
George G. Meade

On Pennsylvania now was Lee's heart set. He would not only gather provisions for his army in the great State of Pennsylvania; he would also dictate terms of peace from a great conquered Northern city, like Philadelphia or New York.

The Army of the Potomac, defeated after such fighting as would have won a thousand ordinary fields, lay in its old retreat. Joseph Hooker, who had recovered from his injury of the day on which Chancellorsville was fought, was still in command. There was no thought, in this time of despair, of any forward movement, but if there had been, the army was in no mood for it.

Gradually, if time were granted, the courage of Hooker might triumph over his mistakes; meanwhile, there was nothing to do but wait.

"I cannot seem to think of a plan that promises success," said Hooker sadly, at this time. If he had but known it, Lee was about to spare him the necessity for thinking out plans; all Hooker would soon have to do would be to follow where his wily adversary led. In pursuance of the determination he had already reached, to invade the North once more, and this time in earnest, Lee laid his plans with the utmost care. No precaution was overlooked that might lend aid; and every department of the service was put on the alert. Walker and his aides were especially active; Walker did not know but that it might be his last chance to serve, for if the invasion proved the success that seemed inevitable, the war would be over.



A. G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania

He sent his aides far and near. Norbert Stevens, to whom had been intrusted the task of keeping the Confederates apprised of any move on the part of Hooker, had been in the Union camp more than a fortnight, in the Northern general's own division. He came and went at will, in the lackadaisical state of the camp, and, one of Hooker's personal staff servants having deserted, he contrived to get himself appointed to the post. This brought him close to the general himself, and brought him at last, when the game was nearly ready for the fire, once more into contact with his brother Frederick.

Men were deserting by scores from the Union ranks during this period of depression. Hooker, startled and angry, gave the most stringent orders to his officers and sentries. Any man found deserting was to be captured at all hazards; if capture was impossible, sentries were to shoot. Officers were to make this vital matter a thing of personal responsibility; and it was in pursuit of this duty that Frederick Stevens went forth on the night he was never to forget. Leaving his command, he was moving unobtrusively along the edge of the wood at the rear of the center. At this point a road wound away from the open and it was here that many a deserter had escaped in the past fortnight.

Spring was in full glory, trembling on the verge of summer. The warm air came gratefully to his nostrils, and he could smell the thousand sweet and woodsy odors of the fresh growing things, as he walked along. Night was not yet come; it lacked perhaps an hour of full darkness; at such times Frederick could think of only one thing! Of that he thought now, with a mingling of bitter and sweet in his thoughts. His feet on the soft earth made no sound as he paced slowly along, almost completely hidden in the shadows.

"Hist!" he heard a low voice say, almost as if it came from beside him.

"Are you there?" the same voice continued. Frederick stopped, one foot resting on tiptoe, so eager was he not to make a sound. From a tree scarce five paces away a man dropped lightly; and another sped from the shrubbery to join him. Frederick, keeping the tree-trunk between him and the two, stole closer on silent feet. He stopped behind the bole of the man's hiding-place.

"Any news to-day?" asked the tree-man, in an eager whisper of the other.

"None; Hooker is losing his men by hundreds. Any

The Gettysburg Battlefield from Warren's Statue

time will do. Tell Walker I say that any time will do. If there is no change, I will leave in a day or two. This army will not move for a month, that I swear!"

"Are they keeping close watch on Lee? How far could we get?"

"They watch well enough; but let them follow if they want; it is they or others — what is the difference? When does the general plan to start?"

"I don't know; but very soon now. You come back to-morrow then?"

"Yes," said the first man; then, suddenly, "Hush; some one is coming."

"I 'm off!" said the other quickly; and with the speed of a wolf he made a dash for the nearest tree and disappeared into the night; in three seconds no one could say which way he had gone. Frederick, his hand holding a pistol, stepped out from behind his shelter, confronting the remaining spy.

"Hold up your hands," he said quietly. It was so dark that he could not see the man's face. Less than two yards of space separated them.

"All right," said the stranger sullenly; and held his hands aloft. In one of them, however, Frederick caught the gleam of a bright barrel, only barely visible in the twilight. He leveled his own pistol at the prisoner's heart.

"Drop that pistol or I fire," he said. Sullenly again the man obeyed.

Cautiously Frederick strode forward, his pistol still menacing his opponent's breast. Into his captive's face he peered curiously, exultantly; then, with a low cry of horror and of understanding, he leapt back in consternation.

"Norbert!" he cried. "You again!" The other laughed a venomous laugh.

"Yes," he said, "my angel brother, it is I, the black sheep. What then?"

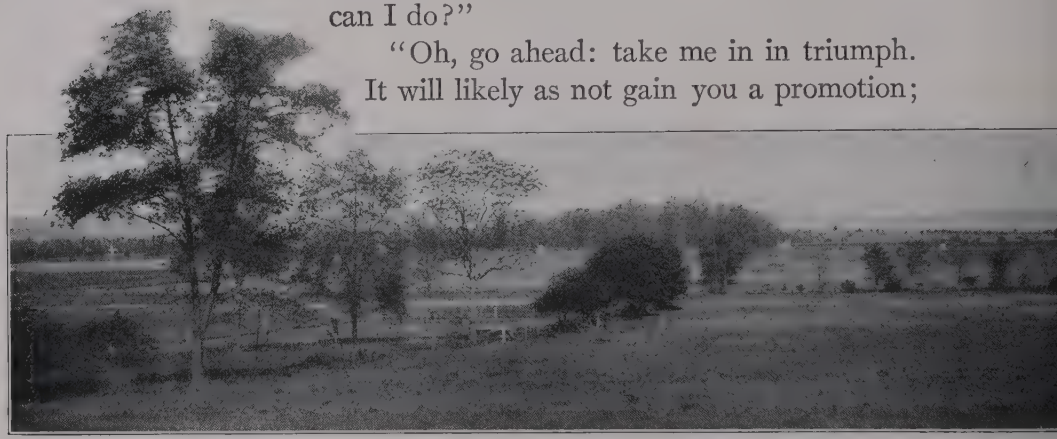
"You are a spy within these lines!" went on Frederick, in a dull tone.

"Yes, I suppose I may as well admit it. What then? Is my good little brother going to take me in and have me shot for a spy? Lead on, Christian!"

Frederick dropped his pistol's point; his hands fell to his sides.

"I cannot do that! I can't!" he said. "Yet what else can I do?"

"Oh, go ahead: take me in in triumph. It will likely as not gain you a promotion;



Scene of the First Day's Fighting

heroic young brother captures dangerous spy, who turns out to be his own brother! Captor raised three grades in honor of his remarkable feat! Leads his brother out to be shot with his own hand! Pleasant reading for the family in Washington, that! Why do you hesitate, my heroic one?"

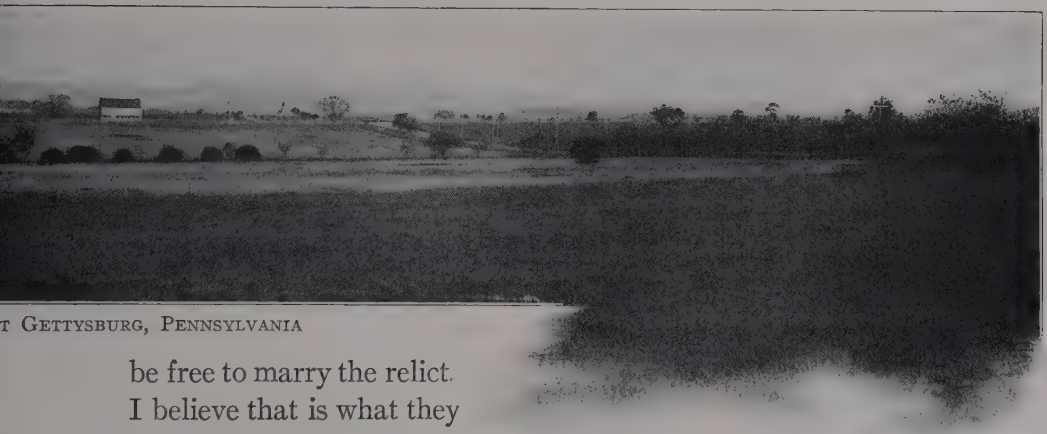
"I hesitate because I do not know what it is my duty to do," said Frederick gravely. "I know now that you must have been a spy all the time, even when I saw you before, and you said you were going to Ten Oaks!"

"Yes, and before that; once when I saw you and you did n't see me," said Norbert with a sneer. "And I went to Ten Oaks too; and that brings me to another beautiful thought. How sweet it will be for you to go to Ten Oaks,

and say to a young lady you will find there: 'Yes, I captured your betrothed husband, and they shot him as a spy!' It will make a witty story: I can hear the ladies laughing merrily over it! Take me prisoner, brother, by all means!"

But Frederick was looking at him now in stupefaction.

"You say — your betrothed —" he could not finish the question. Norbert, quick-witted as always, looked keenly at his brother's face, and burst into a little fit of hard laughter. "Oho! This is too diverting, really it is! The young hero loves brother's sweetheart, which will make it all the better! Take me in at once, and get me shot or hanged; and you shall



T GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

be free to marry the relict. I believe that is what they call 'em in cases of this sort!"

"Has Rosalind (he hesitated over the name) promised to marry you — and you let her promise? You, a spy? Norbert, are you speaking the truth?"

"Cannot a spy speak the truth occasionally, especially when it serves his turn better than a lie? If you could have seen your face but now — better than Booth's in 'Hamlet'! Come, hurry up now; I am tired of being unhanged!"

"I believe you," said Frederick, thoughtfully; "but it would not make any difference with what I am to do; yet even now I do not know what that is!"

"Oh, be courageous. Think of Brutus ordering his sons to be killed; of Scævola burning up his right hand,—think of any old Spartan hero you like; and say to yourself, 'I am in the same great company!' Only promise me one thing: Frederick, as I am your brother, promise me one thing!"

"What is that?" asked Frederick in a low voice. He was thinking hard.

"Promise me to send a marked copy of the paper to mother, the day that I dance off into the air! Promise me you will do that at least!"

Frederick did not answer. He was thinking of many things; and he did not note that Norbert, under cover of his burlesque plea, was drawing nearer to him by inches. He could not let his prisoner go; yet how could he hold him?

Norbert answered the question for him; and without a word from Frederick.

THE GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD FROM LITTLE ROUND TOP, LOOKING TOWARD CEMETERY HILL

"I 'll tell you what to do," cried Norbert. "You are come to the parting of the ways, when you know not what road to take. You do rightly to come to your older brother for advice. And I say to you: Take *this!*"

Like lightning his left hand leapt from his belt; Frederick saw the flash of the steel as it descended; and had only time to half turn from the blow.

With a little gurgling laugh, Norbert sprang into the shadow. Frederick, reeling backward, saw the vanishing form through eyes that held a million sparks.

"Thank God!" he murmured as he fell. Then all sensation left him.

When, two days later, he awoke again to affairs of this world, he found himself in the midst of a stirring army. In the hospital where he was, all was excitement; the wards were almost empty, for at the prospect of action even the malingerers were moved to recovery. Frederick found himself almost alone: and not for some moments could he find any one to tell him what was afoot. Finally he arrested the attention of an assistant surgeon.

TANEYTOWN ROAD, SHOWING ONE OF THE LINES OF RETREAT DURING THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE

"What is all the stir about?" he asked faintly of the man.

"Lee has started for the North, and this army is on his track!" was the answer; and Frederick, in his excitement, raised himself on an elbow that shook and trembled beneath him. The young surgeon came over to him then.

"Here, you lie down again," he said, not ungently. Frederick obeyed.

"What is the matter with me?" he asked quietly. "Shall I be well enough to start with the army?" He asked the question in all sincerity.

"You have a nasty thrust between the top ribs, and you 're lucky it missed your heart," said the surgeon curtly; "most men would be laid up with it for a month or so. I assume you to be much as other mortals?"

"A month?" said Frederick in consternation. "And when does the army move?"

"Moving now," said the other tersely. Frederick lay back in silence. But his thoughts were busy.

General Lee's Headquarters at Gettysburg

"Well, I 'll have to move now, too, then," he said at length.

"You 'll move when the hospital does, and not before," rejoined the other.

Meanwhile, surging northward like a hungry flood, the Southern army under its great general approached the Potomac River. Hardly stopping for this obstacle, rapidly they crossed into Maryland, and swept onward across the lower Pennsylvania line. The second and greatest invasion of the North was an accomplished fact: and the North quivered beneath the tread of the ordered feet.

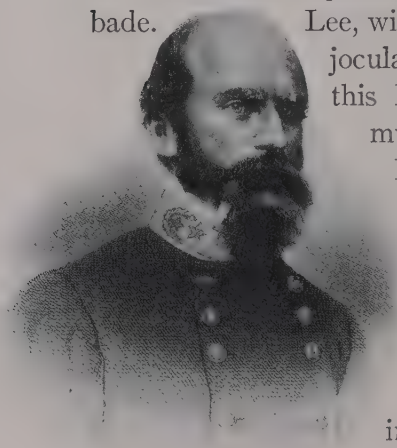
"The rebels are coming!" went the word; and through city and country the wild news sent a thrill. In Harrisburg on June 16, 1863, the governor of the State, Andrew G. Curtin, sent forth an echoing call for volunteers.

"The enemy is approaching!" read the great placards, which he ordered to be posted in every city and town, and at every cross-road in the State.

"I must rely upon the people for the defense of the State; and have called upon the militia for that purpose!" read the placards further; and from city and hamlet, meadow and mountain and mine, the people came in answer to that cry. The militia began to gather at Harrisburg; and by river and road and train the

CULP'S HILL FROM CEMETERY HILL: 4TH UNITED STATES ARTILLERY AND 1ST NEW YORK ARTILLERY IN THE FOREGROUND

volunteers poured in. Meanwhile, Hooker, having been spurred to action by this new menace, was advancing intrepidly almost on Lee's very line of march. He could now, of course, have captured Richmond, but the President forbade. Lee, willing that this should be done, spoke jocularly of "swapping queens"; but of this Lincoln would none. Washington must be protected at all hazards. So Hooker moved northward, following parallel to Lee's line of march, but a few miles to the eastward. By this time the Confederate army, brave and unwearied and confident, was at Chambersburg; its soldiers were capturing towns, clothing themselves from the merchants' stores, and causing terror to reign. Their three great corps, however, under Longstreet, Hill, and Ewell, Jackson's successor, were undemoralized by their triumphs, and kept their ranks full, their line of march unbroken. York was surrendering to Ewell; other towns were only waiting to be taken. All this time Hooker, bickering with Halleck, who disputed every point that Hooker raised, was at a loss to know what to do. He wished to march on Lee's rear, with troops from Harper's Ferry; Halleck forbade it; and this, on the top of a thousand other annoyances from the general at Washington, proved too much for

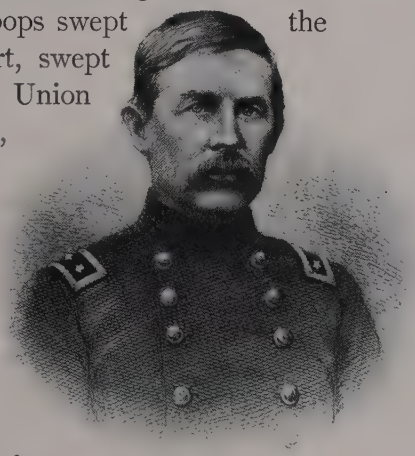


RICHARD S. EWELL

THE CHAMBERSBURG PIKE AND MCPHERSON'S BARN, GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Hooker to endure. He resigned from the command of the army; and on June 28 his successor was appointed in the person of Major-General George G. Meade, who took command at once.

The Southern army now possessed the whole south central portion of Pennsylvania; from Chambersburg east to York, a distance of fifty miles; their troops swept the roads; their cavalry, under Stuart, swept in a wide circle around the Union rear. On the last day of June, when Meade, at Taneytown in Maryland, planned his advance upon the roving enemy, Lee's army lay thus:



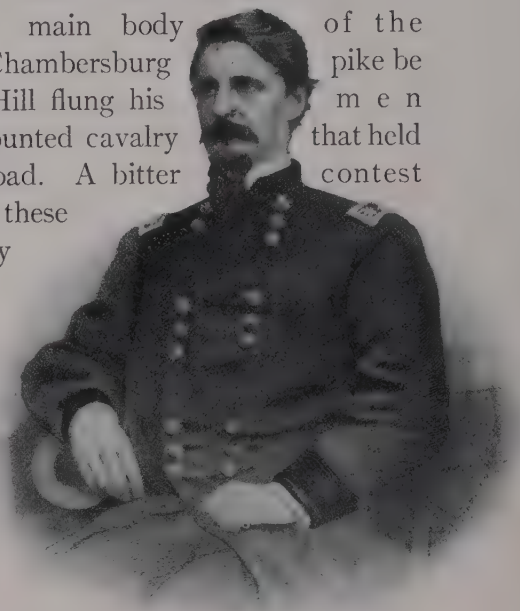
JOHN BUFORD

Lee, with Longstreet and part of the latter's corps, lay at Greenwood with the rest of the corps at Chambersburg; Ewell was at Cashtown, eight miles from Gettysburg; while Hill was at and near Heidlersburg, northeast of that village by some ten miles. Drawn up in a convex curve to the northward, the Union forces held a line some ten miles, roughly, southeast of that of Lee. The foremost point of the Union army was held by the cavalry under Buford at Gettysburg. It was here that the first brush between the armies took place.

Frederick Stevens, still weak from his wound, and pale in the cheeks from his three weeks in hospital, joined his command on the day that Hill, scouting with half his corps around the village of Gettysburg, came upon Buford and his horsemen dismounted and drawn up on the ridge to westward of the town. It was plain that they meant to dispute his progress.

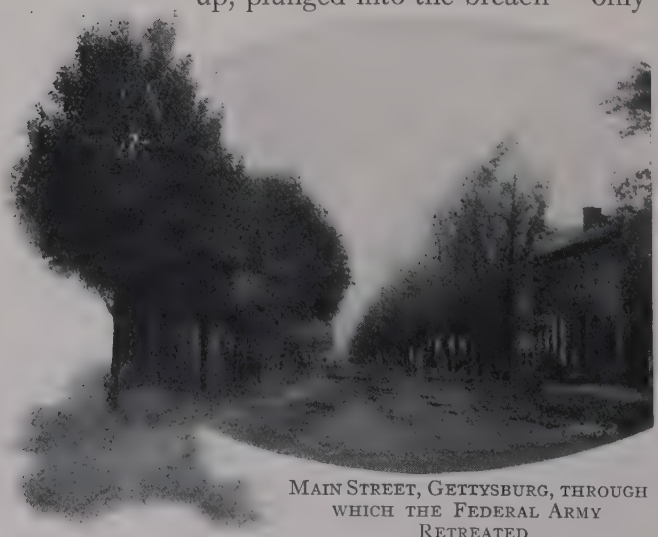
The main part of Lee's army was now advancing east

toward Gettysburg along the Chambersburg road; Ewell's corps alone was on its way south from Hunterstown. But for the passage of the main body of the army it was vital that the Chambersburg pike be kept open. Accordingly Hill flung his men violently against the dismounted cavalry that held the ridges guarding this road. A bitter contest ensued for the possession of these heights, known as Seminary Ridge. Buford, knowing that Reynolds was coming up from the south, saw at a glance that he must hold his position. There was a much better one to eastward, on Cemetery Ridge and Hill, but he did not dare retreat to take it. He had only 5000 men to resist the attack of Heth's entire division, but he entered on his one-sided task like a lion.



WINFIELD S. HANCOCK

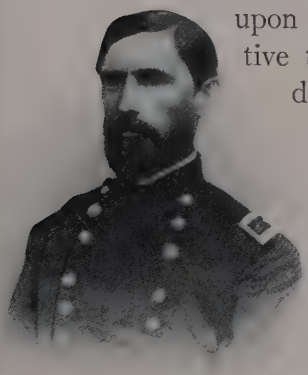
For two hours the battle raged; then Reynolds, coming up, plunged into the breach — only to die; for a bullet striking him as he reached the ridge, he expired almost at the instant. His men, however, held the ridge till Howard arrived to take command. Frantic word went to



MAIN STREET, GETTYSBURG, THROUGH WHICH THE FEDERAL ARMY RETREATED

the Federal rear to send reinforcements; and the need was more urgent even than they guessed.

Down from the north came Ewell, on the double-quick, converging on the Federal's right as Hill renewed his attack upon the front. This cross-fire was too destructive to be borne, and foot by foot the brave defenders of the ridge fell back from the position they had held so well. Into the village they retreated, disputing every step of the way, and there, entangled in the unknown streets, they lost many men. As night came on they continued to fight as doggedly as ever; and Hancock, who had now come up, directed their efforts in a masterly manner. Retreating, but not defeated, the troops fell back to the position they really desired, along the summit of Cemetery Ridge and of Culp's Hill. Here the Southern advance was decisively stayed.



JOHN A. REYNOLDS

Lee, coming down to the scene of battle, saw the strong position which his opponents now held, and decided to wait for Longstreet before attacking. Thus ended the fighting of July 1, afterwards known as the first day of the battle of Gettysburg—the most hotly contested engagement of the war.

All that night, under the silvery moonlight, the armies ranged themselves for the fray. Regiment by regiment marched in, and took their places by moonlight; Sickles and Slocum came up with all their corps, to hold the Federal center; Meade arrived at

THE DEATH OF REYNOLDS (*From the base of the New York monument at Gettysburg*)

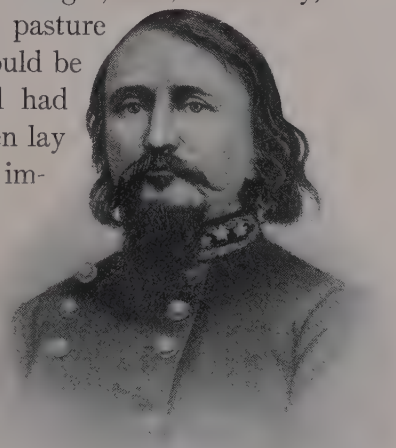
midnight. The armies were ready. That night, as the hours stole quietly by, the sleeping armies faced each other across the little valley between the two opposite heights. That night their sleep was broken by the tread of armed men who moved into their places; all night the cold moon shed its silver rays upon dark masses moving softly among the hills.

SITE OF GENERAL MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS NEAR TARRYTOWN. HIS TENT WAS PITCHED UNDER THE LARGE SYCAMORE

CHAPTER XVII

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

DAY broke on an ordered field. As the grey light filtered up from the east, and the soft fog of morning stole imperceptibly away, the place which was the theater of war stood out in salient clearness: as ridges, hills, and valley, town and wheat field and rolling pasture land. As the sun rose higher it could be seen how well the Union general had utilized the midnight hours; his men lay entrenched in a position almost impregnable, but not quite.



GEORGE E. PICKETT

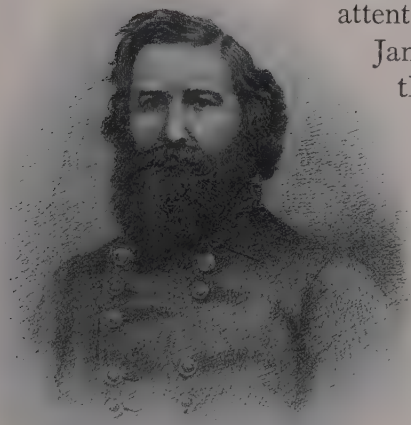
Fully to understand the great moves in the war-game now to be decided, it is necessary to cast an eye on the physical features of the battlefield. South of Gettysburg lie extended two north-and-south parallel ridges, their crests separated by the distance of a mile; the one on the right, on which the Union forces now were ranged, was called Cemetery Ridge, from the cemetery on its slopes. Cemetery Ridge, with the hills at its end, was shaped like a fish-hook, the barb at the north, running east. The barb was Culp's Hill, and here stood the Federal right, under Slocum, and held by Cutler, Greene, and Wadsworth. At the fish-hook's point, where the ridge ran southward, lay the Federal center, extending south along the ridge to where Hancock, who was now commanding it, stood.

Southwest from Gettysburg ran the Emmittsburg road; and it was here that there existed the only indefensible position of the Union line. Here Sickles, reconnoitering for position in the early morning, established himself along this road, selecting for his stand the peach orchard which lay at the junction of the Emmittsburg pike and a cross-road running east past Little Round Top. This was a strong position, but it flung the Union left too far out, and exposed it to Confederate attack. Sickles's position should have been taken on the two extremities of Cemetery Ridge, known respectively as Round Top and Little Round Top; but it remained for the second day's fighting to demonstrate this.

Thus lay the land, and thus the Federal forces; facing them, across the mile-wide valley, lay their foes. At the north, facing the Union right on Culp's Hill, was Ewell's corps, in and about the town of Gettysburg. In the center, swinging around the Union center, and holding the north end of Seminary Ridge, was Hill; while at the extreme south, opposed to Sickles, and threatening the commanding eminence of Round Top, stood Longstreet with some of the world's invincible soldiery. Looking thus at the battle lines, two things at once became apparent, the first being the great advantage of the Federal position in that its convex faced the foe, making

Position Occupied by Union Sharpshooters as Outposts at the Junction of the Emmittsburg Road and the Baltimore Pike

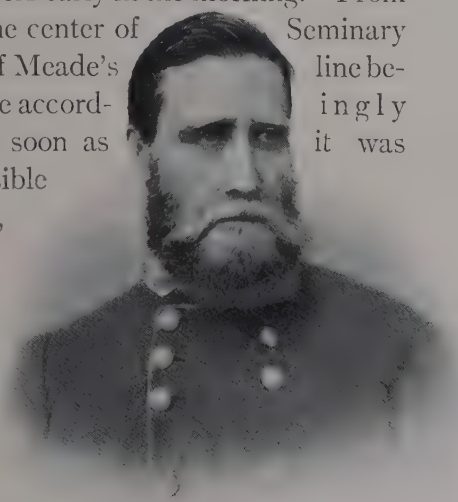
it readily possible to hurl supports easily at any threatened point; Lee, on the other hand, had to go the long way around. The other point is the too far advanced stand of Sickles; and against this position now the Confederate attention was directed.



LAFAYETTE McLAWS

James Longstreet, in command of the Confederate right, was a tower of strength. Capable, sound in his strategy, impetuous only when dash was desirable, he was probably the soundest, though not the most brilliant of Lee's lieutenants. He alone was not in possession of his full force; for of three divisions, only one, that of McLaws's, was in line on this second day of July. The second, under Hood, was partially in place, needing McLaws's brigade to complete it; the third, under Pickett, was still farther behind, and did not arrive in time to participate in any of the second day's fighting.

Lee had sent forth his orders early in the morning. From his commanding height in the center of Seminary Ridge, the vulnerable point of Meade's line became instantly apparent. He accordingly sent word to Longstreet, as soon as it was light, to attack with all possible force the Peach Orchard, where the men of Sickles's division lay, sweeping the Emmittsburg road. It was madness to attack with only a fraction of his forces, so

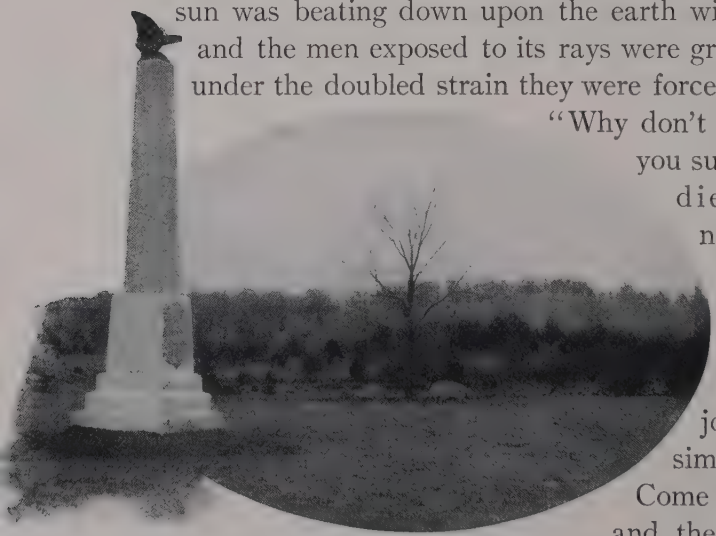


JOHN B. HOOD

Longstreet was compelled to wait till McLaws came up, which he did not do until hard upon the noon hour.

Over in the Peach Orchard the men waited impatiently. It was known that Meade was displeased with their location, but it was too late to change. They dared not now fall back in the face of the foe, so all that long morning they waited. Those of them who were in the orchard itself were sheltered from the sun, and had over their heads the fragrant branches of the trees, on which the fruit already was hanging, small, hard and green.

Here Frederick Stevens, his lips closed tight with determination and his wound forgotten in the prospect that floated before his eyes, stood with his men. Luckily, he had been able to find a place within the shadow; outside, the copper sun was beating down upon the earth with angry heat, and the men exposed to its rays were growing feverish under the doubled strain they were forced to endure.



Little Round Top, from the Wheatfield

"Why don't they come, do you suppose?" a soldier asked his neighbor.

"They 'll come when they get ready, I guess," rejoined the other simply.

Come they would; and they were nearly ready. Throughout the long morning there had been no sound of firing, save for an occasional crack of a sharpshooter's rifle. All the spots of cover in front of either army were filled with these skirmishers, lean, brown-visaged, keen-eyed riflemen,

capable of picking off their man as far as their weapons would carry; and it behooved all wise men to lie close. Now and then a shot would be heard, now a sharp little crackle, as half a dozen shots came in swift succession; but in general the field was silent as a church. Up on the hillside the white headstones lay on Cemetery Hill; and the men above the ground were hardly less silent than those beneath it. As the morning wore away, the suspense grew; it seemed as though nothing were ever to happen again in all time. The men snatched their luncheon early, nevertheless, thinking it would be well to have the business of eating out of the way, if the attack should ever be made.

It is a curious thing that it never seemed to occur to the Federal forces that the Confederates might not attack at all. Why should it always be they who made the fighting? Yet so it seemed; and the Federals lay snugly in their places, waiting till it seemed good to their foes to come and try to drive them out. This monopoly of the instigating of advances was partly due, no doubt, to the repeated successes of the Southern arms; they attacked because Lee and Jackson led them, because they always had done the attacking! What other reason could be needed? At bottom, probably, the explanation lay in the sectional differences in character — the South was more

THE PEACH ORCHARD AT GETTYSBURG, FROM THE EMMITTSBURG ROAD

impetuous, the North more patient. It was easier for the North to wait. Be that as it may, there was never any question at Gettysburg that the South would choose the point of attack and would make the fighting.

It was by this time high noon; the church bells in the village had rung out the noon hour; and, after what seemed an interminable wait, the end of the nooning. Minute by minute, the slow sun swung around to westward; at last it blazed almost directly up the valley, throwing the whole line of the Union army into a blinking blaze, where the bright gleams shone upon rifle and bayonet. Then, silently, unostentatiously, without a shot to mark their coming, the Confederate battle-line, under Hood, swung out of their covert on Seminary Ridge, and advanced at a dog-trot toward Sickles and his men.

"They 're coming; by gad, they 're coming!" cried a voice, from somewhere, in a great gasp of relief and satisfaction; and the men, listening, echoed the thankfulness. At last the long waiting was over.

Tremendously out over the sunlit valley rolled the thunder of a Northern cannon; other guns took up the burden, and in half a minute the whole full-throated chorus was in cry. With august

The Wheatfield and Peach Orchard, from Little Round Top

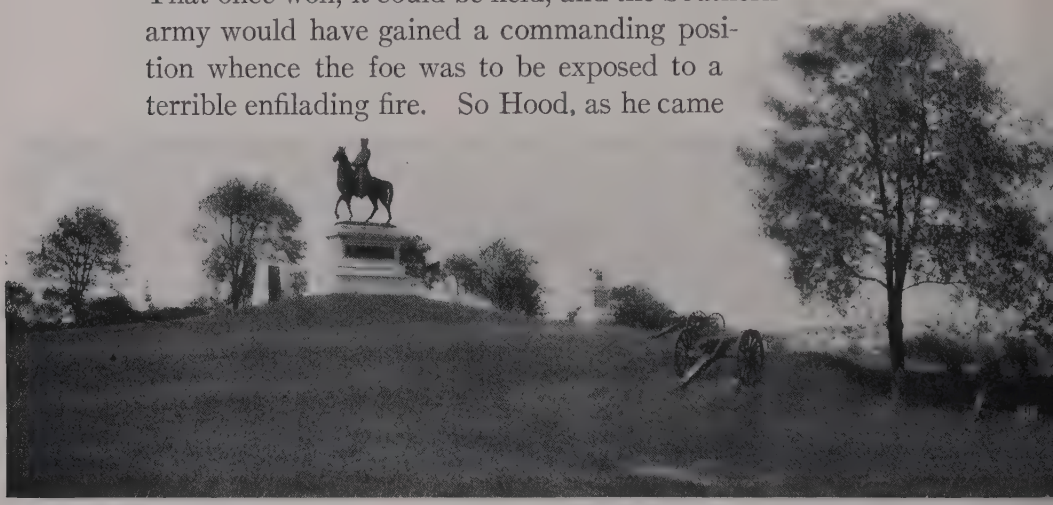
detonations the great guns rolled forth their menace, and the Peach Orchard became filled with puffs of smoke. In answer, hardly an instant later, came the fire of the artillery from Seminary Ridge, as the Southern batteries unlimbered and flung their shot and shell across the valley over the heads of their advancing soldiery.

To the roar of the artillery was now added the sharper sound of the musketry; the uproar became continuous, the deeper voices of the cannon blending with the steady crackle of the rifles. The firing was incessant; from the slopes of Seminary Ridge hung a deep cloud of smoke that swung, and shifted, and dispersed into mist as the wind tossed it to and fro. Through this veil of yellow-white smoke the white puffs and the red flashes from the guns shot like serpents' tongues. Still the grey lines moved forward. As yet they had not themselves, save for the skirmishers who preceded them, fired a shot; the bursting shells from either side passed over

GETTYSBURG FROM CULP'S HILL, OVERLOOKING THE FATAL POSITION HELD BY THE 7TH INDIANA AND KNAPP'S BATTERY

their heads; and they went onward with undiminished speed. Their attack was now directed at two points.

South of the Peach Orchard lay the slopes of Little Round Top; south once more loomed Round Top, the highest point of land about the valley. Hood's plan now, as set forth by Longstreet, was to swing around from his advance upon Sickles, and, if possible, take this height. That once won, it could be held, and the Southern army would have gained a commanding position whence the foe was to be exposed to a terrible enfilading fire. So Hood, as he came



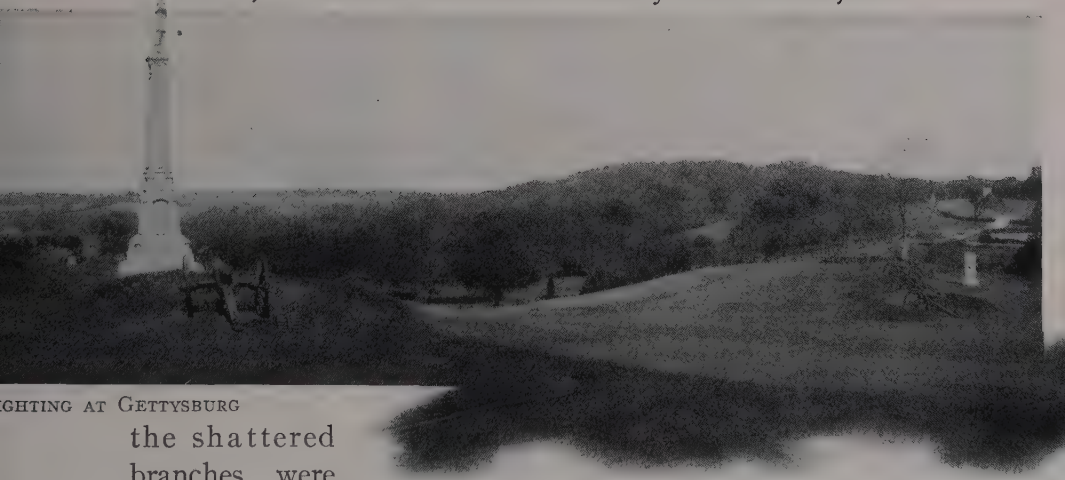
Scene of the Second Day

on, swung a little to southward, and his men rushed forward with two ends in view. In the Peach Orchard the smoke was so thick that it was impossible to see; the men, firing when they got a chance between the smoke rifts, cooled their hot guns when they could not use them. The foe was very near.

In the rear Frederick Stevens, directing the fire of his men, could hear a thousand sounds swept into one great roar: the rumble of cannon that came and unlimbered, the shouting of officers, the unceasing detonations of the guns, the screaming of the shells that flew over their heads! All these were in it. Still the foe came on. The Southern

line was across the road now, and with shouts of triumph was plunging into the trees. From before Frederick's eyes, the lifting smoke opened up an avenue of vision; there, so close that he was startled, rushed the forms in grey. Across the valley, dashing forward toward Sickles's flank, came columns of Hill's men, backing up Hood; they converged upon the exposed orchard with an irresistible elation. Sickles was surrounded by a sea of flame and a cloud of white powder-smoke that never lifted.

Over the head of Frederick came a vicious screaming shell; it struck a tree immediately behind him, and



GHTING AT GETTYSBURG

the shattered branches were flung in fragments among the men. Splinters flew in every direction; the shell swept on, burying itself on the hillside. This was only the first; the Southern batteries had found the range. This shell was the forerunner of a thousand screaming brothers; the sound was deafening; scream after scream, hiss after hiss, the shells smote the staggering columns of Sickles. It appeared that no longer was the foe in front of them; as the artillery got the range, Hood, ever mindful of the second point of attack, swung southward out of line of the dreadful iron flood, and swept toward Round

Top. Into the dread district known as the Devil's Den he went; and surged on around Sickles's flank.

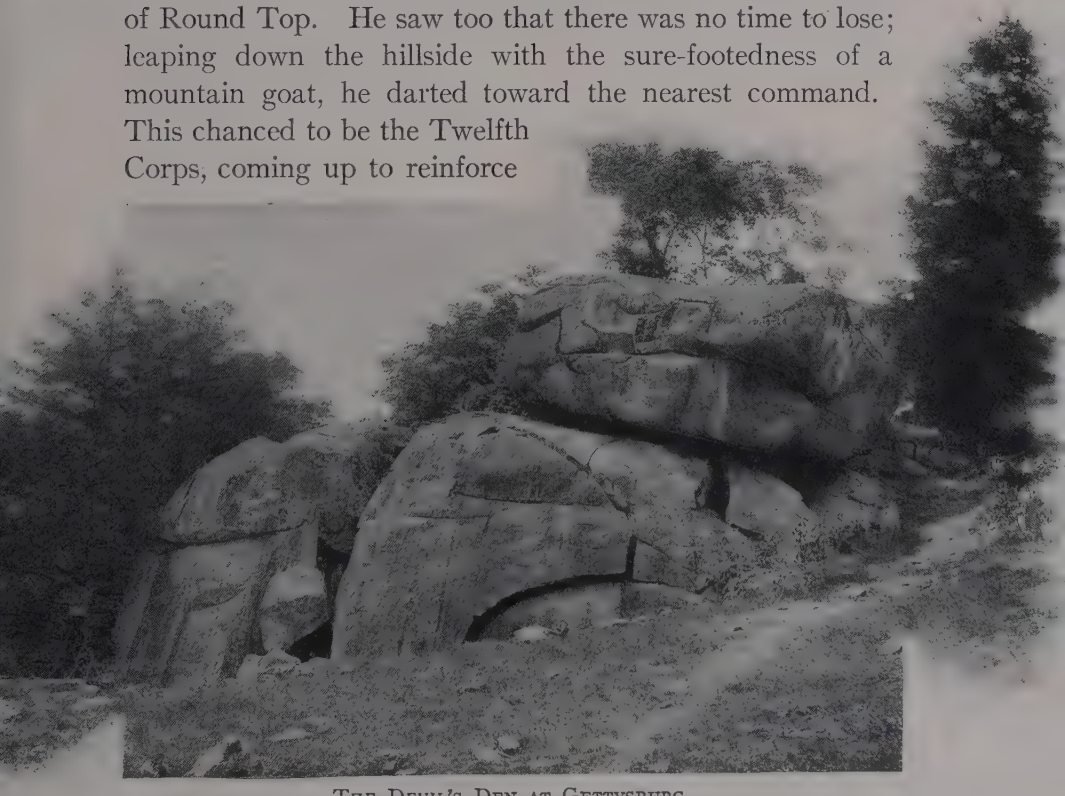
To Frederick's ears it seemed as if he and his men were alone, with none but enemies around him. From the north, striking full, came Hill's men across the valley; while southward, now almost in his rear, Hood charged up from the Devil's Den. There was at present no firing immediately

General Meade's Headquarters at Gettysburg

in front of him, and, the smoke having lifted, he could see that the road was clear of foes. Where they had gone was only too clear. He saw that if he did not retreat he stood in imminent danger of being cut off altogether. Sickles too saw this, and gave the necessary order to fall back. The men obeyed, the more readily because no foe confronted them. To right and left flamed the fight; and as they drew backward towards the line of Cemetery Ridge, they came into range once more. It had seemed to them that the enemy had been beaten back from before their front; now they saw how far wrong they were,— he had merely changed his direction, and was coming forward as urgently as ever.

It was by this time nearly 4 o'clock; the western heights lifted close to the western sun; the rays smote full in Frederick's eyes, as he drew slowly backward up the hillside. Lifting its line of fire, the Southern artillery turned its iron flood full upon Sickles's men; here and there great gaps were opened in the lines; Frederick saw four men beside him swept away; a shell burst close beside him, flinging brown earth in his eyes; and all the while the level rain of bullets never ceased. The breaking point had been nearly reached.

On Round Top, when the battle started, had been Warren of the engineers, standing all alone. As he stood there, erect and careless of bullets, it came flashing across his mind what was the real object of this dash. It was the capture of Round Top. He saw too that there was no time to lose; leaping down the hillside with the sure-footedness of a mountain goat, he darted toward the nearest command. This chanced to be the Twelfth Corps, coming up to reinforce



THE DEVIL'S DEN AT GETTYSBURG

Warren's Statue on Little Round Top

Sickles; and this corps Warren now ordered forward to hold the Tops, little and big. Just in time, too; for as the Federal soldiers, scrambling up the steep ascent as best they could, falling and getting up, and crawling and hanging on as chance offered, reached the summit, up from the Devil's Den to meet them came Hood's implacable lines.

"Send that battery here, on your life! Be quick!" shouted Warren.

"We 're coming!" shouted the battery leader in reply; and the horses bent to their difficult task. Up, up, foot by foot, the wheels slipping and sliding over bowlders, the horses stumbling, swaying, falling now and again, but ever going onward; and on the summit Warren, steering the way. As Hood and his men reached the Tops, they were met by this battery's fire; and their long run in the teeth of this terrible fire was to be in vain. Dauntlessly they flung themselves up the sloping hillside; but the battery was working

now, throwing its weight of destructive metal full in their faces. Rank by rank they staggered and fell, closing up the gaps only to have them reopened by the pitiless iron hail. The Tops were safe, thanks to Warren; and though the tide continued surging up and up for another hour, fitfully, they remained in Union hands. In the Peach Orchard, meantime, the last straggling members of Sickles's forces had fallen back to the ridge; and the orchard was held by the foe. Sickles himself, seriously wounded by a shell, had been carried to the rear, and Birney commanded in his place. The line was now unbreakable. Frederick saw it to be so, as he looked out down the slope, and saw the road that attackers would have to come. Sickles, as a result of the second day's fighting, had been forced back to the position he should have taken at the start; and all was well in that quarter. The Tops and the ridge were safe.

Sunset found the battle eddying feebly in many places on the wide field. On the south it was nearly over, but Ewell still hammered away heavily on Culp's Hill. His attack was to have been made simultaneously with Hood's, but the wind had carried away the sound of Hood's cannonading, and Ewell had not heard the signal. However, when

BIG AND LITTLE ROUND TOPS, FROM THE EMMITTSBURG ROAD

his men did start, they fought like fiends, and charging on Culp in the teeth of half a hundred guns, they succeeded in gaining a position at the bottom of the hill. There night held them.

As darkness stole softly in upon the valley, where the shadows fell first and deepest, it was with a sigh of ineffable relief that the men desisted from the fight. They had been engaged almost continuously since 3 o'clock, and that under a sun hot enough to boil the blood in their veins. The smell of smoke, the acrid odor of exploding powder was in their nostrils; their eyes smarted as though pierced with a thousand stings. When the time came to rest they discovered for the first time how unutterably weary they were. Many comrades lay where they had fallen, and would never rise again; others, groaning and covered with blood, were borne off to the hospital; but the rank and file lay still on the hard-earned ground. As night set in the Confederates came closer to the Union lines, and carried off their dead and wounded, lying in ghastly heaps before the principal points of attack. Before the Tops, in the Devil's Den, and on Culp's Hill, the heaps were thickest. All night, while the exhausted armies slept, the hospital stewards were busy going to and fro tirelessly upon their merciful errands.

Frederick, weary in body and soul as he was, could not sleep. His limbs ached with the weariness, but his brain throbbed and throbbed, and the blood beat painfully in his temples. He strove to quiet himself by remembering cool and placid things, but the effort was vain. He could think only of the dense masses of moving grey which had hurled themselves upon the muzzles of his guns. He knew that they would come again to-morrow, and wondered what point they would choose. Overhead rose the moon, turning the sad battleground to an unreal beauty, in which all things were veiled. Out across the valley, on the opposite ridge,

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG (*From the painting by P. F. Rothermel*)

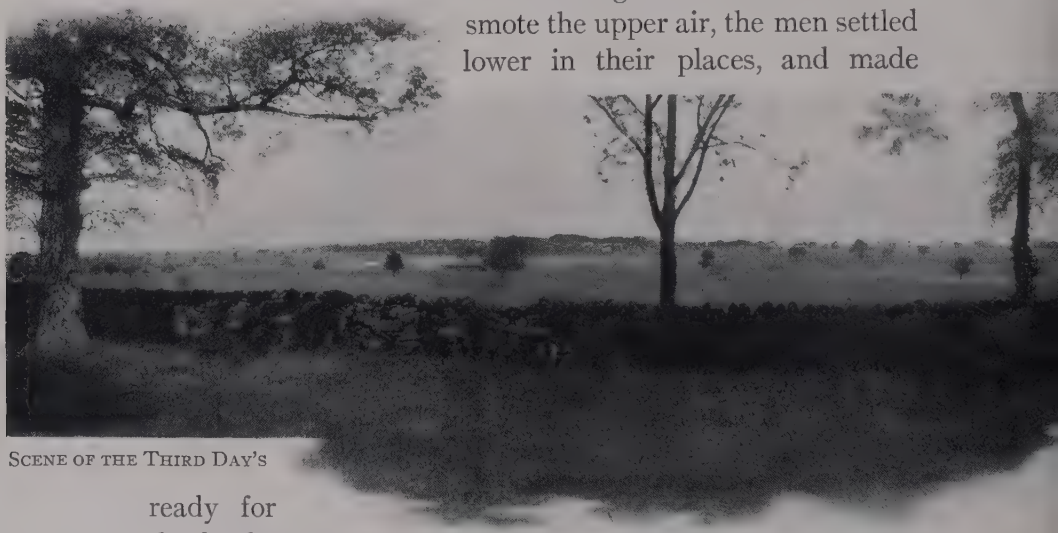
Frederick could see the lights of Lee's hospital camps in the rear; over the ridge behind him were his own hospitals, filled, as he knew, with the shattered bodies of thousands of men. He knew that at that moment the surgeons were working, untiring, unceasing, on their sad work of repair. Time after time he strove to go to sleep, but could not. The dawn found him still sleepless, his heavy eyes staring widely at the sky. He picked himself up and sought the rear; for he was dying of thirst. Strangely enough, the touch of water on his brow and eyes, and the cool trickle of it down his throat, renewed his ebbing spirit. He soon forgot that he had been awake all night; forgot that his eyes were heavy, his wound grown painful again. The day was come, and he was glad of the sun.

With the growing light, it could be seen, looking down from his height, what changes had been wrought in the armies' alignment by the hard fighting of the day before. As has been said, the only advantage gained by the South had had the effect of forcing the Union line back to the ridge, a much stronger position than ever before. But there had been a great change in the Southern line. This had now come forward and lay along the Emmittsburg road, facing Cemetery Ridge through all its long length. At the north, near Gettysburg, this brought the Confederate line perilously close to the Federal position; while at the other extremity, as the road stretched away southwest, perhaps a mile separated the two opposing wings, blue and grey. Around the barb of the hook, Ewell, as has been said, had gained ground; but it was ground he could not hold. Perhaps, if Jackson had been there — but Jackson was not there!

When the sun rose on the third day's fighting hardly a man there but realized that this day would end it; this day would make or mar the whole. Lee, looking on the

ground he had gained, on the advances he had made against an almost impregnable position, was encouraged and elated. Twenty thousand of his men were killed or wounded, as were 20,000 of the enemy, but the North could better afford the loss. Lee did not see this; he saw only the weak point of the Federal line, and on that point his heart was set as well.

Every man drew a long breath, as the sun crept up beyond the eastern rim of earth: What would this day bring? As the first grim sounds of cannon smote the upper air, the men settled lower in their places, and made ready for the death struggle. For this time it would be to the death. All that had gone before, terrific as it had been, was but the prelude to what was to come now. The opening cannon on the north were the signal guns.



Scene of the Third Day's

Frederick, secure on his ridge in the south center, under the command of Hancock, "the superb," drew yet another breath of thankfulness when he found that the battle was as yet only in the north. At 6 o'clock the first reverberations echoed down the valley, and at 12 the guns were still ablaze, sending their antiphonal chorus far over hill and valley,

Bitterly, bitterly, did the fight rage on Culp's Hill and along the rising ground before it. Here fought Early, here Johnston, here Avery, here Hays, and their indomitable brigades flung themselves recklessly on heights they could never hope to conquer. Here the old Jackson brigade, fighting like panthers with the spirit of their dead leader spurring them on, surged, and fell back, and came again. But Culp's Hill held fast; and at noon the Southern forces, spent and bleeding and baffled, retired from the ground they had struggled so to win.

GHTING AT GETTYSBURG

Into the valley streamed the bright rays of a burning sun; down, down, down, with implacable hatred, the hot stream of light came to bathe the hills with blinding radiance. A thousand flashes shot from gun-barrel, bayonet, and trapping. It was high noon; the attack in the north was over; and the great moment of the war was close at hand.

Over on Seminary Ridge, Lee, looking upon the spot he had scanned so often, decided that the time was come for the final effort. When he had broached his plan to Longstreet that leader had remonstrated with all the power he

could summon. In vain: Lee's mind was fixed, and could not now be changed.

"I shall shell their center for two hours before the charge," he said.

"It would be the same if you shelled it for two months," said Longstreet sadly. "I say to you that no fifteen thousand men who ever lived could take that position, fresh troops or weary, Virginians or no Virginians!"

But Lee shook his head. "Pickett's men have not been in the fight at all yet," he said. "And the Federal guns will be silenced before the charge begins. I shall fire two signal cannon for the signal!" He rode away.

The preliminary cannonading was already begun. One hundred cannon flung their terrible messengers across the valley upon the Federal heights. The pall of smoke was thick, impenetrable; one could not see anything save in the immediate foreground. The roar of the cannon drowned every other sound; roar on roar on roar, incessant, thunderous, superb. The Federal cannon made no response — yet. For one hour the bombardment continued, unabated, and then came a respite. Not for long. The Southern gunners were cooling their weapons and making ready for the real effort now to follow. They massed their guns, 140 in number, on the nearest elevation to the point they meant to strike; and waited. For one hour they waited.

Austerely, majestically, from the summit of the ridge came the thunder of a single cannon; two seconds, four seconds, six — then came another. Then silence. The waiting Southern gunners bent to their fuses. The time was come.

All the cannonading which had gone before faded into insignificance by the side of that which came now. One hundred and forty guns flung grape and canister and round shot — all the ammunition that could be gathered — across

upon the stricken heights. The sides of the amphitheater seemed almost to rock with the rocking valley. Thunder followed thunder; detonation smote upon the echo of detonation; like a gigantic upheaval of some titanic underworld the earth throbbed with the sound. On the ridge, the Federal guns, which had not answered before, began now to reply, and the double cannonading set the heavens asplit. The smoke was as thick as cream; red lights from the explosions rode fitfully upon the edges of the smoke-curtain. Minute after minute, quarter-hour after quarter-hour it clanged, till endurance could go no further. On the Union ridge the firing ceased, by command.

"This is the cover for some movement," said Meade shrewdly; and gave orders to his gunners to cease firing. Lee, seeing the change, hearing the fall into silence of the Union guns, thought that the hour had struck. Pickett, fretting and chafing at the head of his Virginians, thought so too. Riding up to Longstreet, like the cavalier without reproach that he was, he cried:

"Shall I go forward, sir?"

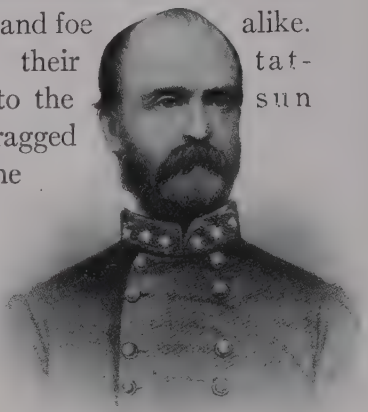
Longstreet could not answer him. Knowing it to be a thing no mortal men could do, he could not give the order.

"I shall go forward," said Pickett; and his general bowed his head.

Gallantly out in front of his men rode Pickett, erect, lithe, graceful. He waved his sword toward the Union lines, and wheeled his horse to face them. At his back his men moved forward in unbroken ranks.

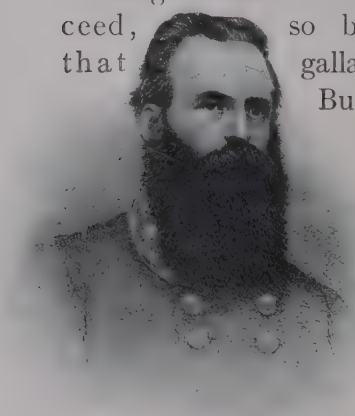
Over across the valley, where still the smoke hung low, the Federals on their summits stood waiting what might come. The cannonading had now ceased and a strange stillness lay upon field and hill. The day-wind, blowing up the valley, struck suddenly and forcefully upon the battle cloud, and raised it.

A thrill reaching to the soul shot through the Union army, for there, on the opposing slope, marching forward with unbroken order, advanced the Southern battle-line. A murmur of admiration burst from friend and foe alike. There they came: 15,000 strong, their tattered battle flags lifted gloriously to the sun and the breeze that flung their ragged fringes wide. To the sound of the pealing trumpets they came forward, and for a space no man upon the threatened hills could move. Onward they came, that mighty line, that double line of the very pick and flower of Virginia's valor; more than a mile in length, straight, erect, resilient, the great front of the charge swept toward the goal. In the center Pickett, with his lieutenants Kemper and Armistead; under his command in all 4500 men; the rest of the 15,000 were from other brigades, but they followed Pickett's lead as the children followed the Piper.



Lewis A. Armistead

"Magnificent, magnificent, magnificent!" Frederick found himself murmuring over and over, under his breath. He caught himself wishing almost that the charge might succeed, so beautiful in its bravery appeared that gallant line.



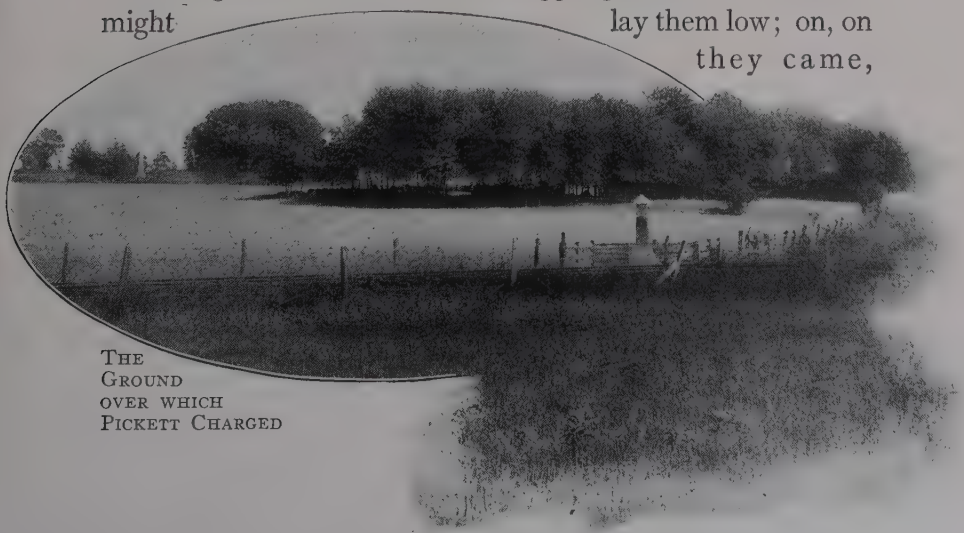
J. L. Kemper

But the Union forces were to show no pity. Already upon that devoted company was beating the storm-wind of 200 cannon. The great shells broke their steady ranks; great gaps began to open in the orderly line. Men fell, staggered to their feet, and fell again, or

recovered and rushed on to join their brethren. To the cannon now the Federal musketry added its voice. Upon that line, now coming perilously near, the leaden rain streamed down from 10,000 muskets. The Union army, settling its feet more firmly upon the hill-tops, bent to the greatest struggle of its career.

Frederick, once his dream-spell was broken, found himself directing the fire of his men with almost automatic coolness. He bade them hold their fire when they could not see their foes, bade them shoot when they saw the object of their aim, bade them reserve something for the hand-to-hand battle soon to follow. Steadily, methodically, the Federal fire converged on its foe.

All semblance of order was gone from the charging line; the alignment was lost, never to be regained. Pickett saw, too late, that the Union guns had not been silenced, and that he had been tricked; but it was too late to draw back. As they drew closer to the desired slopes, the pace of the charge grew swifter; the men hurled themselves forward without consideration or any choosing of foothold or of route. From a line they had become a mass; half their men were already down, killed or wounded; but the other half still came forward. It seemed as though nothing could stop them now. Guns might tear holes in their struggling masses; musket fire might lay them low; on, on they came,

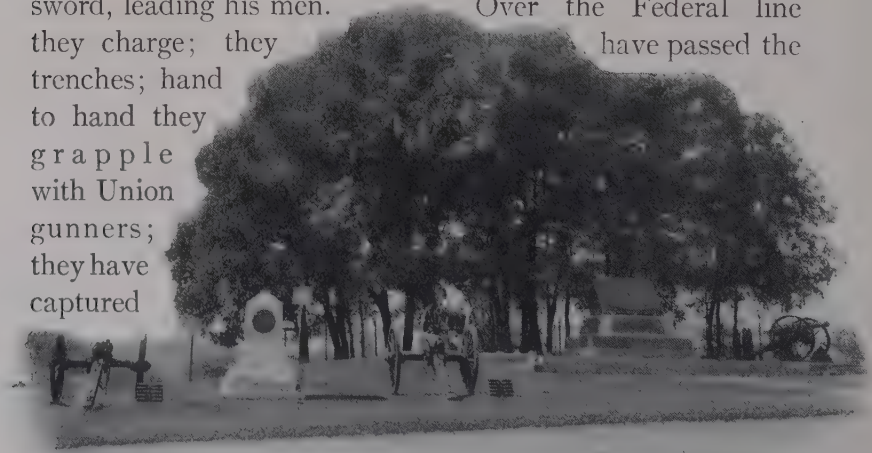


THE GROUND OVER WHICH PICKETT CHARGED

with an insistence that no human power could quell. Upon their ranks beat the pitiless fire that never ceased; from 10,000 muzzles, death rained down upon the charging few. Up the slopes they came.

To Pickett, leading the van, still untouched, erect as ever, it seemed that the shells from the supporting Southern guns were few; he did not know that they had ceased to fire altogether, for their ammunition was gone; neither did he know that he and his division alone went forward now; for the two wings, such of them as were still alive, had given up the task. Had he known it, it would have made no difference. On he came.

He was heading up the hillside, and there was a mere hundred yards to go to reach the Union lines. On the left Pettigrew alone still pressed forward, but he had not much farther to go; on the right Wilcox's bolt was shot. In the center only was there life in the charge. Up the slopes, up the slopes! Fling your fire into front and flank, ye cannot stop him now! Kemper is down; Garnett is fallen; but in the van is Armistead, his cap lifted high on the point of his sword, leading his men. Over the Federal line they charge; they have passed the trenches; hand to hand they grapple with Union gunners; they have captured

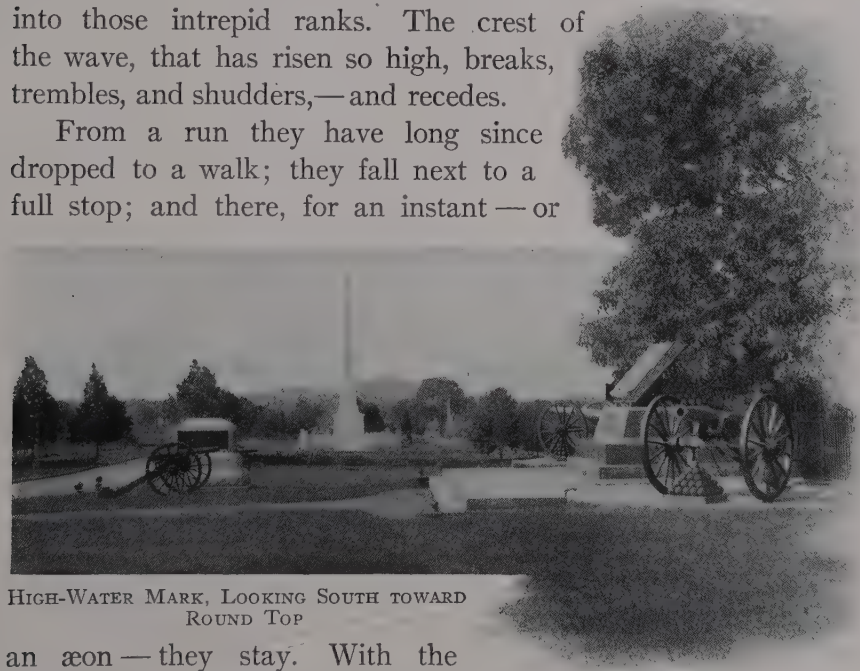


High Water Mark; where Pickett's Charge Spent Itself

a battery, their Southern battle flag is planted on the height! They have reached the crest of the wave!

With the crashing force of the simoom, upon this wonderful handful, the bravest of the brave, converges the entire Union center. From north and east and south rides death into those intrepid ranks. The crest of the wave, that has risen so high, breaks, trembles, and shudders,—and recedes.

From a run they have long since dropped to a walk; they fall next to a full stop; and there, for an instant — or an æon — they stay. With the bitterness of defeat dawning in their bloodshot eyes, foot by foot they fall away. Back across that terrible line, back down the steep, death-ridden hill they go, stumbling blindly in their sorrow and defeat. They have done more than men could do; and it is not enough.



HIGH-WATER MARK, LOOKING SOUTH TOWARD ROUND TOP

Back from the sides of Cemetery Ridge came the shattered fragments of the most terrible charge in history. Over the silent bodies of their comrades came they back; but of the 15,000 men who started in their valor to the storming of Cemetery Ridge, only 1000 returned to face their leader —

to face Lee, who, with tears upon his cheeks, and with eyes that saw how utterly the South had lost, said pitifully to the returning heroes:

"It was all my fault, boys, all my fault. Now help me to do what I can to save what is left!"

At the sight of his grief-haunted eyes, there burst from the parched and bleeding lips of these Virginians the husky whisper of a cheer.

Monterey Gap from Little Round Top, Showing Line of Lee's Retreat

CHAPTER XVIII

A THOUSAND MILES AWAY

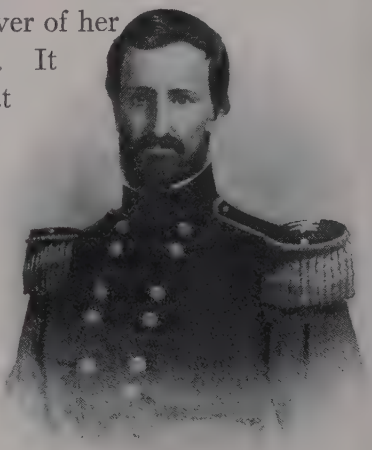
WHAT can it profit us to rehearse the sorrowful backward flow of Lee's great battle wave? He was beaten; but his victor dared not pursue. He had lost, with his field, the cause of the South as well,— but the world did not know that yet. Meade, his conqueror, looked on the retreating columns of the foe, but said no word. Lincoln urged and pleaded, offered to take the blame if an assault wrought disaster, but Meade was too heavily stricken. All of his brave lieutenants were wounded or wearied unto death; and there was nought to do but wait. Lee made the best of his escape from the fatal field, and a few days later crossed unmolested back into Virginia.

General Grant

So the wonderful battle was fought, and ceased, and passed into history. But while the smoke of it still hung upon the field, while yet the grey lines of Lee hung menacing on the heights, an occurrence equally vital was taking place a thousand miles

to the southwest, where the great river that De Soto found takes her slow passage southward to the sea.

Before the fortifications of the city of Vicksburg lay the encircling trenches of Ulysses S. Grant. Vicksburg, the last stronghold of the South upon the river of her pride, was invested by the Union lines. It was by no simple and easy route that Grant had reached this pass. His road to Vicksburg had been long and steep and bitter. Twice and thrice had she seemed within his grasp—only for him to find that the hour was not yet, and that he must begin again. Wild doings had there been in the West since he had won that strenuous 'prentice field of Shiloh, more than a year ago. When that battle was done, and Halleck with his armies advanced upon Corinth, it seemed that the Southern power in the West was all but broken. Maybe; but the broken fragments were a long time coming apart.

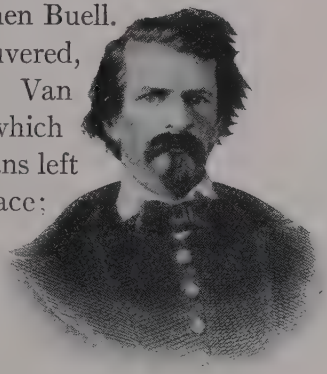


William S. Rosecrans

When, snatched from the army at Corinth, Halleck had been called back to take charge in Washington of the armies both East and West, Grant had taken up the work thus left unfinished. Unfortunately for the cause he supported he was not placed in sole command; Buell was still at the head of one of the two armies left to complete the work. And Buell, while a capable general in many respects, was not the stuff of which great generals are made. Bragg, who promptly started in to offset the Union successes by making

Don Carlos Buell

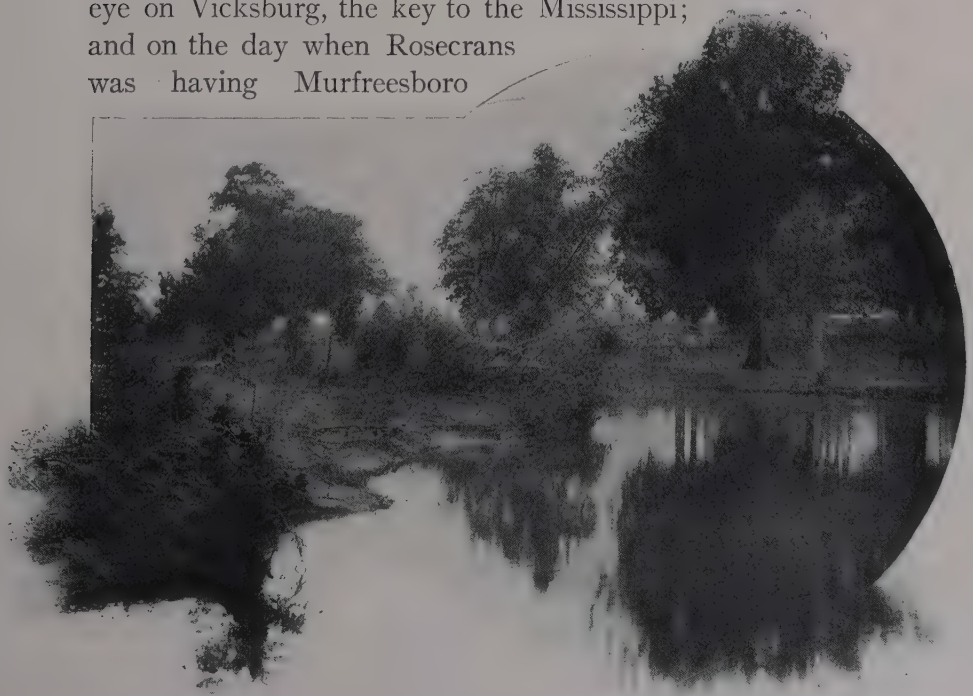
a raid up into Kentucky, occupied Buell's attention so thoroughly that there was no time to think of much else. At Perryville a battle occurred, which, while it ended in Buell's favor, was unfortunate for Grant, because he was forced to send many of his best troops to strengthen Buell.



Earl Van Dorn

Around Corinth, then, Grant manœuvered, trying to catch the Southern general, Van Dorn, in a trap, but lacking men with which to do it. On the heels of this, Rosecrans left him to take command in Buell's place; and aided by the efforts of Philip H. Sheridan, gained a victory at Stone River, near Murfreesboro, January 2, 1863. But it was rather a strategic victory than a Confederate defeat, the Federal loss being much the greater, and the effect on Grant's more important plans was disastrous.

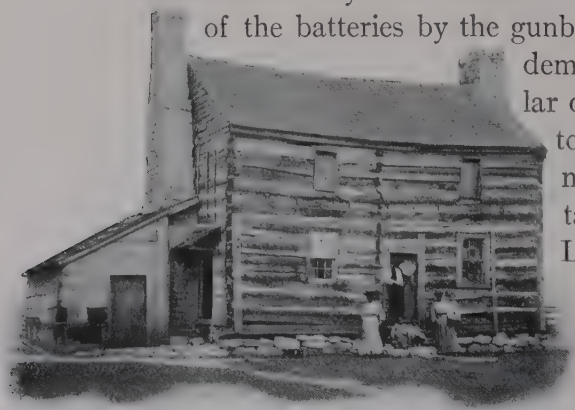
Already, at the start of this new year, Grant had set his eye on Vicksburg, the key to the Mississippi; and on the day when Rosecrans was having Murfreesboro



McFadden's Ford, on the Stone River near Murfreesboro, Tennessee

given him by Sheridan, Grant began his movement upon his cherished goal. In vain: his base destroyed by cavalry under Van Dorn, his supports under Sherman defeated at Chickasaw Bluffs, Grant was compelled to desist from his effort for the time. Undisturbed, he set himself to the task of making another attempt, this time with the collaboration of the gunboats under Porter. The first scheme tried consisted in endeavoring to cut a canal around Vicksburg, on the west side of the river, thus opening the Mississippi to the Gulf. This was a failure, as was also an effort to open up a waterway from the big river to the Yazoo, whereby Vicksburg might be taken from the rear. After a great deal of time and labor spent in these fruitless endeavors, Grant finally decided to abandon the attack from the north, and come up against the indomitable city from below. This involved the running of the batteries by the gunboats, and this was a task demanding the most spectacular daring. Men were asked to volunteer, as Porter would not compel them to undertake a thing so perilous. Lots were drawn, and so highly prized was the chance to go that many

Stone River, Showing Fort and Breastworks in the Background



Bragg's Headquarters at Murfreesboro

a lucky lot drawer refused a month's pay for his chance. The running of the batteries was a brilliant success, though the Confederates, lighting a bonfire which turned the whole river-front into a blaze of light, turned the whole might of their batteries upon the intrepid vessels. The army, meanwhile,

CAPTURE OF A CONFEDERATE FLAG AT MURFREESBORO (*From the painting by Chappell*)

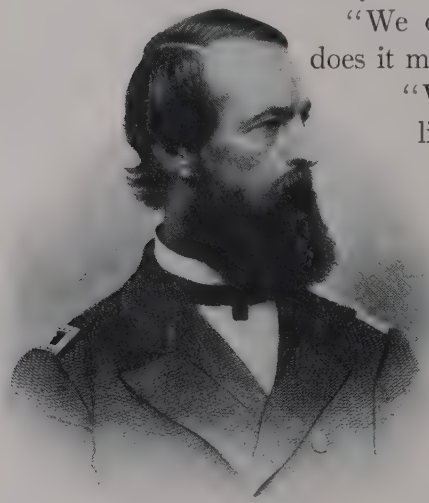
had gone around by land; and the middle of April found Grant ready for the crowning movement of the campaign.

Alarmed by the imminent danger that Vicksburg was now in, the Confederates began to dispatch troops to her relief. Grant had to look a dozen ways at once. Simultaneously he sent armies against Haines's Bluff, against Taylor at Opelousas, and against Pemberton's rear, this last move being the daring cavalry raid of Colonel Grierson. With these three openings the net began to draw together. It was time.

Up in Washington they were saying: "What is Grant doing all this time?"

No one could tell then. Abstemious men, gaining the ear of Lincoln, were pouring into it their complaints of Grant's supposedly bibulous habits.

"What brand of whiskey does Grant drink?" asked Lincoln interestedly.



David Porter the Younger

"We don't know,—but what difference does it make?" said they angrily.

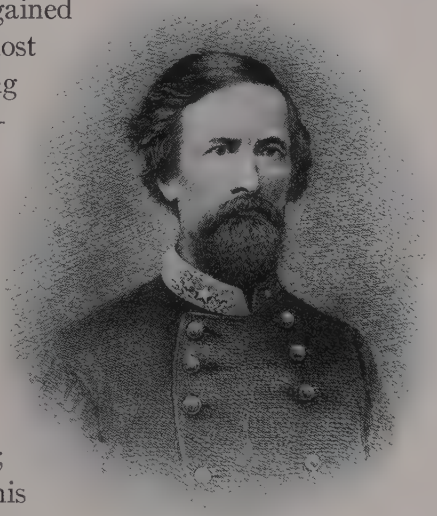
"Why," returned the President, "I 'd like to get some for some of my other generals, that 's all!" This, after Chancellorsville, and while the memory of Fredericksburg was as a burning wound. It is significant that from the first Lincoln recognized Grant to be a man who needed no restraining hand, who could be depended on to do his utmost under all conditions; and he left him alone to do it. The fruit of this freedom was beginning to be apparent.

With the crossing of the river and the landing of the army on the east bank below the city, the pace began to quicken. From the east Joseph E. Johnston was coming, a tower of strength for Grant's foes; and around Vicksburg Pemberton was waxing bold. Port Gibson and Grand Gulf were still in the hands of the Confederacy, with Confederate garrisons. Grant was surrounded by his foes; it seemed as though he would need a hundred hands to push them all back. A hundred hands, somehow, he found; and proceeded to the pushing.

On May 1 he defeated Pemberton's advance at Port Gibson. Plunging northward ere the smoke had lifted, he forced his way in between Pemberton and the oncoming

Union Avenue, on the Battlefield of Vicksburg, Mississippi

Johnston. He must hold the one, and drive back the other. Johnston he met at Jackson, Mississippi, and on May 14 defeated him decisively, the Southron being not yet quite his own man since his wound at Fair Oaks. Wheeling westward again, Grant hurled his columns at Pemberton once more. At Champion's Hill, and the following day at Big Black River, he gained decisive victories; and in almost precisely two weeks after crossing the Mississippi he shut up Pemberton, hard and fast, in the works at Vicksburg.



J. C. Pemberton

On May 18, 1863, he settled himself down before the city, determined never to leave until the place was his. At his side Sherman stood, equally determined and now at his full military stature, a lieutenant to be proud of; while on the river, Porter with his gunboats prevented any question of rescue for the garrison from that side. Very much as the old crusaders used to settle down with their tents and pavilions before Tyre or Acre, Grant now planted his columns around the walls of Vicksburg. The siege commenced.

Vicksburg was a city hard to capture; its defenses, made almost impregnable under the hand of Lockett, Confederate colonel of engineers, might well have discouraged a less inflexible besieger. Not Grant! He settled himself to his task in a manner which showed to all the world that he had come to stay. The Confederates, looking out over their stout walls, found themselves wishing their fortresses stouter still.

Now began the tedious work of mine and counter-mine, of attack on walls that would not yield. The Federals advanced their entrenchments foot by foot till the opposing lines were within almost a stone's throw one of the other. The bombardment continued incessantly; for forty-seven days the sound of the cannon was hardly lacking for an hour. The inhabitants of the city, finding that there was no hope of rescue from without, set themselves to stick it out as long as they could. They burrowed holes in the ground, to protect themselves from the shells that fell and fell without ceasing; they ate what they could get, and gave the best to the army. They sent their sharpshooters to the walls, to pick off, if possible, the Union gunners. The marksmanship on both sides was superb; it is related that a hat, held on a sword over the ramparts on the eastern wall, was pierced in one minute with eleven rifle-balls.

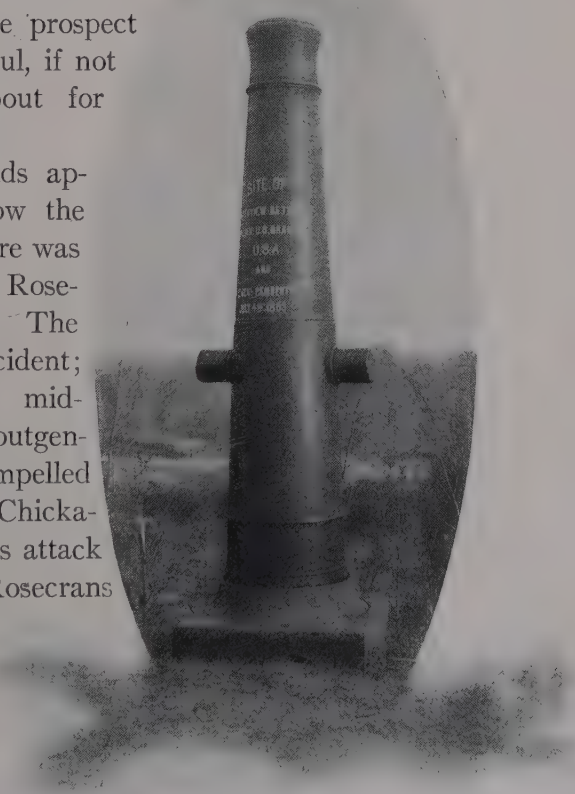
Week upon week went by; the siege still continued. In the city the danger of starvation threatened; and word came finally from Johnston that rescue was impossible. The South had no troops to send to the beleaguered garrison; and Pemberton, though with angry tears in his eyes, was compelled to think

The Illinois State Monument and Shirley House on the Battlefield of Vicksburg

of surrender. It was inevitable; any further delay meant simply more loss of life, more suffering to thousands of non-combatants. An assault on his lines was imminent; and this assault he knew would be successful. Accordingly, on the day and almost at the very hour that Pickett started forward across the valley of death, Pemberton sent out a white flag to General Grant.

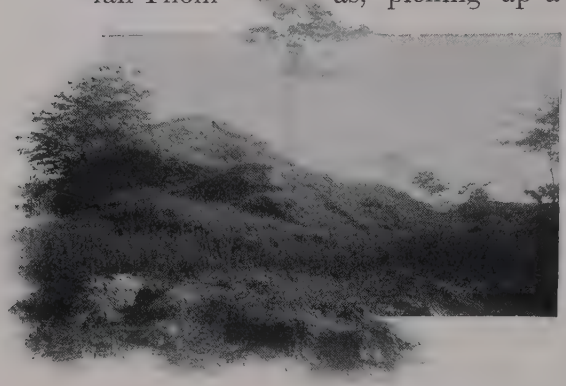
On the Fourth of July, Vicksburg surrendered. Grant's work for the freeing of the river was done. Once more could Lincoln say, with gratitude: "The river runs unhindered to the Gulf!" For with Vicksburg taken, and with the fall two days later of Port Hudson, the entire course of the Mississippi was in Union hands. The Confederacy was cut in twain; the back of her defense was broken. Grant, to whose mind the prospect of inaction seemed painful, if not criminal, cast his eye about for new worlds to conquer.

For a time no worlds appeared. In the West now the only seat of active warfare was eastern Tennessee, where Rosecrans still commanded. The summer passed without incident; September came, and mid-September. Rosecrans, outgeneraled by Bragg, was compelled to fight the battle of Chickamauga; here, deferring his attack till Bragg had made his, Rosecrans found himself on the verge of disastrous defeat. His right and



THE SPOT WHERE GRANT AND PEMBERTON DISCUSSED THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG

center were gone; only his left stood firm. Thomas, the "rock of Chickamauga," saved the day. Against his iron columns Bragg's whole army plunged in vain; but at nightfall Thomas, picking up a thousand prisoners on the way, withdrew into the defenses at Chattanooga. Bragg planted himself on the heights without and waited.

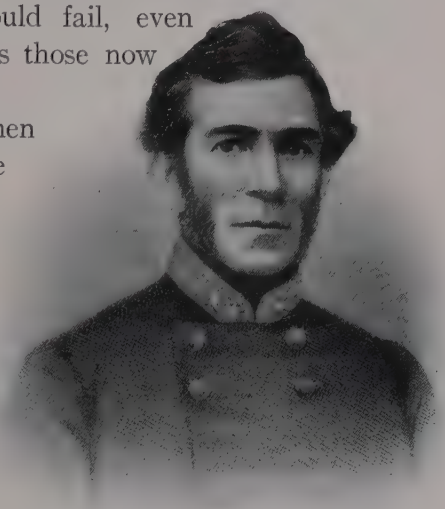


Remains of the Confederate Fort at Port Hudson

Here was matter made for Grant's hand. Here, at one place, was the whole Western war, all that was left of the South's great armies west of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Up from Mississippi hastened Grant; down from Virginia came Hooker, with two divisions of the Army of Virginia. By the time Grant arrived to take command, affairs wore a widely different aspect. Bragg still held the heights around the

Engagement Between the Federal and Confederate Gunboats on the Mississippi

city, but the besieged army was now more formidable than the besieger. Grant took command of an army whose equal would have been hard to find. With such generals to execute his designs as Sherman, Thomas, Hooker, and Sheridan, it was difficult to see how he could fail, even against such imposing heights as those now held by the Confederates.



Braxton Bragg

It was the end of November when Grant completed his plan for the assault upon the hills. To the west lay Racoon Mountain, which Longstreet had been instructed to abandon, for his fruitless foray against Knoxville; so the west was out of the reckoning. On the south rose the towering heights of Lookout Mountain, from whose summit a man could see three States when the wind blew free and the clouds were driven from the heights. On this commanding eminence the Confederates were entrenched in force, and formidable indeed appeared the task of dislodging them. The main Southern army, however, lay upon the peaks of Missionary Ridge, to the east of Chattanooga, and here was the crucial point. Grant, seeing what was to be done, lost no time in the starting of it.

Thomas, his troops drawn up as though on parade, had by a brilliant dash gained Orchard Knob, which, if it did nought else, gave Grant a fine central eyrie whence to direct his battle. On November 24, the word went forth to Hooker to storm Lookout Mountain. Eagerly "Fighting Joe" swept upward to the attack.

It was a cool day; the sun, hanging impotent above

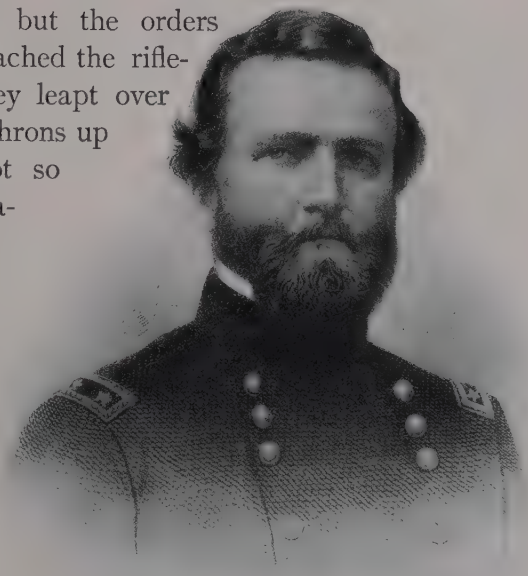
heavy clouds, barely straggled into the narrow valley; the summits of the guarding hills were swathed in mist. About the higher slopes of Lookout Mountain the clouds hung heavy and white, as up the slopes went Hooker and his men. They had orders, but they forgot them; up they went. The watchers, in the valley below, or on the slopes a mile away, watched anxiously for the outcome of this strange warfare. They could see the army as it went upward; they could see it struggle through the trees, over the bowlders, up the steep hillside; then the clouds hid all from view. Dimly from below sounded the last faint echoes of the guns, but the army was gone. Hooker took the crest, alone with his army "above the clouds." That night he held the summit; and the next morning he advanced toward the south extremity of Missionary Ridge.

To Grant, facing eastward, looking at this formidable height, there was food for thought. On the north of the ridge Sherman, still pounding away, was gaining ground slowly; on the south Hooker, fresh from his triumph on that sister mountain, advanced undauntedly; in the center Thomas waited for his chance. His chance came. Seeing the Southern troops convening on the two ends of the ridge, Grant hurled Thomas at the center. Simultaneously from north and south and center the men went forward toward those unscalable

Chickasaw Bluff

heights. They were being asked to do what they might well have shirked. There was no thought of shirking here; their eyes were on the heights.

Hooker's men had orders to take the rifle-pits at the foot of the slope, then to stop and re-form. Thomas's men had been likewise instructed; but the orders would not hold. They reached the rifle-pits, they gained them, they leapt over and pursued the fleeing Southrons up the hillside; there was not so much as even a hint of hesitation. Without a break in their stride, the lines in blue assailed the heights. Up they dashed, their battle flags waving gloriously in the front. No flag was allowed to fall; if the bearer was shot, another grabbed the banner ere it could touch the ground. Carried away by the exhilaration of the moment, Grant ordered forward every available man in all his lines.

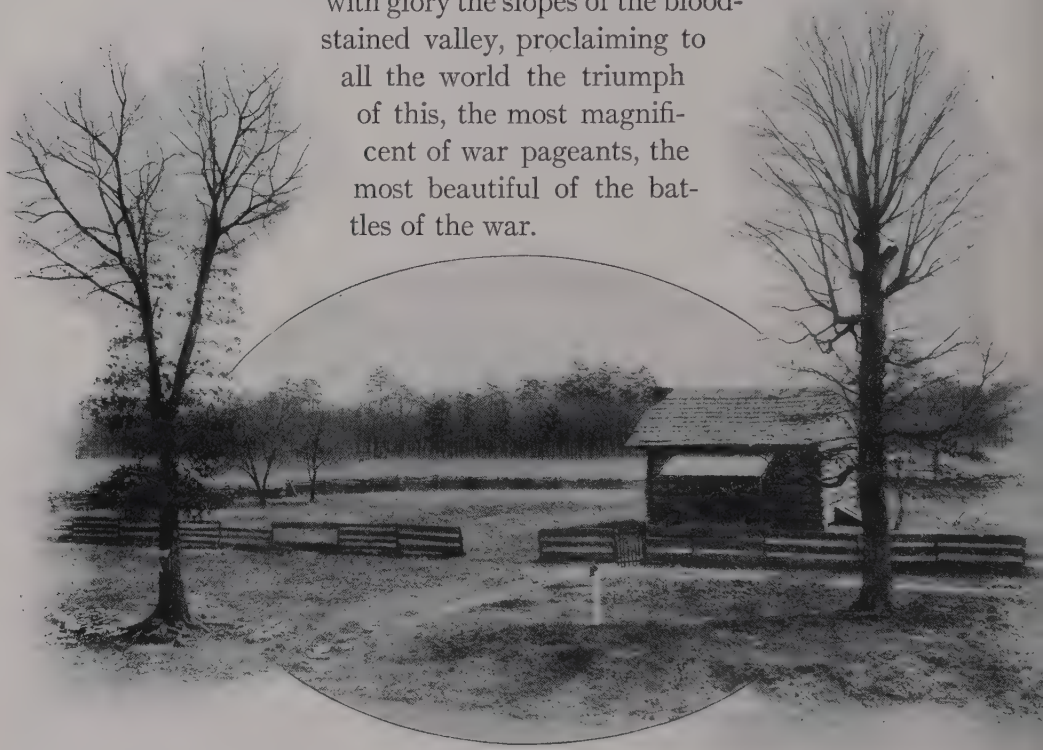


GEORGE H. THOMAS

From the summit of the ridge the Confederates poured down their most destructive fire upon nearing the foe. The Union troops came on, unhalted and undismayed. Without firing a shot, they swept up that great ascent. Heedless alike of cannon shot or musketry, they never stopped till they reached the crest. The flags got there first; they planted them on the summit, and the bayonets held them safe. The rest of the army was scarce behind.

"Charge bayonets!" rang the call; and over the crest they swept. They took the Southern guns; they turned

them on the retreating foe; they followed till their legs could follow no farther. That night, the campfires, glimmering along the heights of Missionary Ridge, lit up with glory the slopes of the blood-stained valley, proclaiming to all the world the triumph of this, the most magnificent of war pageants, the most beautiful of the battles of the war.



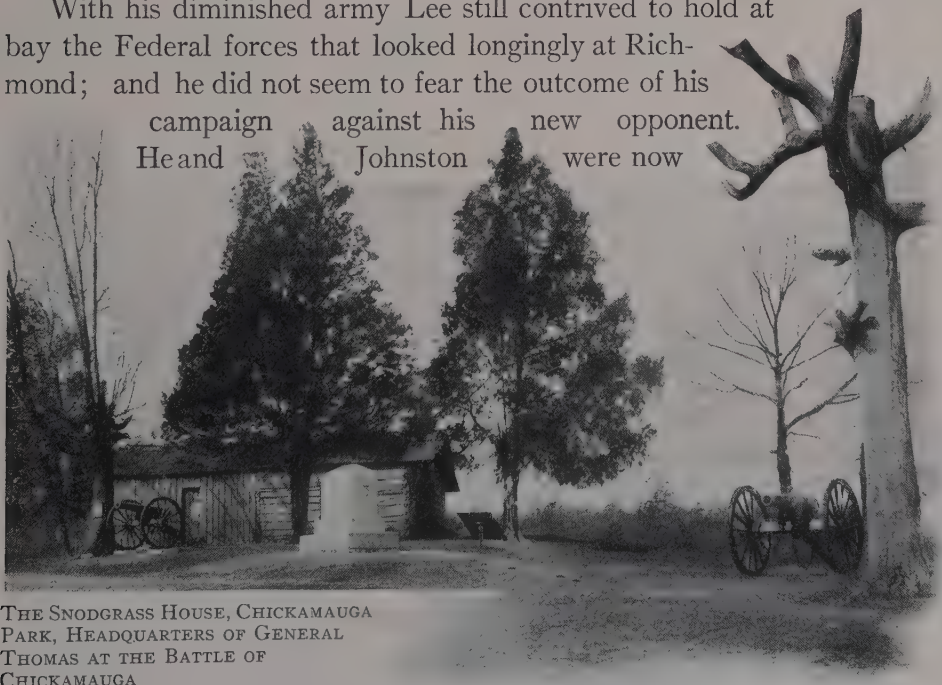
On the Battlefield of Chickamauga

CHAPTER XIX

"ON THIS LINE"

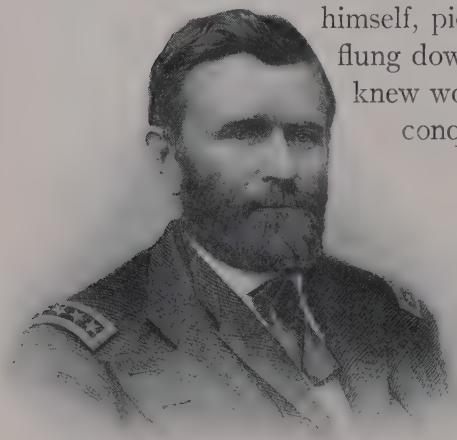
THE close of the year 1863 was, for the North, worthy of its beginning. The year which had opened with the Emancipation Proclamation closed with the thrilling capture of Missionary Ridge. A year that had made so marked a change in the face of the conflict could hardly have had a more significant ending; and as 1864 swung into its spring, it was made the occasion for an event more significant still: General Grant was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-general of the Union armies, and was given entire charge of all Federal forces in the field. If a little premonitory shiver of dread ran up the spine of the South, it did not at least visit the erect spinal column of Robert E. Lee.

With his diminished army Lee still contrived to hold at bay the Federal forces that looked longingly at Richmond; and he did not seem to fear the outcome of his campaign against his new opponent. He and Johnston were now



THE SNODGRASS HOUSE, CHICKAMAUGA PARK, HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL THOMAS AT THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA

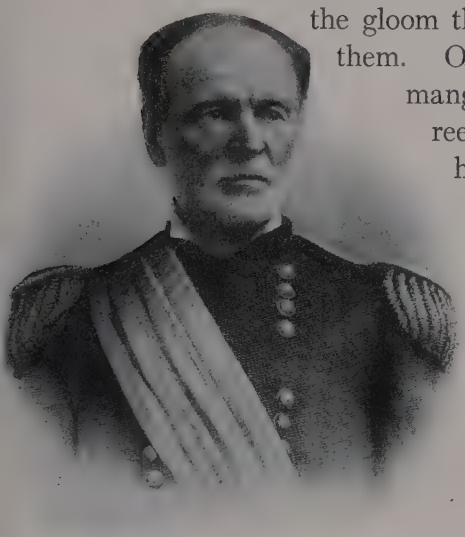
the only hopes the South had left; he in Virginia, and Johnston in Georgia. Grant, assuming the reins of control without a flicker of a muscle, made his plans as calmly as he ate his breakfast. He put Sherman in command of the armies in the South, with orders to keep at Johnston; he himself, picking up the gauntlet so gallantly flung down by Lee, made ready for what he knew would be the struggle of his life, the conquering of the Army of Virginia. On May 4, 1864, as his army was crossing the Rapidan in search of Lee, Grant, sitting on a log by the wayside, penciled a telegram to Sherman to open the campaign. The gage was flung: the day of commanders who hesitated was fled; and both sides knew that the war-game would be played out between them now to the bitter end.



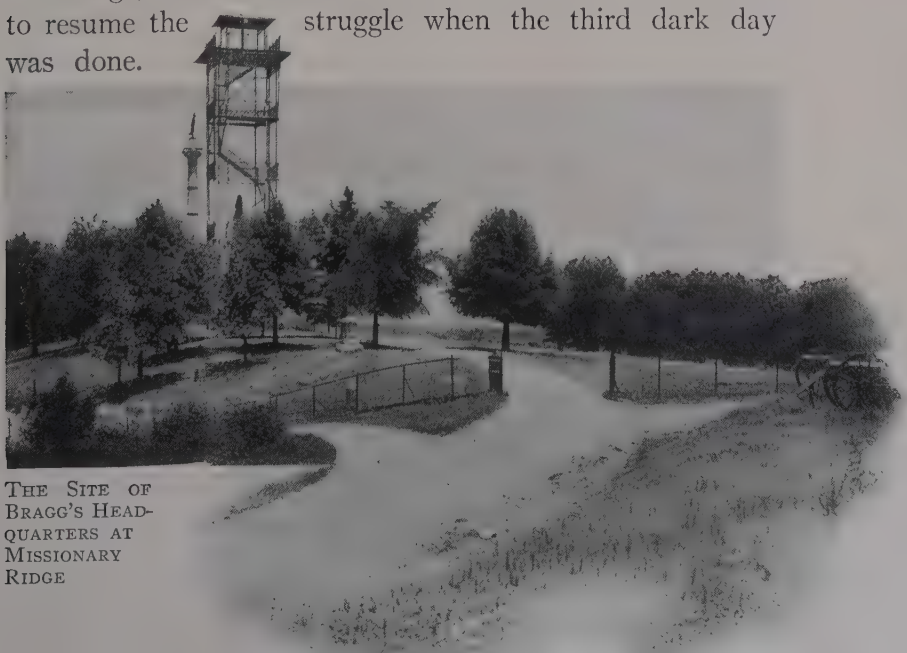
General Ulysses Simpson Grant
(*From the photograph by Gurney & Son*)

It was noon of the next day when the Federal army, advancing cautiously south of the Rapidan, reached the old remembered ground, the barren lands of the Wilderness. This was a place already connected with one terrible chapter in this army's history, and the men who had fought at Chancellorsville found themselves shuddering in spite of themselves as they entered the well-known gloom of this deserted and desolate region. It remained as bleak and unfriendly of aspect as ever, and the shades of the stunted trees were as deep and as sinister as of yore. A cold air that might have come from a tomb greeted them as they trod the sterile soil. It is no wonder that they found within them grave forebodings. The wonder befell in the swiftness with which the worst of these forebodings were turned into cold reality.

As Grant's army toiled over the narrow, sandy, winding roads, they heard within the wood the sudden sound of a thousand muskets. From behind the cloaking shadow of the gloom the army of Lee flung itself upon them. Over their heads the sternly mangled forest echoed with death, reeked with smoke and heat, and hissed and screamed with shells. The gloom forbade all thought of strategy, all hope of generalship. No eye could follow, no scrutiny detect the movements of the opposing armies in this weirdest of battles, which for three days surged to and fro in the wild demesnes of this Wilderness above all wildernesses. Lee, having planned the attack, had a little the better of it on the start, but it evened itself up before the fighting ceased. Neither side could claim an advantage, when all was over; but both were too exhausted to resume the struggle when the third dark day was done.



WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN



THE SITE OF BRAGG'S HEADQUARTERS AT MISSIONARY RIDGE

It was evening of the last day's fighting when Frederick Stevens, moving alone in a reconnaissance, found himself separated from his men as the night drew swiftly down. The day had been almost as dark as twilight, all through, and he had no idea of his directions. As long as the firing continued, he could keep the run of it, but suddenly it ceased, and utter silence descended upon the forest.

Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia

He caught a gleam through the trees which he thought to come from the west, and, turning his back upon it, he set out sturdily for the east to find the Union army. As it became almost completely dark, he came to the conclusion most reluctantly that he was lost. He could not see a light in any direction — and surely there must be campfires at least where the army was. He sat down to rest and to consider his position, which at first blush seemed to him more than a trifle absurd. With half a smile at his folly at getting lost, he felt in his small knapsack for food; luckily he found some, and made a dry, but very welcome meal. By this time it was full night; perhaps 9 o'clock.

Dinner over, he sat considering what was best to be done; he arose and started forward through the trees, his idea, half vague as it was, being to try for another hour or so, and then, if unsuccessful, to wait till morning dawned. He did not wish to walk in upon the Confederate lines by mistake; visions of Libby prison rose before his eyes. He started briskly forward.

He was toiling up a slight incline, stepping heavily in the deep sand, when, faintly, a sound came to his ears. He stopped in his tracks.

"What was that?" He listened anxiously; nothing was to be heard. Then, once more the sound, this time a little more clearly than before.

"That was some one groaning," said Frederick to himself, slowly. He held perfectly still, waiting for more. The groan was repeated; and this time he could tell from what direction it came. Slowly, feeling his way, he walked quietly toward the voice. A sort of blue-black radiance now pervaded the wood and enabled him to walk without being afraid of bumping into trees or limbs of trees, which latter in many cases hung perilously low. Presently Frederick came to a stop. On the earth before him, a few paces away, he could see a shadow darker than the ground itself.

"Water, water," sighed, rather than groaned, a feeble, husky voice.

The shadow did not move. Frederick, stepping softly, went toward it foot by foot. As he reached the object he saw it was a man, lying huddled at the foot of a little scrub pine, and moaning gently to himself in a feeble whisper.

"Water, water, water," the faint words came; then nothing more for a moment; then, more clearly, and with an evident quickening of spirit:

"Longstreet — you say it is Longstreet who is down? Longstreet?" Again,— "Longstreet wounded: sorry, sorry —" the voice trailed off to nothing; but suddenly, with a convulsive start from the huddled figure, came the words:

"It 's not Uncle Robert? My God, don't say it 's Uncle Robert!"

Frederick caught himself listening, by sheer sympathy, for an answer; as it was plain the wounded man before him was listening in his half-delirium.

As though he had heard an answer, the whisper from the ground came again:

"Let the South thank God!" said the shadow, simply; and so wonderful was the accent of gratitude in the tone that Frederick found his own heart echo the feeling of this soldier, Southron though he now knew the man to be.

He knelt by the side of the black spot upon the earth, and groped for a hold. He placed his hand and forearm under the shoulders of the wounded man, raising him gently till the heavy head lay upon his own shoulder. He felt for his brandy bottle, and held it to the half-open lips. His charge seemed to know that some one was with him, and moved slightly in Frederick's arms.

"Here, drink this," said Frederick softly. "It is n't water, but it is all I have." He poured the brandy gently into the other's mouth, a few drops at a time. His patient swallowed with difficulty; but he swallowed.

"Is that you, Bill?" he asked in a voice much stronger than before.

"No, this is not Bill; but drink a little more brandy," said Frederick.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, FROM THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE RIVER

"I thought it was Bill, old Bill Quaid," said the wounded man sleepily. "If you are n't Bill, who are you, I 'd like to know? Reckon you ain't Bill; you don't talk like Bill. Reckon you must be a Yank, from the way you talk?"

"I am from the North," said Frederick, in a matter-of-fact tone, "and my name is Stevens. You are a Southerner, I guess, a Johnny Reb?"

"Your name is n't Stevens: *my* name is Stevens; not Johnny,— Stevens!"

Frederick, not wishing to dispute with his patient, would have let the point pass as one of the wounded man's fancies; but the other insisted.

"You can't be Stevens, because I 'm Stevens," he repeated.

"All right," answered Frederick soothingly; "your name is Stevens."

"Yes, sir, Oliver Stevens, of Virginia!" the feeble voice went on. What he said after that Frederick did not hear. With a great leap at the heart he held the limp figure closer. His thoughts were in tumult. Could it be so? Could it be possible that this was really Oliver, his cousin Oliver, whom

ORCHARD KNOB, THE SITE OF GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CHATTANOOGA

he had not seen since that memorable hour across the troubled waters of Bull Run? Oliver himself, clearing his throat, and his voice lifting in pathetic pride, removed all doubt from Frederick's mind with his next sentence.

"Oliver Stevens — Ten Oaks — that 's where I live, Ten Oaks!" He relapsed into silence; and Frederick, laying his still form down upon the ground, bent over him in a chaos of feeling. If this was Oliver Stevens — her brother — he must help him to a place of safety. He wondered how badly Oliver might be hurt; he cursed the cold darkness that would not let him see; but began with gentle fingers to feel the recumbent body, searching for telltale evidence. He was not long in finding it; on the left side, just below the heart, his fingers encountered a stiffening clot of blood, still undried. Oliver moaned again as Frederick's hand touched his side; and Frederick stopped, aghast.

Was this kinsman of his then to die, here all alone in the forest, and with none to help? Not if it could be avoided. There were in his knapsack a few matches, and one of these he now lighted. He looked swiftly about for a scrap of something combustible, and luckily caught sight of an old faded bit of cardboard on the ground. This he hastily ignited, and to his joy it burst into a smoky flame. Sticking it into the clip on his bayonet, Frederick bent over Oliver, and worked with feverish hands. He tore aside the ragged coat, and ripped open the tattered shirt. There, below the heart, he found a great clot of blood, dark red, turning black,— but luckily the wound was bleeding no more. Ripping a strip from his own shirt sleeve, he hastily improvised a bandage from it and from part of Oliver's own ragged vestment. Working with the utmost speed, he contrived to bind this tightly around from the right shoulder under the left arm-pit, covering the wound fairly well. His light had gone out before he finished; and as he fumbled

The Valley of the Tennessee, from Lookout Mountain

for another match to make a fresh one, he heard the sound as of some one moving in the wood behind him.

His first thought was that it was one of Oliver's mates, come to find him; and he hoped it would be only one, for he did not wish to be a prisoner. But the sound did not seem to be made by a man; Frederick, hearing the heavy crack as a branch broke beneath some foot, gave a little laugh of relief.

This was no man; this was a horse! With a grimace at his own alarm, he rose to his feet; listening again, he made sure that it was indeed no human being.

"Come, boy," he said coaxingly; and the animal moved toward him in the dark. Presently, of a sudden, Frederick felt the cool touch of a nose on his hand; he gave a little start; but stretched forth both hands to his new-found friend. With a horse one could get somewhere, it did not matter where.

The horse behaved with the greatest friendliness; it stood perfectly still while Frederick made his swift preparations. Lifting Oliver carefully, he laid him as gently as he could across the high saddle. He was as gentle as possible, but for all that he feared the wound had been reopened by the strained position. Slowly, carefully, he mounted, himself, and swung into the saddle behind Oliver's body, which now he raised in his arms, and settled it as comfortably as he could, as he would have carried a woman, with the limp head resting in the hollow of his shoulder. He gave the horse his head; for well he knew that it was folly for him to guide an animal which knew its direction better than he. When the thought struck him that the horse, presumably belonging to the Confederate army, would make for the Southern lines, he dismissed it with a mental shrug. Oliver had to be taken to a surgeon! If taken prisoner himself, during the process, so much the worse, but he could not help

it. When, half an hour later, the horse, moving steadily and easily along under its double burden, came out upon a bridge over a little stream, Frederick dismissed even this fear from his mind; for the river was the Rapidan; and the horse was moving, therefore, away from the Southern army, not toward it. Across the river, they plunged into the woods again.

Frederick did not remember much of that strange night ride. Wearied as he was by the three days' battle, he was almost asleep when the ride began; after the bridge was passed, he lost all but the vaguest of consciousness as to his movements. He was awake enough to realize that he must hold tight to his burden; but to make sure, he looped his belt under Oliver's, and fastened it to the crupper. Oliver should not fall, even if he did himself.

Anon he awakened, to see that he was passing through an open space; then through trees again; but the great weariness of mind and body for the most part held him fast. He was good enough horseman to be in comparatively little danger of falling, and the horse, as though he knew that he had a delicate freight, moved as smoothly as a ship on a quiet sea. Dozing, waking, nodding by turns, Frederick moved onward with his odd cavalcade. As though in a dream he was aware of open skies; of white houses that he passed; of little streams that his sure-footed charger forded with unhurried step. At times he caught himself reeling from the saddle — yet always in time to save a fall; the sagacious animal beneath him knew as well as he the necessity that was his.

It was still dark when Frederick was suddenly awakened by the stopping of his horse. Frederick, wide awake in an instant, rubbed his eyes, and strove to make out some object in the darkness. Before his horse's nose he caught the outline of what he took to be a gate; and he saw that

the horse was fumbling at the bars with its head, trying to open the gate. Frederick, wheeling sidewise, sidled up to the bars, and drew the bar out of its latchet. The gate swung, rickety, on a feeble hinge; and the little company moved on through the narrow aperture. The horse was going forward with such assurance that Frederick, broad awake now, began to wonder at it, curiously.

The Attack on Spottsylvania Court-House

He wondered no more when, two minutes later, the animal came to a full stop before a low stoop, whose white edge shone glimmeringly in the darkness.

"Here is the end," the horse's action seemed to say. And Frederick, looking at the veranda before him, knew it for the one which had never been out of his thoughts, waking or sleeping — the veranda at Ten Oaks. He had been riding Oliver's horse; and it had brought them home!

With his heart singing a pæan of fearful thanksgiving, Frederick slipped from the saddle, carefully lowering Oliver's body to the ground. Taking it in his arms, he carried it up

the three low steps, and laid it upon the floor of the veranda. The horse, moving forward, sniffed at his master's body, his hoofs ringing on the hard wood as he hit the lower step. Frederick started at the sound, though he had half expected it. He knew that there was no time to lose and that he must wake the house, so that Oliver might have attention.

There was no need; for Eleanor was a mother, and her sleep was never free from listening for the footsteps of her boy, who might come home. As Frederick hesitated before the door, trying to remember where the knocker had been, he heard an upper blind thrown back. A clear voice called out:

"Who is there?" and again, "Is anybody there below?"

Frederick cleared his throat before he could find voice to answer.

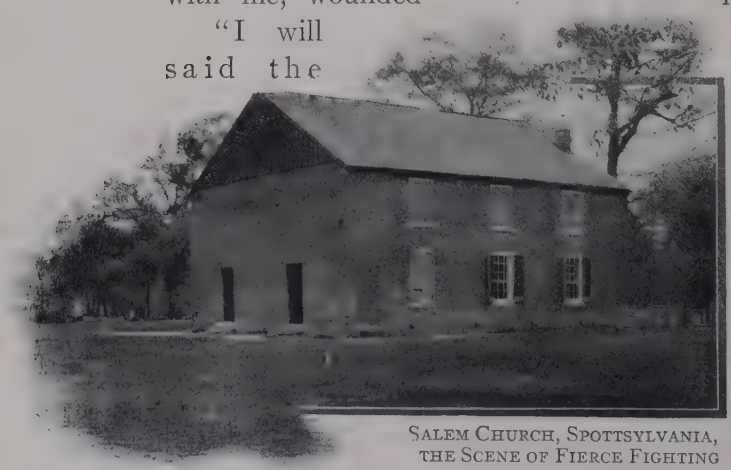
"It is I," he called, guardedly, "Frederick Stevens — you remember me?"

Eleanor's voice came instantly back. "You have news — of Oliver?"

"Yes," said Frederick; then, thinking she had better be told all while she was upstairs, and not to be frightened by the sight of the silent body, he continued: "Oliver is here, with me, wounded — not seriously—"

"I will come down," said the voice from above; and the blind closed.

A moment later the great door opened to let Eleanor, clad in a large, loose, many folded garment,



SALEM CHURCH, SPOTTSYLVANIA, THE SCENE OF FIERCE FIGHTING

thrown on over her night robe, out of the house. Frederick halted her before she could reach Oliver's body, where it lay.

"Do not be alarmed," he said gently. It is doubtful if Eleanor heard him. Already she was kneeling beside the body of her boy. She laid her hand upon his heart. It was beating sluggishly; but it was beating. Frederick sprang forward just in time to catch the white figure as Eleanor swayed toward him.

"I am all right now," she said, recovering herself almost instantly. "He is alive. You must help me to get him upstairs." Frederick nodded.

As the two bent over the unmoving Oliver, a voice came on the air.

"Who is there? Mother, is it you?" asked Rosalind in a frightened tone.

"Yes, dear," said her mother, not turning as she spoke. "It is I, and your cousin Frederick, who is helping me with your brother."

At the sound of his name, Frederick heard the girl in the doorway catch her breath swiftly, with a sudden sibilant sound. She stood perfectly still. He had Oliver in his arms now, and was moving toward the door. As he went he could not but remember the last time he had walked across that porch, bearing another body, and supported by the same woman. Beside him, her head proudly, scornfully

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE AND LEE'S HEADQUARTERS

aloft, he could see, without seeing, a maiden standing, beautiful as an angel, then as now,— then as now!

They carried Oliver into the house, up the wide stairs, into the chamber of his youth. Frederick laid him gently upon the bed, and stood back.

The McCool House, in the Apex of the Bloody Angle

"Is there a doctor near?" he asked quickly of Eleanor; "I will go and bring him here; the horse can travel a little farther yet, I think."

Eleanor gave him directions as her swift fingers flew. Frederick turned to leave the room, just as Rosalind, head high, face white, lips closed to a narrow line, entered from the hall. The rush candle on the bureau flickered feebly, but Frederick could see by its dim light that her face was pale indeed, and that her eyes ignored him utterly, fixing themselves only upon the ragged figure on the bed. Another instant, and he was gone from the room.

Four hours later the broad day awakened him as he lay sleeping on the couch in the great parlor. The physician had come and gone, and had pronounced Oliver alive; but that they already knew. Oliver's weakened condition, heightened by exposure and the lack of proper food, made his chance a feeble one indeed. Still, it was a chance, and for that much his mother raised her eyes in gratitude. As the day broke, she stole downstairs to find Frederick just blinking at the sun which had aroused him. He shook himself erect, with a shamefaced laugh, and asked for the news from the sick room.

"He has a chance," said the mother bravely. "We must pull him through."

"I wish I might stay to know that he is all right," said Frederick regretfully, "but I have been long away now. They will think I have been shot, or have deserted. I am afraid I shall have to ask you to lend me a horse?"

"But you must n't go yet! You cannot go without any breakfast!" Eleanor's hospitable soul rose in horror at the

THE BLOODY ANGLE AT SPOTTSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA

idea. Frederick had ridden all night after fighting all day, and now he wished to depart, with three hours' sleep and no breakfast! It was not to be allowed, not even considered.

"But I must go," said Frederick. "The army is in movement; there may be a battle going on now — I have no business to delay, even a minute!"

Eleanor went to the door, and called to her daughter.

"You must excuse me for a few moments," she said to Frederick. "I will go and see that there is something for breakfast. I shall not be long."

Waiting alone in the room, Frederick heard the sound of swift, light feet upon the stairs, a sound that wakened his heart to wild performances within him. When, a few minutes later, he was still standing, looking out of the long window, dreaming of a girl with golden hair and a heart of adamant, he turned to find her on the threshold, gravely regarding him from under level brows.

"My mother asks you if you will come to breakfast, sir," said Rosalind.

"Thank you," said Frederick, huskily. He followed her down the hall.

"Will you have chicory coffee?" she asked him later; "it is the only kind the blockade has left us. But Sukey makes it taste almost like real coffee!"

"The blockade!" said Frederick; then he remembered. By this stage of the war the Northern blockade had reached such a point of perfection that the South was like an island, entirely surrounded by a sea of its foes. Nothing that the

On the Battlefield at Cold Harbor, Virginia

South could not raise herself was obtainable at any price; and most of what she raised was gone to one army or the other,— whether by raid or by charity, the result was the same. Frederick, looking with fearful and adoring eyes at the slim form in the faded pink gingham, saw how bravely this household endured its poverty in all the little things that make life easy or even possible. He saw that the gown, clean to a spotlessness as it was, had been patched many times. He noticed that there was but one round of silver on the table, and that plated. The solid silver was gone, long since. Hot shame rose within him for this pitiful side of war which preyed upon the women only. He gulped down the tasteless mixture without knowing what it was he drank. Rosalind watched him gravely.

For a while he ate in silence; hastily he rose from his chair.

"I must go; really, I cannot wait longer," he said, in a low voice.

Rosalind rose from her place across the table and stood watching him.

"For my breakfast and your kindness, I thank you!" he said awkwardly.

He reached the door — and turned. He could not leave her without one more look — so beautiful she was. As he stood gazing, heart in his eyes:

"I wish, before you go, to thank you, also," she said, "for what you have done for my brother, and for — us!" The last word came with difficulty.

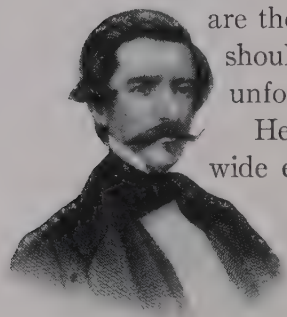
"I would do anything in the world for Oliver — and for you!" he said.

She wheeled suddenly to face him, with bright color staining her cheeks to a still greater beauty. Her eyes were bright, her lips parted.

"Will you not also let me beg your forgiveness for what

I said — another time — before?" She started bravely; but the last words he could barely hear.

"Forgive you!" he cried. "Forgive you?" He threw back his head. "I have nothing to forgive you — you who are the meaning of life! I beg your pardon. I should not have said that. But you were never unforgiven!"



RAPHAEL SEMMES

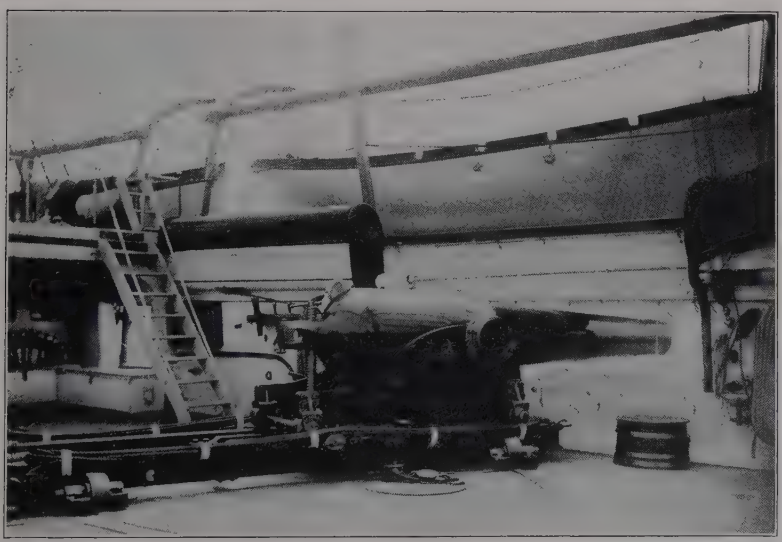
Her cheeks had lost their color; she turned wide eyes full on his own.

"Good bye!" he said. "Good bye! God bless you!" He was gone.

Two days later he found his army at Spottsylvania, where already a fight was raging. Never was fighting more fierce than this; never carnage more awful. The rival commanders hurled their armies at one another with a desperation past all believing; round the "bloody angle" for three days the battle ebbed and flowed. Every day took its deep toll of the living, to barter them for dead. Yet at the end, when both sides ceased from sheer exhaustion, no man could say where the advantage rested; save that Lee, with his smaller army, felt his losses more. On the fifth day, Grant, seeing that no hope of victory was here, picked up his army, and pushed by Lee's right flank on the road toward Richmond. Lee, in his turn, guessing the object of the move, sent his army spinning southward, on the inner line, and finally, as Grant drew near Cold Harbor, Lee slipped into the entrenchments at that place. Here once more the battle was renewed. Grant was within long sight of Richmond, and he fought as though he were taking the very town itself. But Lee, with his men entrenched safely behind their breastworks of earth, fought with a desperate valor that not even Grant could subdue. Again and again the Federal soldiers rushed on the enemy's lines, only to be driven back, with

slaughter which bathed the green earth with blood along all that battle line.

Struggling in the marshy ground, the Union forces slipped and staggered forward to their death; and all that day the hopeless assault continued. It was war, no doubt, but without any of the glory of war, any of the beauty which,



WINSLOW RIFLED CANNON ON THE "KEARSARGE" THAT SANK THE "ALABAMA"

cold and fearful beauty though it be, still clings to the memories men love to hold. Even the hopeless bravery seems lost in the recollection of the red shambles before the trenches. Yet perhaps this was necessary; perhaps Grant was right in the terrible means he took to bring the war to a close.

Complaints were made at Washington, to the President, about the play of Grant's untiring bludgeon. Lincoln, knowing his man, felt that he could trust him to do what was best. And from the general himself, blunt and terse as he himself, came to the waiting ears the message Grant had sent:

"I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer!"

All other methods had failed. It had been found impossible to defeat Lee by strategy. "This line" was the only hope. In pursuance of it Grant, slipping away from Cold Harbor, and racing southward, moved against the goal once more. Settling down before the almost impregnable outpost of Petersburg, Grant began the siege of Richmond.

While Lee was being driven into the Confederate capital, a notable victory was won at sea. The *Alabama*, most successful and most dreaded of Southern cruisers, whose voyages at sea had resulted in the destruction of seventy Northern ships, was met off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, on Sunday, June 19, 1864, by the United States ship-of-war *Kearsarge*. After a brief and spirited duel, the dreaded destroyer was sent to the bottom of the sea, and the North rejoiced in the triumph over her commander, Captain Raphael Semmes. And all summer, and on into the winter, Grant in front of Richmond was fighting it out on his chosen line.

THE "KEARSARGE"

CHAPTER XX

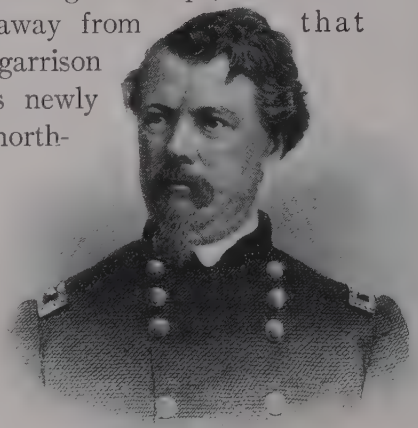
IN THE VALLEY

IT was early in July when Lee, harking back in his memory to the time when he and Jackson planned their brilliant sortie down the Shenandoah, made up his mind that the time was ripe for a similar essay. In the earlier year a movement down the Shenandoah, though made with but a small force, had been efficacious in saving Richmond. It might serve again. Accordingly, when first the chance offered, he dispatched General Early along this oft-traveled route, with orders to threaten Washington.

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

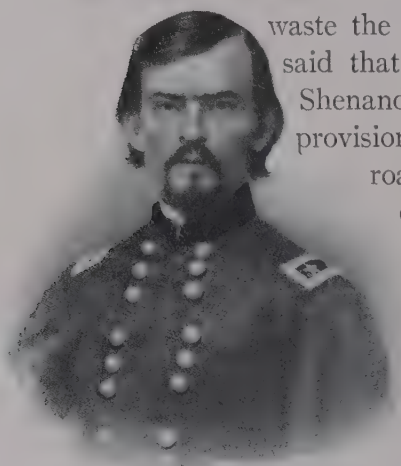
Lee was now to learn that he had a general against him. Grant, undisturbed, in spite of the clamor at Washington, which swelled almost to panic after Early defeated Wallace at Monocacy River, sent on the trail of Early a general as sure as Grant himself, as brilliant as any general in the history of conflict. Philip H. Sheridan was sent in the month of August, 1864, to take entire charge of the Federal forces in and around the Valley; and with him went Frederick Stevens. For Early, the time of reckoning was at hand.

The Southern general, meanwhile, had been having a most delightful and prosperous expedition. After his defeat of Wallace and his scattering of Sigel's troops, he moved toward Washington. Scared away from that city by the brave front of the garrison under General Wright and his newly arrived brigade, Early turned northward again. After a precautionary retreat, in which he learned that no one was following him, he moved on into Pennsylvania. Here he sacked and burned Chambersburg, filled his trains with needed supplies, and made off again, triumphant and unscathed. It was mid-September when he found before him the columns of Sheridan and realized that he would have to fight.



H. G. Wright

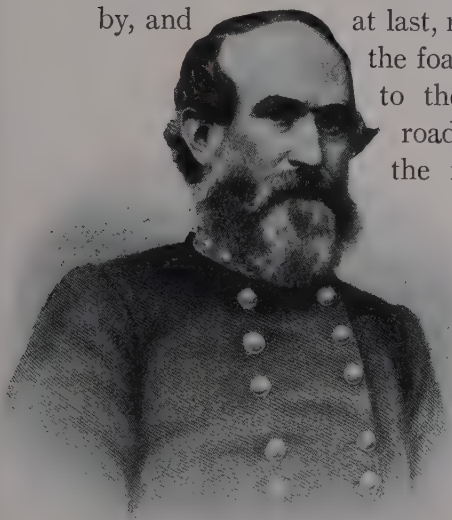
At Opequon the two armies met, and again on the Confederate line of retreat, at Fisher's Hill. Here the rout of Early was utter and complete, and he fled with the remnants southward in search of succor. Sheridan, meantime, laid waste the Valley so sweepingly, that it was said that "if a crow wanted to fly down Shenandoah Valley, he 'd have to take his provisions with him." The oft-traveled road toward Washington was to be closed at last.



Franz Sigel

Into the Valley from the South came Early, reinforced, and bent upon revenge. At Cedar Creek he struck the Union army, and drove them backward in frightful

confusion. Sheridan, twenty miles away at Winchester, heard the thunder of the cannon in the air. Setting spurs to his horse, he started for the field. The swift miles streamed by, and at last, more than an hour in the saddle, the foam-covered horseman dashed into the battle-zone. He saw on the road before him the fugitives from the front; he saw, far ahead, the spot where Wright still strove to re-form his lines and the grey masses of the enemy beyond. Down the road he went, his coal-black charger beneath him. And to the ears of the fleeing soldiery came the indomitable cry:



JUBAL A. EARLY

"Turn, boys, turn! We 're going back!"

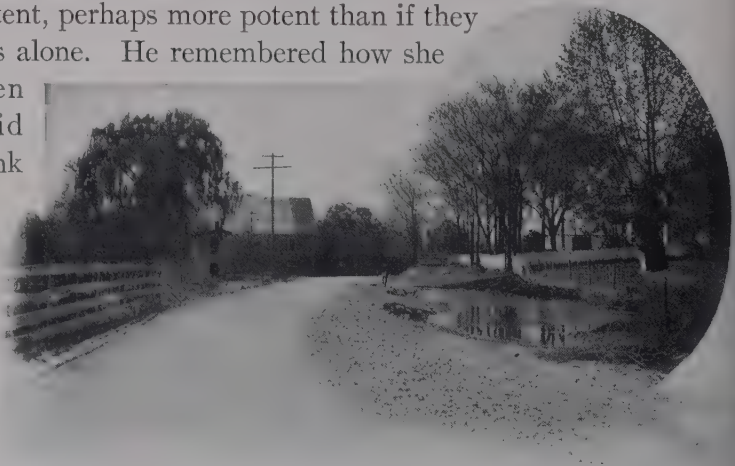
Back they went. They followed him with cheers that rent the sky; they fell suddenly on the Confederates, who were preparing to plunder the captured camp; they came like a landslide down a

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY, PIKE'S BRIDGE, AND FISHER'S HILL ON THE RIGHT

steep mountain. There was no holding them, and when that battle was done, there was nothing left that might have been a Confederate army. It was vanished, scattered, flung to the four winds of heaven, and no man could say where it had been.

Southward, when all this was done, went Sheridan, and Frederick with him, to join the man who still hammered on the iron door of Richmond. Out through the passes at Front Royal the victorious army went, and Frederick saw again, hanging like a dream along the southern horizon, the far summit of Ten Oaks. There was no reason why he should not go there, this time, if he wished, and, getting a day's leave, he started on horseback on a detour which would lead him to the place where he had left his heart.

It was hard to realize, so swiftly had the time flown, that nearly six months had elapsed since that memorable ride through the May night, with the pathetic burden in his arms. He did not even know, he reflected with a pang, whether Oliver had lived or died. Well, now he would find out, and he fell to musing as he rode. Over and over again, in the long nights on bivouac, he had thought over the only sweet syllables he had had from Rosalind's lips. Now, as ever, they were potent, perhaps more potent than if they had been less alone. He remembered how she looked when she had said them, "Thank you for what you have done for my brother,—and for—us!"



THE VALLEY PIKE AT WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA, SCENE OF SHERIDAN'S RIDE

"Us" she had said, but "me" she had meant, at least so Frederick loved to fancy. It was sweet also to reflect that she had not been displeased when he had spoken so forthright of his wish to serve her. But if Oliver had died? Yet it could not be that Fate would let Oliver die. The war had killed so many — surely this one might slip from the grim embrace! Unconsciously he spurred his horse forward. He must know!

Presently, out of the golden landscape, he beheld the white house gleam upon its hill. The trees were all turned by this time, to red and brown and dusky gold, and his horse's feet stirred up the fallen leafy carpet as he rode. Up the long winding road he took his way, and in at the barred gateway. As he flung back the bars, he could see the wise old nose of Oliver's horse that night, as it fumbled with the selfsame bars. Frederick rode swiftly on.

On the veranda he could see figures, one, two. And one,— yes! thank Heaven! one was a man. Frederick could see him move slowly to the veranda edge and look curiously down to see who was coming. The October sun shone upon the face and form of Oliver Stevens. Another moment and the two had clasped hands. Eleanor, watching anxiously lest Oliver

CEDAR BLUFF AT FISHER'S HILL: STRASBURG, VIRGINIA, IN THE DISTANCE

overtire himself, soon drew him back into his chair, and was greeted in her turn. Oliver had been at home ever since his last injury and was even now in an enfeebled state. But he was alive and growing stronger daily, and Eleanor felt that she had nothing more to ask of fate. The war had taken almost all that was hers, but it had left her her children! For one of them she felt she had Frederick to thank, and her welcome to him warmed his heart. They sat for perhaps an hour talking quietly. Oliver and Frederick found an absorbing interest in comparing notes on the battles in which both had been engaged and could have prolonged the talk indefinitely, but Eleanor interfered, and, seeing that the invalid was growing tired, she bore him off at length into the house to rest.

"There is one member of my family you have not seen yet," she said to Frederick with a little smile. Frederick, who had been secretly listening every moment for the sound of the beloved footsteps in the hall, bowed his assent. He expressed his hope that he might see Miss Rosalind before he left.

"I will send her down. She would have been here before only that she is now the cook. Old Sukey has gone with the rest! When the major died, there was no holding them — some one told them they were free, you see!"

"Ingrates!" muttered Frederick; but the subject could not engross him long, for now his ear caught the sound of a light tread on the stair. The doorway framed a picture, to him the most wonderful in all the world.

Rosalind dropped him a little curtsey. A great lump came into his throat; he took a hesitating step forward, but could not speak. The sheer beauty of her struck him to the soul, and he could only look, look as though he would never be done. She endured his gaze a moment, with a rising color in her cheek.

The Battlefield of Cedar Creek; Sheridan's Headquarters at the Extreme Right

"Will you not be seated, sir?" she said to him. He found her a chair, and placed himself where he could see her profile against the sky. There for an hour they sat, Frederick more happy than he could remember ever to have been before, for behold! his lady was within his sight, and the winter of her anger was abated. Some day he might hope for spring. She, for her part, was silent; they both were content to sit in quiet, getting used to the altered relation between them. Rosalind, as happens with generous natures, was the more gently disposed to Frederick now for the wrong she felt that she had done him. She had this adjusting to do, and there was another adjustment which, all unconsciously, her mind was making. Frederick, from being a staid and rather uninteresting combination of Yankee, cousin, and raw youth, had now to be seen in a new light, as a man, a cavalier, perhaps a — but no, her mind would not admit the possibility that he must be reckoned with as a lover. Yet in her soul she knew he was a lover, and in her soul she was not displeased.

Frederick, for his part, found his course more simple. He had not forgotten Norbert's declaration of his engagement to Rosalind, but to Frederick this made no difference. His thoughts as yet flew no higher than hope of her smile, than her acceptance of his homage. If she were to marry Norbert, he could not help it; but neither could she help his adoring the least echo of her voice. He did not judge his brother. If he thought of him at all in connection with their last meeting, it was only to be thankful that he himself had been extricated by Norbert's act from a situation he could not solve.

It was mid-afternoon. The October air was warmed with the sunlight, but already the coolness of sunset was beginning to creep into the wind. Presently they went indoors. There, by the tinkly old piano, what was left of

Frederick's heart was sung away. As the shades of evening drew slowly around the house, they fell upon two who sat in the half-light, one a lover, and one, though neither of them knew it, ready to be a lover as well. It was a calling back to earth when Eleanor entered with a light and shattered the spell.

"What are you children doing, so silent?" she asked smilingly. There is no doubt that she was the wisest of the three, but she made no sign. She was come to bid them to tea, and presently the little family gathered around the slender board. There was not a great deal to eat, and the choicest of that must be for Oliver. It would have made no difference to Frederick if there had been nothing. It was not his stomach that was hungry.

"Where is Sheridan now?" asked Oliver, when tea was nearly done.

"They will camp to-night somewhere near Culpeper," said Frederick. "I can intercept them there — at least, that is where I plan to do so."

"Can you not stay overnight with us?" asked Eleanor cordially.

Frederick shook his head. "No," he answered, "I must leave to-night; for to-morrow they will be far on their way — and I cannot be so long away."

"It was very good of you to come," pursued Eleanor.

"When I was so near — how could I fail to come and see what had happened to this old bag of meal?" he continued, with an effort at lightness and smiling at Oliver. He did not dare look at Rosalind.

"Bag o' bones, would hit it more nearly," laughed Oliver, "but anyhow it was a friendly act. Oh, there 's good in these Yanks, mother, after all!"

Rosalind sat without a word. In her heart she knew why he had come.

By this time tea was done. Oliver was convoyed into the parlor, and he and Frederick were left alone, while the women attended to the kitchen. They were left with orders not to get too excited, or Oliver would be sent to bed, and they listened with docility. Their talk ran back to war things, and they were soon deep in Gettysburg.

"What do you chaps down here that were brought up to regard Lincoln as a black devil think of the speech he made last November when the cemetery at Gettysburg was dedicated?" asked Frederick.

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THE WILLS HOUSE, GETTYSBURG, WHERE LINCOLN WROTE THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Oliver replied that he had not read the speech, and Frederick pulled a worn newspaper clipping from his wallet and read while his cousin listened:

"'Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"'Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"'But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The

brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.'

Entrance to the National Cemetery at Gettysburg

"There is n't any malice in the heart of the man who could talk like that," said Frederick. "Lincoln may be a partisan, but, as he said himself, he holds 'malice toward none, charity for all.'"

"That 's so!" cried Oliver, new light bursting in on him. "The bitterness is n't between the soldiers who fight the battles, but between the cowards who fight only with their mouths. Many a time I've swapped tobacco for coffee with you Yanks; and don't you remember how freely we all met and filled our canteens at Spangler's Spring at the close of that second bitter day at Gettysburg?"

So absorbed were they that they did not hear the sudden

tramping of feet on the porch without. A thump on the great knocker rang through the hall and challenged their attention like a pistol-shot.

"What is that?" asked Oliver, startled. Frederick rose from his chair. "I will go and open," he said. "Sit still." But Oliver demurred.

"It may be some of us Johnny Rebs, Yank," he said, smiling. "You don't want to be captured, do you?" Frederick laughed off the suggestion.

"There is n't a Reb left within forty miles," he said. "I 'll go."

But he slipped his pistol free in his holster as he opened the door.

In the semi-darkness of the hall he could see only that a man stood bowing on the threshold and that he wore a Federal uniform. His own face, since his back was to the light, was in shadow. The stranger spoke at once.

"Does Mistress Eleanor Stevens, and her daughter, still reside here?"

Frederick's hand dropped to his side. He moistened his lips to speak.

"She does," he answered dryly. "Come in, if you wish — Norbert!"

"You!" cried Norbert. "You here! What are you doing here?" There was no surprise in his tone, after that first exclamation, no surprise in his manner, nor anything but arrogant displeasure; certainly there was no embarrassment. If he remembered that he had tried to kill this brother who stood before him, he gave no indication. All the embarrassment was on the other side.

"Thanks, I will come in, if you don't mind," he pursued. Striding ahead he made for the room where Oliver was. Frederick closed the outer door and followed him. Norbert greeted Oliver with scant courtesy.

"I have come to see your sister," he explained, in a cavalier tone.

"I have no doubt she will be very pleased to see you," returned Oliver.

At that moment the ladies entered the room. There was a moment's constraint; but presently the oddly assorted company was talking as though this meeting were the most natural in the world.

After a few minutes Norbert rose, abruptly, and walked over to Rosalind. "If my lady will permit," he said, "I have something that I must see her about — and alone. Have I your permission — you 'll pardon me?" he turned to Eleanor with a little bow. Rosalind rose to the situation.

"Have you anything about which it is necessary that you see me?"

"Yes!" said Norbert decisively. "These gentlemen will excuse us?"

"We will go to the drawing-room," said Rosalind then, her head held high and proudly. She led the way, with a sweep of her skirts, and Norbert followed.

With the deserted three, conversation languished. Frederick, deeply ill at ease, could only listen for the murmur of talking down the hall, where Norbert's voice could be heard raised, followed by the lower music of Rosalind's.

On the Shenandoah River

"I have come to tell you that I love you, and must have you," he said in answer to her cool query, when they were at last alone.

"You loved me once and now I mean to have you. You are too constant a woman to have changed!"

Rosalind raised her head to answer, but he swept on, unheeding.

"I told you I would come for you some day on a great black horse, and carry you off in my arms! You are like a princess of old, and I have come through war to win you! Do you remember the old days? Yes! You cannot have forgotten them! And now the chance is come. The South is whipped. Every one knows it now. I come to carry you away to a place where all will be forgotten and we can be happy! I love you, I love you, I love you! Will you come?"

He stopped, quivering with his passion. His face worked and every nerve twitched with the curb that he put on his wild desire. Rosalind, unhurried and still, waited for him to finish, and when he had done so, she raised her face to his and spoke. Looking him straight in the eye, she said:

"I could say to you simply, no, I will not go — is that enough?"

"No, that is just the beginning of the argument!" cried Norbert.

"I knew it would be so," she pursued. "I knew that I should have to say more, though I did not wish to. Even now, I ask you to let me leave it unsaid."

"No!" cried Norbert sharply; "a thousand times no!"

"Very well," she said calmly, "then I speak, though I would spare you the hearing. You say you love me,— that may be. You say I love you. That is not true. And I have not changed, because I never loved you. For an hour, when I was a little girl — or at least it seems as though I were a little girl then — for a time I thought perhaps it might be that I did love you. But I did not; and I do not. It is not I who have changed; it is you! Yet I think it would have been the same in the end. You ask me to leave

the South which I love, desert her in her hour of greatest need. If I loved you, perhaps I might even do that! I cannot do that. I will not go. I do not love you. And I ask you to spare me the need to say to you anything more!"

Norbert had listened with rising anger. He now took two steps forward, and grasped her by the wrists. His face was aflame with passion.

"Well, then, by God, I won't!" he said. "You have led me on like a fool, and now you ask me to sit quietly by and let you fling me into the gutter. I tell you no! I want you, and I mean to have you!" He sprang forward, and clasped her in his arms. With the energy of desperation she tore herself free.

"Do not touch me, sir!" she cried. Her clear tones rang out down the hall, and Frederick, hearing, sprang like lightning to his feet. As he entered the drawing-room, he saw Norbert, eyes ablaze, struggling to hold Rosalind in his arms. Frederick leapt to the side of his brother. Norbert, unheeding everything now, felt suddenly an iron grip upon his arms above either elbow.

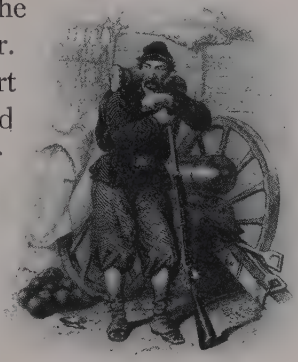
"Who 's that! Let go my arms!" he cried, not turning. His heel lashed out to strike Frederick's legs, but Frederick only tightened his grip. With a great fling he tossed Norbert back a dozen paces into a heap on the floor. He stood over him with tight-shut lips, his manner murderously quiet.

Norbert struggled to his feet. At the sight of his brother's face, all desire to resist left him, for he saw that he had gone too far. But if his courage was damped by the sight of Frederick's righteous anger, his venom remained, intensified sevenfold. With a glance at Rosalind, he said, sneering:

"I see it now — the old love off, the new one on! I might have known there was no honor in you!" then, turning swiftly to Frederick, "I congratulate you on your success with this charming and constant demoiselle — I want —"

"Go!" said Frederick from between shut teeth. "Get out! Now!"

Norbert went. They could hear his footsteps down the hall. For a full minute there was utter silence in the room. Rosalind, with averted face, stood in the corner whither Norbert had driven her. Frederick, his face pale and his heart thumping violently within him, watched her. All his soul wanted to fall at her feet, and presently, foot by foot, he drew near to where she stood. Still she would not meet his eyes, but stood trembling, silent.



A Northern Fighting Man

"Did—did you hear what he said?" asked Frederick, not above a whisper.

A breath answered him. Rosalind could not speak, but the life was flowing back into her heart, and a little color came back into her pale cheeks.

"Do not mind what he said," said Frederick, "but — but I am going away now, and I wanted you to know, in case I should n't come back,— that all he implied is true — about

A Civil War Encampment

me. I want you to know that you are the only worship I shall ever know, that I have loved you all my life since first I saw you, and that I shall love you all my life until I die — and after! Farewell."

Rosalind hid her face in her hands. Her shoulders were lifted by a great breath. So beautiful, so appealing was she in her distress that all Frederick's being yearned to take her in his arms. He stood instead, looking down upon her with his heart in his eyes, and when she raised her eyes, so she found him. There was no need of concealment between them now.

"I am glad — that you have told me," she said, her voice like æolian music in his ears. "I cannot answer you — but I hope — you will come back!"

Frederick's face flushed. A great light came into his eyes, and he half started toward her. But she had said she could not answer — yet — and he would not force her. She, understanding his repression, thanked him with a glance. Impulsively, she held out her hand to him. Closing his eyes, he kissed it.

A timeless interval! One of the real moments of life, this was — but it was over all too soon. Shattered into a thousand fragments it was, by a thunderous rap upon the door. Frederick straightened himself, still holding Rosalind's fingers clasped tightly within his own. She started at the sound on the door, like one roused from a doze. "What is that?" she asked him in alarm. Together they went out into the hall, and thence into the parlor, where Norbert stood with Oliver and the mistress of the house. The knocking on the door continued.

"I will answer it again," said Frederick, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"No!" cried Norbert sharply, "how do you know who it is? Don't open it!"

For all answer Frederick marched to the door, and flung it open. From the darkness outside soldiers entered, soldiers with carbines and an officer with a paper in one hand and a sword in the other. He eyed Frederick closely.

"Are you Norbert Stevens, Confederate spy, hidden in this house?"

Before Frederick could answer, there was a crash of falling glass from the window of the room he had just quitted. Norbert had leapt through the window, out into the night. The officer shouted orders in a loud voice.

"No need to get excited, captain," said voices from outside. "We got him all right. Here he is! This is the man we want, I guess, all right!"

The officer saluted, bowing to Frederick honestly. "My mistake, sir!" he said, "but you answered my description pretty well. You 'll pardon me?"

Into the hall came Norbert, foaming and struggling in the hands of three soldiers. His hands were cut from his leap through the window, and his hat was gone. His face was wild with fear, all composure gone. The crass human animal alone remained, and the less pleasant aspects of it, at that.

They led him into the lighted parlor, where the women stood together for

The Battlefield of Fisher's Hill, with Round Hill in the Distance

protection. Oliver faced the intruders calmly. The officer bowed to him.

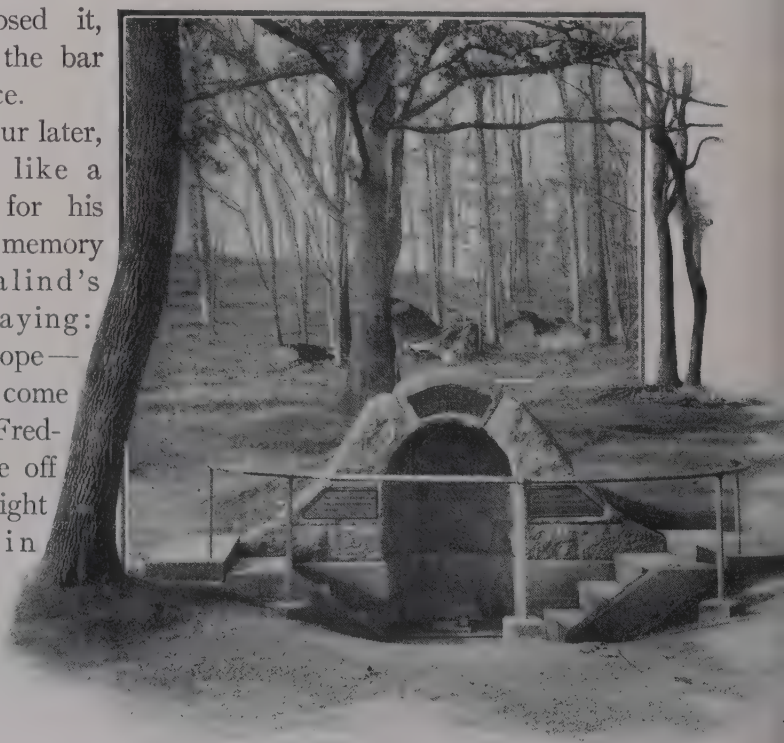
"Search him!" he said, curtly, to his men. They did not search long. Out from the inner pocket of his army shirt they took from Norbert a little package of papers, which the officer received with a grunt of satisfaction.

"Grant's orders to Sheridan, that 's how we got on this chap's trail!"

The officer spoke again, in a low voice to his sergeant; and the men took hold of Norbert once more. The prisoner's face was livid now, and his tongue moistened his dry lips as he strove to speak. His gaze went piteously to his brother. Rosalind he did not dare to face, and she looked not at him.

Their last sight of him was caught as he vanished out into the hall; a moment later they heard the steps dying away outside. Frederick, collecting himself, went to the door, closed it, and put the bar in its place.

An hour later, wearing like a guerdon for his heart the memory of Rosalind's sweet saying: "But I hope— you will come back!" Frederick rode off in the night to rejoin his army.



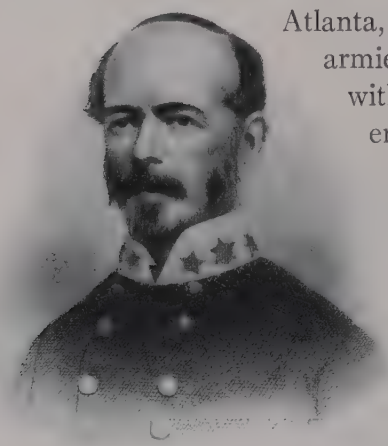
Spangler's Spring, Gettysburg

Southward, on the same road, went a little group of triumphant men, and in the midst of them, with his arms bound tightly behind him and his feet bound beneath the belly of his horse, went a captured spy on his way to judgment.

CHAPTER XXI

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

OF the two Southern armies in which the last hope of the Confederacy now rested, one, under Lee, was engaged in defending Petersburg and Richmond from the onset of Grant's legions. As '64 swung into autumn, the siege before Richmond settled down into an all-the-year-round affair. Such was Lee's generalship and vigilance; his was defensive warfare of as high an order as can be found in the world's annals. For the time it seemed that Richmond would stand forever. Far to the south, before Atlanta, Johnston, at the head of the Georgian armies, confronted Sherman's advance with a skill hardly less than that general's own. When, in the spring, the word had come from Grant bidding Sherman go forward, the latter moved southeastward out of Tennessee with 100,000 men at his back. Johnston, with 60,000, made ready to fight every foot of the way to Sherman's objective, Atlanta. All the way to that city he had arranged a series of almost impregnable strongholds, one behind another; and he faced Sherman with undaunted front.

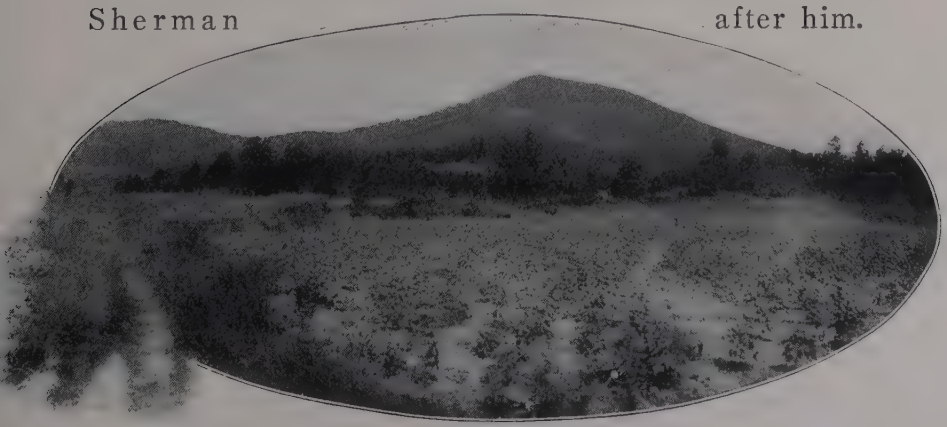


JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON

It was a battle of giants. Sherman, adroit, resourceful, swift to take advantage of the slightest flaw in his opponent's armor, found here a foeman worthy of his steel. He soon saw that in direct attack he could do nothing; that the

only hope was by outflanking Johnston. Pursuing this plan, he moved on Atlanta by a circuitous route, turning Johnston's flank again and again, as his superior force enabled him to do. At Dalton, Resaca, Dallas, and Lost and Kenesaw Mountains bitter battles were fought, without advantage to either side, save that Sherman always advanced, Johnston always retreated. In view of the fact that his army was now just half the enemy's in numbers, this was in reality a triumph for the Southern commander, especially in that his losses were immeasurably smaller. It was the old Fabian policy, over again; but the president of the Confederacy was less sapient than the senate at Rome. Thus it came about that Johnston was relieved of his command at President Davis's orders, and Hood replaced him. At this piece of administrative folly Sherman rejoiced, and continued his masterly progress on the city of his desire.

There was no Fabius about Hood; he attacked Sherman with tremendous energy and was decisively repulsed. He tried again; with the same result. He fell back into Atlanta; Sherman followed, flanked Hood once more, and finally, on September 2, at the very time when Sheridan was moving like a hungry flood on Early in the Valley, Atlanta fell into Sherman's hands. Hood, outgeneraled, took to the hills north of the city and later retreated into Tennessee, hoping to draw Sherman after him.



THE BATTLEFIELD OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN, NEAR MARIETTA, GEORGIA

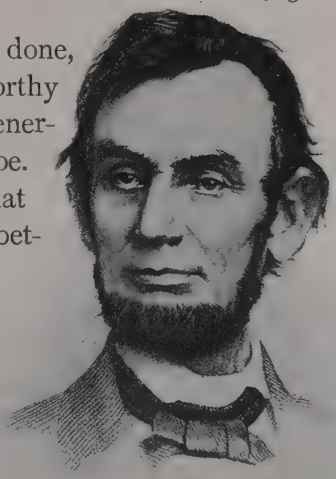
Not so; Sherman had another idea,— a magnificent idea, which was no other than the plan of marching eastward to the sea. It was a daring thought, this march through the enemy's country, cutting loose from all touch with the North, save by a wire connection likely at any time to be severed. But Sherman set out upon his celebrated march as calmly as the moon sails through a summer sky. On September 16 the Union columns set forth upon their way "from

Sherman's March to the Sea

Atlanta to the Sea." The Confederacy was to be divided yet again, this time by a hostile army's devastating march; and Georgia arose to helpless and panic-stricken resistance. The great march went forward, unheeding, and back to the waiting North came the rumor of its going.

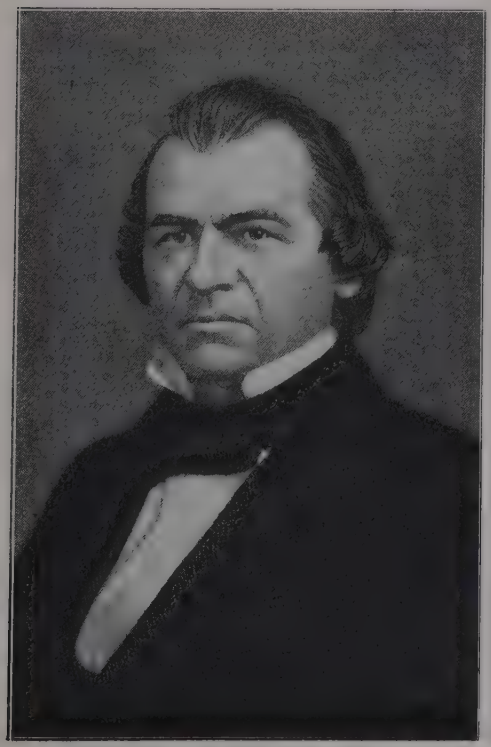
The fall of 1864 was a momentous season for many reasons, not the least of which were political. Lincoln had been nominated to succeed himself as President, with the vice-presidential candidate Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, a Union Democrat who had risen from the tailor's bench to the Senate of the United States. In the years that have

followed, since the war is over and done, it is better to remember only the worthy things, the valor, the nobility, the generosity on the side of friend and foe. These things are the only ones that count, and save for one cause, it is better to forget all the rest. Lincoln now, enshrined in the innermost crypt of the country's love, rests secure in his place.



LINCOLN (*From a photograph by Brady taken in 1864*)

It was not so in '64; and while it is not pleasant to recall the insults, the abuse, the revilements which were hurled at him by his enemies, it is well that they should not be utterly forgotten. For the country, in the years to come, will have great men again, if the hour of need arise; and it will be well to remember then the treatment that was accorded him who now is hailed as saint. Of course there was a Man long ago who was martyred too, and it may be that such is



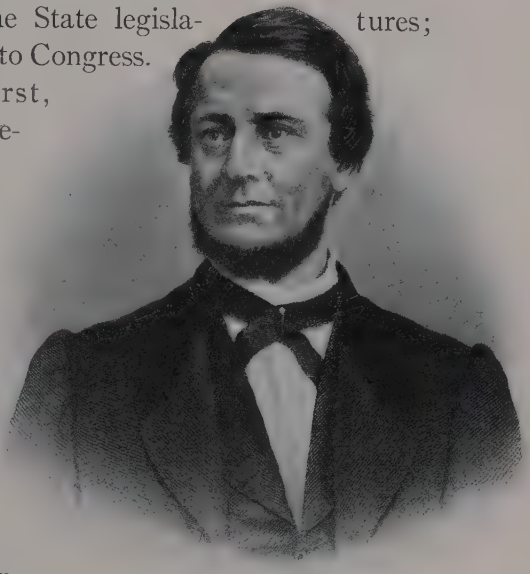
ANDREW JOHNSON

to be the history of freedom. Be that as it may, there was in '64 one champion of Lincoln for every ten detractors. When the reverses struck the Northern armies, none was so brave as to defend the administration. Even those who stood nearest the President held their tongues from his support before the world.

Never had he been more utterly alone than when, inviolably pledged, he gave the Proclamation to a country that was unprepared. The loyalty even of his nearest friends was shaken by the flood of anathema heaped then upon his head. It is significant of the real greatness of the man that he was recognized, before the war's first year was over, as being in truth the animating spirit of the whole. Every defeat of the North was blamed, not upon the losing general so much, as on the President. It was he who was to blame, it seemed.

Hardly had the fugitives streamed back to Washington from Bull Run, when the Northern enemies of the administration began their campaign of abuse. So bitter were they that nowhere in the history of vilification can be found such venom as they used. As the war went on, their bitterness grew no less; in fact, they more and more came to deserve the epithet by which they came to be called, the "Copperheads." Certainly no moccasin, nor any member of his venomous family, surpassed these human "Copperheads" in vindictiveness, in hatred. Be it remembered that these men were patriots too; they did what they did from conviction, from a mistaken notion of duty to their country. To them it seemed that Lincoln was a villain and a traitor, striving to lead his land to ruin. They believed implicitly that it would be better for every human being in America if he were dead and buried. They took advantage of every wind that blew to carry their defamatory utterances; at every Southern triumph they waxed bold; at every Northern

delay, triumphant. When, in the second year of the war, elections were held in several of the States, the Copperheads were out in force. The next year the elections came in the darkest period of the war; and it seemed then that the foes of the administration were everywhere, its friends nowhere. They carried many of the State legislatures; they sent anti-war senators to Congress.



CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM

Prominent, if not first, among these men was Clement Vallandigham, of Ohio; and now in '64, when the presidential election was close at hand, he turned all the power of his influence, his money, and his tongue, to bring about the defeat of Lincoln, now candidate for reëlection. At the Chicago Democratic convention, held August 29, 1864, Vallandigham introduced his celebrated resolution into the platform, namely, that the war was a failure, and that peaceful means be adopted to bring it to a close, on any terms! The convention nominated for the Presidency George B. McClellan. McClellan accepted the nomination, and the campaign was on.

In Washington, as the autumn drew nearer, nearer to the fateful November 8, affairs were in anything but a roseate state. Grant, still hammering away at Richmond, had no progress to report; in fact the only news of moment from Virginia was that of the Petersburg mine disaster. In the fighting about that Virginia city, the Federal forces

exploded a great mine, annihilating a Confederate regiment. Through the crater formed by the explosion, a Federal attack was made, only to be repulsed. But the forward movement went on, and Lee was eventually forced to evacuate the city. Sherman was lost in the interior of Georgia. It was a dark hour for the administration in Washington; and the darkness waxed blacker still as the Copperheads raised their ululations of imaginary triumph.

FIGHTING IN THE CRATER AT PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA (*From Elder's painting, done for General William Mahone*)

In the White House, on the evening of election day, an anxious crowd gathered around the bulletin board. Through the long hours disquieting reports had come; the too precipitate rejoicings of the opposition could be heard through the windows; and as evening came, it seemed as though the gathering gloom only foreshadowed the darkness of defeat. Lincoln himself was the coolest of all those who waited with strained nerves for the straggling bulletins which the wires brought. The first news to be taken as accurate came from Democratic strongholds. New York showed by its first returns heavily for the Democrats, and many other of the

larger cities did the same in the first returns; and the gloom settled deeper each minute upon the little waiting group.

"Fourteen districts of New York: 44,000 for McClellan; 19,000 for Lincoln!" "Seven districts from South Boston: 8000 for McClellan; 1700 for Lincoln." Sad hearing this!

THE MINE AT PETERSBURG TO-DAY

Strangely enough, it was from a Southern State, Kentucky, which had been held for the Union only by the utmost efforts in '61, that the first good news came. Then Missouri sent an overwhelming majority for Lincoln. Kentucky afterward was found to have gone Democratic by a small majority, but she had, with her first little word from Covington, turned the scale toward victory.

Now came the great news of sweeping victories in New York, in

LINCOLN AND HIS FAMILY (*From the engraving by William Sartain*)

Massachusetts, and then, tremendous and inspiriting, came the entire vote from Illinois, almost to a man for Lincoln. Ohio went for Lincoln; Indiana had gone Republican long ere the midnight hour was reached. What had been a doubtful issue, now turned to a landslide! If there were any votes for McClellan they could not be found. Like the warm touch of friendly hands the answer of the people swept through the wires to Washington, and the great news of their coming fell upon Lincoln's anxious soul like dew from heaven.

From the States which had gone Democratic or only doubtfully Republican in 1860, came now the most splendid majorities. Of all the North only one State, New Jersey, went for McClellan, when all the tale was told; and of the border States but two, Delaware and Kentucky. All the rest, and by the greatest majorities in their history, went overwhelmingly for Lincoln. Long ere midnight struck the result was free from doubt, and Lincoln, smiling in the faces of his loyal watchers, said, in his own whimsical drawl:

"This does n't prove, you know, that I am the best or the wisest man in the country: it simply proves that the people agree with me that it is not wise to swap horses while crossing a stream!"

But Tad, his son Tad, the privileged, the beloved, the irrepressible, came nearer the truth when he said: "Pop, I knew they would n't let you lose!"

It is doubtful if there was much sleep in the White House that night of November 8. But the next day Lincoln was in his executive chamber as usual, taking up his work where he had left it off. Outside in the streets was the excited clamor of the crowd, ready now in the hour of victory to give all the homage yesterday had denied. Lincoln, closeted with Stanton, was besieged with jubilant callers, each eager to add his mite to the great glory of the triumph. At length the President was compelled to send forth word to the doorkeeper that he could see no more people that day; and together with his great war secretary he studied out Grant's latest dispatch.

It was perhaps 4 in the afternoon when a knock came at the chamber door. The President, engrossed with his work, did not look up at first.

"Who is there? Come in, then," he said, at last, a bit weariedly.

"It 's me," said the doorkeeper, poking in an apologetic head. "There is some one out here who says she must see you, sir, if you possibly can see her."

"Did n't the President give you orders he was not to be disturbed any more this afternoon?" asked Stanton, petulantly; but Lincoln halted him.

"What does she want, do you know?" he asked kindly.

"Don't know, sir," was the answer, "and I 'm sorry to interrupt you, but she said it was a matter of life and death, or I would n't have done it, sir!"

"Is she alone?" asked Mr. Lincoln, with a glance at Stanton.

"There 's a man with her; but it 's she who says she must see you, sir!"

"I guess we 'll have to see her, if it 's life or death! Tell 'em both to come in!"—this with a pretended look of terror toward Stanton, who snorted his disgust at the interruption. But the President never would stick to business when a life was in question, and Stanton had given up looking for it.

Into the room came a man and a woman, the woman's eyes red with weeping and her hands twitching convulsively. Her husband was calmer, but his face showed the preying anxiety that he felt. The President rose at once.

"Mrs. Stevens, is it you?" he said, in deep concern, and Doris nodded, too overcome to find words at first. Douglas Stevens, after one look at the President's face, moved silently to one side, and said no word.

"They said it was a matter of life and death," went on Mr. Lincoln, gently, and Doris caught at his extended hand as at a life-line. Gradually, under the touch of those steady fingers, she grew more calm, and at last she spoke.

"May I not see you alone, Mr. President?" she asked in a low voice.

"Oh, there's nobody here but Stanton, and he does n't count," said he.

"But I had rather —never mind! I am come to plead for the life of my son, my son who is to be shot to-morrow as a spy in the Southern army!"

"How is that?" The President turned to Douglas Stevens, who moved his head in assent. "But I thought your son was with us; surely I heard of his bravery at Gettysburg, and other fields?" Mr. Lincoln went on.

"That is my younger son," answered the mother, in a suffocating voice. "The one who is captured, and who, we

LEE'S HEADQUARTERS AT PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

learn to-day, is to be shot by Sheridan's orders at sunrise, is my elder son, Norbert. And he has been in the secret service of the Confederate army! Oh, sir, you will not let them shoot him!"

Mr. Lincoln looked at Stanton —no help there; and then at the kneeling woman at his feet. Gently he raised her and placed her in a chair beside him.

"Tell me about your boy," he said, kindly. "I did not know you had two."

So Doris told the whole pitiful story of Norbert's folly; she began in the old days, when first the lad had outgrown the domestic discipline; and Douglas, white-faced and old, sat by and listened, as though he were hearing his own arraignment as a father. She came to the time when Norbert became entangled in the folly of the Golden Circle, and the President gave a start of anger. She looked up, terrified, but he motioned her to go on.

"That fool Circle did more harm than a hundred Southern generals," said Lincoln, meditatively. His eyes rested kindly still upon the face of Doris.

At length her story was over; she had told it all, and Douglas, rising where he was, bent his head toward his hands. To the President he said:

"I ask you too for mercy for him, for after all the fault was mine! If I had watched him closer, or been wiser, it might not have been this way!"

"How old is this boy of yours?" said the President suddenly.

"He will be twenty-seven this month," answered Doris, very low.

The President shook his head. Gravely he opened a drawer in his table, and took thence a letter from one of his generals.

"You say he has served as a spy throughout the war,

THE CAPTURE OF THE CONFEDERATE WORKS AT PETERSBURG

that it was he who gave McClellan's orders to Lee, there on the Peninsula? It is a serious thing, this spying. Do you know what one of my generals says here? 'Mr. President, you have got to quit pardoning everybody who fails in his duty, and every spy we capture, or there will be no discipline left in the army!' I would like to pardon your boy, madam, but I do not see how it can be done. I have General Sheridan's letter regarding him on my table. What can I do?"

Doris made no answer; she looked at him mutely from stricken eyes.

"Stanton, what do you say?" said the President, turning on his secretary.

"There is only one thing to do — your duty. He is a spy, and he has to pay the penalty!" said Stanton, inflexibly, in a stern voice.

"Yes," repeated Mr. Lincoln, "yes, I suppose — that is so — But if you knew how hard it is," he burst out,

"how hard it is to know that by just signing your name you could save a life — and then not sign it!"

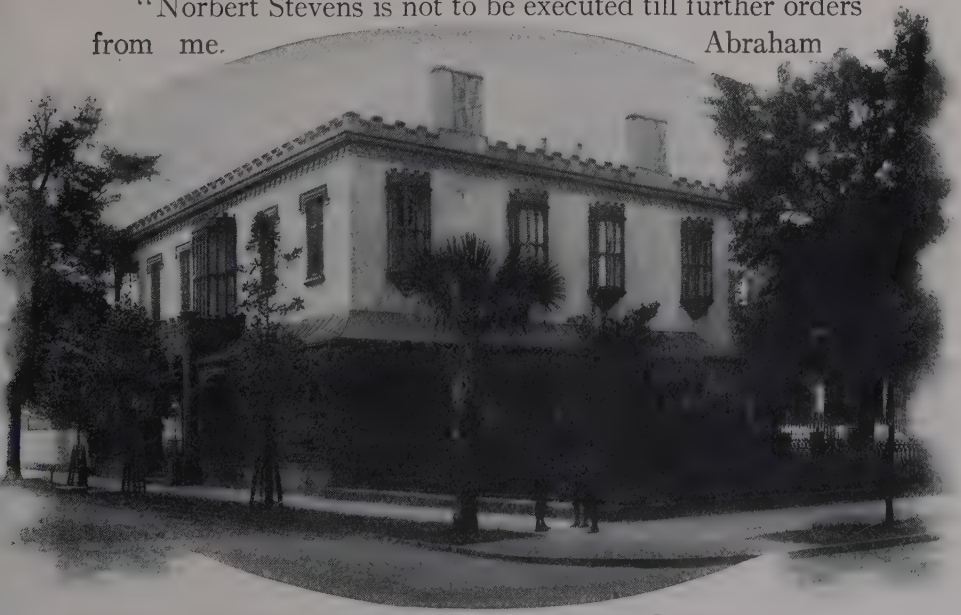
He walked over to the window and stood looking out over the slopes of the White House terrace. The room was still as the grave, save for the caught sobs of Doris, who knelt with her head leaning on the table. For a long minute the tall form lingered at the window; then, slowly, he returned to the kneeling woman. With infinite compassion he raised her to her feet.

"Your son ought to be shot at sunrise, I s'pose," he said, with a little quiver in his voice, "but I 'm afraid he will have to wait —a little."

He sat abruptly down at the table, and began to write. The pen scratched along over the paper. Doris watched its progress with terrified eyes.

"There!" said Lincoln, when he had done; and Doris, taking the paper, read as best she could, through tears, the simple message to Sheridan:

"Norbert Stevens is not to be executed till further orders from me. Abraham



Sherman's Headquarters at Savannah, Georgia

Lincoln." Doris looked up; a terrible hope struggled in her breast. Even now she could not believe that her prayer to Heaven was granted.

"But — but," she faltered, "this is only a reprieve — he must still be shot — he may be shot — next week — any time?"

"My friend," said Lincoln, "don't you see what that order says? 'He is not to be shot until further orders from me!' If he lives until those orders are given, he will live to be older than six Methuselahs piled end on end!" And the President himself sprang forward to catch the swaying figure as it fell. Gently he turned, with Doris in his arms, to Douglas Stevens.

"It 's all right," he said. "Take her home. I could n't shoot her little boy. I lost one of my own since I came to live in this house; and I guess she needs him more than anybody else!"

He turned to Stanton, with a whimsical shrug of his shoulders.

"Now what are you going to do to me about that?" he asked in mock terror. But Stanton, the inexorable, for once relaxed his sternness. He snorted his disapproval, but it was a mild snort; and Mr. Lincoln, who understood the old inflexible better than anybody else, laid his hand gently on Stanton's arm.

Back to their home, in a thankfulness too deep for any words, went the mother and the father. Once again in the carriage, the flood of Doris's tears was loosed; and she cried out her gratitude in her husband's arms.

"And that is the man they were abusing only yesterday for a demagogue and a murderer," she said, between her choked-back sobs; and Douglas, no less moved than she, could only pat her arm, with a shaking hand, for answer.

Down to Sheridan too, before the night set in, the wires

bore the word of Norbert's pardon; and there was no line of soldiery drawn up next morning to meet the rising sun. Norbert, resigned to his fate, received the news of his pardon in a lethargy of self-abasement. As he had not been in despair at the prospect of death, so now he was not elated at the promise of life. Next day he was transferred to the rear, to be sent to a prison, there to await the ending of the war; but on the way thither he escaped, and passed out of the hands of his captors, and out of this history as well.

It may be that, when Time has done his work, Norbert will be what the Fates intended when first his skein of life was spun. His was a mixed heritage, and he had fostered only the baser part. He wrote to his parents that he was going abroad; and it was after many years that, prodigal and penitent, he returned to his father's house at last.

Bonaventure Cemetery, Savannah, Georgia

CHAPTER XXII

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

AT City Point, Virginia, in the dawning spring of the year 1865, there occurred a meeting of four men, and those four the greatest that the Federal forces knew. There were three generals, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and there was Abraham Lincoln.

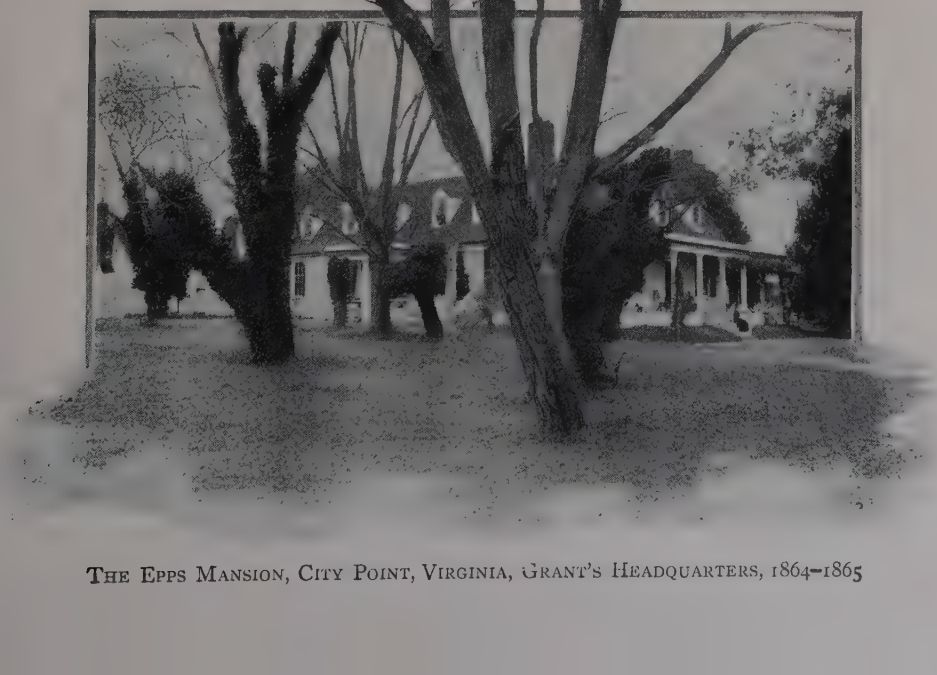
THE COUNCIL OF WAR AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA

The war was swinging to its close, and none so blind that he could not see it now. The year just over had ended with two tremendous victories for the Northern arms, the capture of Savannah by Sherman, crowning his wonderful march, and the absolute annihilation of Hood's army at Nashville by Thomas, "the rock of Chickamauga." And now, in the flush of spring, the four men were come together to make final plans to end the conflict. Sherman, leaving a garrison in his "Christmas gift to the country," had marched northward from Savannah, and was now, leaving his army at Goldsboro, come to arrange with his peers the

final movements of the war. Grant still held Lee close in his intrenchments at Petersburg and Richmond, and Sheridan, that swift and terrible lieutenant, was fresh from his triumphs in the Valley, and ready for new exploits with his magnificent cavalry.

One hundred thousand men had Sherman; more than 100,000 had Grant; and to oppose this formidable force, now about to converge upon his devoted army from east and north and south, Lee had but a scanty 50,000, and an ill-nourished, half-armed, half-clothed company at that. It was impossible odds. The only question discussed by the four quiet men at City Point was how to finish the business with as little sacrifice of life on either side as possible. There was but one hope for Lee,—that was to abandon Richmond, and by effecting a junction with Johnston, still at large and at the head of a considerable force in the Carolinas, to prolong the struggle still further. It must be Grant's and Sherman's work to prevent this.

About the time when the conference at City Point came to an end, Oliver



THE EPPS MANSION, CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS, 1864–1865

Stevens, pale-cheeked but resolute, tearing himself from the withholding hands at Ten Oaks by main force, rejoined his old command. The old commander, of course, was no longer there; since Chancellorsville Ewell had held that post, but Oliver found still a few remaining of the old familiar faces, peering as dauntlessly as ever over the redoubts at Petersburg.

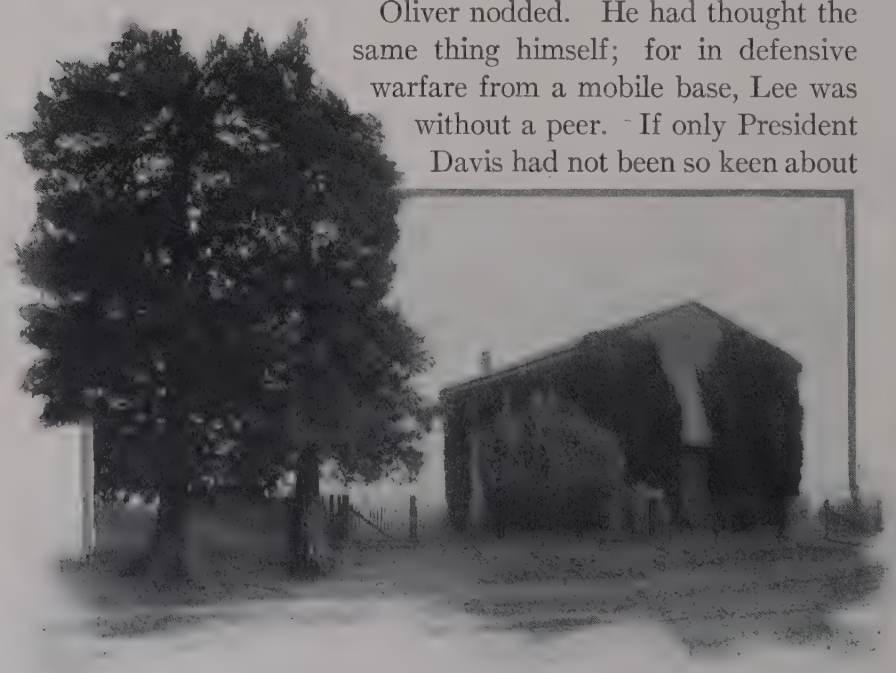
They hailed him with grave pleasure. There was not much time for anything now, when the pace of events was rapidly quickening toward the end.

"You 've come just in time to see us quit these old trenches," they said.

"How is that?" asked Oliver curiously. "Are we going to leave Richmond to the Yanks? But surely not!" Yet all the time he feared it must be so.

"Fool thing ever trying to hold Richmond," growled one of Jackson's own. "If we 'd have let Richmond go, and turned Uncle Robert loose in the field, they 'd have been as far from success as they were after Manassas!"

Oliver nodded. He had thought the same thing himself; for in defensive warfare from a mobile base, Lee was without a peer. If only President Davis had not been so keen about



Old Church Used by Grant as a Signal Station, City Point, Virginia

keeping Richmond safe; or if he had selected some less accessible place, Grant might have shared the fate of all his predecessors.

"But they 're going to give it up now, they say," pursued the soldier.

"Why now, more than before?" queried Oliver. "Cannot we hold it as well as heretofore?" He felt a pang of regret at giving up the city which so much had been sacrificed to hold. But the soldier shook his head significantly.

"Look at us!" he said bitterly. "How are we going to hold a line from Petersburg to Richmond, with fifty thousand men? — and those half-fed, half-clothed, and sick to death of these infernal trenches? Not much; and I for one will be glad to get out in the open once again, hang me if I won't!"

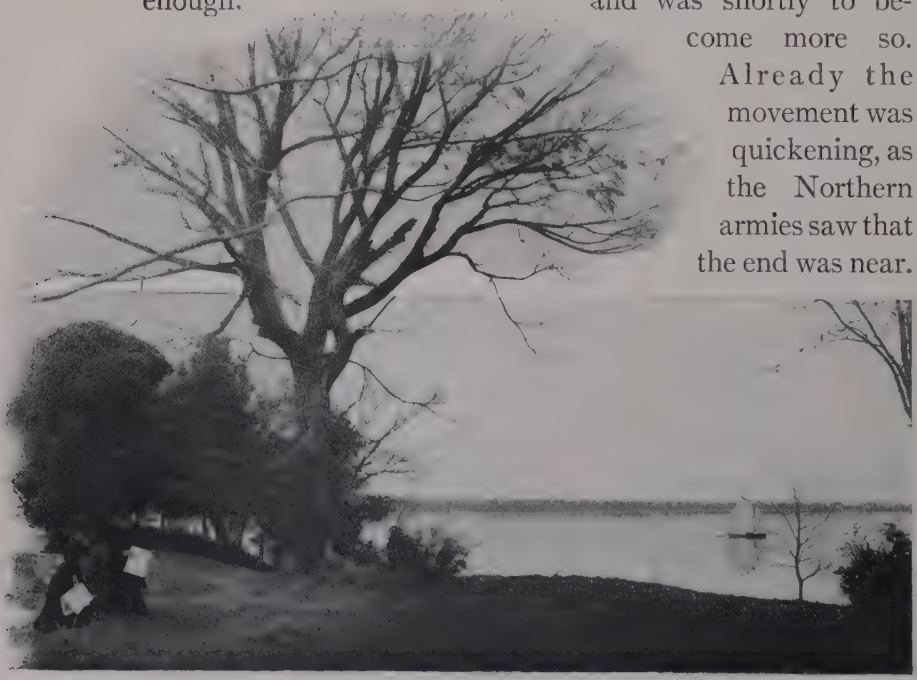
"There is another thing, too," broke in a listener. "Grant has anywhere from one hundred thousand men up, and we can't let him get in our rear! We have got to hold the Danville railroad. If he gets that, we can't retreat, if we want to. And you mark my words, that is what he 'll try for next!"

Oliver nodded thoughtfully. All too well he knew the odds against which his indomitable general was struggling now; he knew, though he had not seen, the insistent play of Grant's terrible hammer, and he saw, as clearly as any one, and more clearly than the South as yet, that Lee could not stand another blow. He pictured in his mind's eye the situation of the two armies as they lay at the moment; and he saw that nothing but a miracle could keep Grant from the full triumph of his plan. The Confederate army, holding both Petersburg and Richmond in the face of overwhelming odds, could not hold them both. In point of fact, Lee had come to see that he could no longer hold either of them; and his determination was already reached. He must at all costs prevent Grant from turning his flank, and getting

control of the railroad, his line of retreat on Danville. On March 25 the spring campaign began with a movement by Lee to mask his real design, that of retreat toward that city.

By a ruse some Southern soldiers contrived to get into the Federal lines at Fort Steadman, on the right of the Union line, and in a short time the garrison was overwhelmed by Gordon and 5000 men. But there the matter ended; the Federals converged upon the dauntless Gordon from all sides; all that he had gained was lost, together with more than half his force.

Lee, who had hoped to slip away to westward while Grant's attention was diverted to this point, found his hope vain. Grant merely watched all the closer, and fastened his grip a shade tighter. Lee's situation was desperate enough. and was shortly to become more so. Already the movement was quickening, as the Northern armies saw that the end was near.



THE APPOMATTOX RIVER AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA

Lee's right, at the extreme south, was projected to Five Forks; and at this point Hill's best men, strongly intrenched, held a position hard to assail. Nothing daunted, in the last day of March Sheridan, moving southward in the rear of the Union lines, worked around to a point almost directly below Five Forks; and from this point an attack was made. Hill, rallying his men, repelled the invaders with tremendous force; and for that day the Federal advance was checked. But in the morning of April 1 Sheridan, renewing his onset, made a double attack with cavalry and infantry. Cloaking his cavalry movement by open infantry evolutions, Sheridan suddenly flung his whole cavalry force with crushing effect upon the Confederate flank.

When that fighting was done, Hill had lost 10,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. He had been driven back toward Petersburg and Lee's right flank was turned! Grave was his news; and to Lee, then with Longstreet between Petersburg and Richmond, it was the most disquieting imaginable. Grant, realizing the value of the position that Sheridan had gained, ordered a grand assault all along the line. On April 2 the entire Union army moved forward to the attack. Bitterly in the trenches the Southern army, now numbering barely 45,000 men, resisted the crushing onset of thrice their number. In vain; trench after trench was abandoned; when night came Grant, riding along the front, saw the goal so long desired was his at last.

On the morning of April 3 his army, crossing the trenches at which they had looked so long, entered Richmond. At the same time Petersburg, evacuated in the night, fell into Federal hands. The capital of the Confederacy had fallen, and from the warehouses and the docks went up a fearful smoke to heaven. Ewell, before his retreat, had ordered the warehouses to be burned; the Northern soldiers found their first work in extinguishing the flames.

Westward, meanwhile, along the two railroads, went the wreck of Lee's army. Along the northern route went Ewell, with Oliver and his comrades stumbling over the ties in the darkness of the night. Longstreet and Hill, heading northward, were to join this column at Chesterfield, and the united forces were then to make all speed possible toward Burksville Junction, on the way to Danville, to Johnston, to freedom. It was not to be.

The Burning of Richmond

Grant, stopping hardly an instant to rejoice over the victory he had gained, sent a laconic telegram to Washington, announcing the fall of Richmond, and set his forces in motion in pursuit. On the second day of marching Lee's vanguard reached Amelia Court-House, perhaps half-way to Burksville. Here Lee found to his consternation that the supplies which he had ordered left at this point had been sent on through to Danville. There was nothing for it but to stop and forage; and accordingly many precious hours of daylight went while the soldiers scattered to search for food.

It was bitter searching. To Oliver, faint and weak from the unaccustomed effort of the march, the trial was

hardly worse than to the rest of the men. They, starved and pale from their winter of inaction in the trenches, with hardly an adequate meal for weeks, were in no condition to bear the privations so suddenly imposed. There were not rations in Lee's possession for 500 men,— and his army numbered more than 40,000. Bravely they scattered to the task. Alas! the fields were barren still, the winter still held them in its grip, though the spring was come. Here and there were to be found stray fields of wild onions; from the young trees fresh shoots of green were growing; other than that, the land was bare as a desert. It had been so near to the seat of war that no sustenance remained in it.

The men foraged as they could; but it was yet a starving army that went painfully westward on the road to Danville. Even this delay had been fatal. Sheridan, that sleepless and inexorable pursuer, was already far along the intercepting road. Already his advance was at Burksville, and the main body of his infantry was not far behind. Lee, apprised of this by his scouts far ahead of his army, saw that he could not hold that line. According to present indications, there was but one avenue of escape left open; and leaving the railroad, he turned westward, crossing Appomattox Creek near Farmville.

The situation, already acutely difficult, was fast becoming impossible. Grant had now divided his army into three corps; one on the south, one in the center, and one on the north; wherever Lee might turn he would find men in front of him. Far in advance, with his swift cavalry, Sheridan moved around to block the only remaining road, to westward.

The Confederate army was staggering now as it moved. Their last hope of reaching their supply wagons was gone. There was nothing to eat but a few kernels of dried corn for each man. This poor ration was served out as long as it

lasted, and the tears were on Lee's cheeks when he knew that even that was gone. The men, on the verge of actual starvation, spread now in search of the very chance of life; they must have food or they would die. Of course they might have deserted, but that did not occur to them. Into the woods they went; they tore up the young onions; they found here and there a wild strawberry; they tore the young branches from the budding trees. They drank greedily from the brooks as they went forward. But they went forward.

On Oliver Stevens's left stumbled a young lad from Warrenton, a youth still in his teens, who had been dragged into the army by the urgent need for men, though still in his young boyhood —perhaps seventeen years of age. He staggered along, carrying his heavy rifle and trying to keep pace with his fellows; but with every mile his steps grew more painful, his face more strained and grey. He was unable to eat the parched corn that was his only food, and he did not have the strength to stray afield for more. He walked no step that he did not have to, and his eyes, fixed far ahead, seemed to be set on the end of the world. Oliver, himself almost ready to drop, was fain to do what he could to help this youngster; but the boy shook his head.

THE FALLS OF THE APPOMATTOX RIVER

THE RUINS OF RICHMOND (*From a photograph made in 1865*)

There was nothing to do but to go on, and the weary progress continued.

"There is no hope left," said Oliver to him, seeing the shadows deepen under the lad's eyes. "Why don't you give it up? You can do no good now!"

"No," said the other, painfully, "I came to fight for Uncle Robert, and I 'm going to stay with him as long as I can walk!"

He spoke the thing that was in every heart. The army was Uncle Robert's and his alone. In the beginning, perhaps, they had represented the South; had stood for slavery, for Virginia, for Georgia, or what not, every man with his own reason for the faith he fought for. But all those reasons were lost now,— lost and whelmed in an utter worship of the grey-haired, sad-faced man who rode on his grey horse at the head of his forlorn hope. It was Uncle Robert's army, and they were fighting for him; they were marching for him; and they would die for him if it would do him any good. When he told them there was no more food, they cheered him; when he asked them sadly to do as they wished about following farther, they burst into a murmur of loyalty and protest.

Mounted on "Traveler," General Lee, the idol of the vanquished army, rode slowly on toward the closing avenue of hope. On every hand now the foes swarmed. In the woods to northward the Federal forces swarmed. Did the army stop to rest, it seemed as though they could hear the tramp of Federal feet on the earth behind them. Skirmishers hung on the flanks of the moving host, and their spiteful bullets woke the night hours. Lee turned in one direction—only to be met by a line of steel; in another, only to hear the thunder of inexorable guns, to hear the shrill call of the Union bugles. All this time Sheridan, swinging around in his great half-circle, was making ready for the final stroke of this sad campaign.

Early in the morning of a grey day, about the fourth of the march, the lad at Oliver's side raised his head with a great fling of relief.

"I hear them coming," he said, "I hear them coming through the woods!"

Oliver, struck by the look on the boy's face, listened too, and as he did so he could hear faintly the sound of the tramp of many feet. The word of warning went swiftly along the line, and the men, staggering from weariness but unconquerable in spirit, turned their guns to face the enemy as they came. Out of the woods at Deatonville they burst, and fell upon Ewell's men; bitter and sharp was the contest; the starving Southerners fought with all the force that was left to them; but it was not enough. They were driven in disorder into the forest, and took to their heels as best they could.

Oliver, as he left the stricken field, saw with his last look the lad who had been beside him, topple and fall to the ground. He lay very still. Oliver hurried on after his scattered comrades.

This was the beginning of the end. More than 10,000 men had been cut off and forced to surrender, in this brief battle. Lee had left now barely 30,000 men. Wearily, almost blindly, they pressed on in their vain search for some road where the foe was not. In all that country there was no such place; but Lee would not give up. Like a hunted fox he turned to right or left, only to find the toils closing every minute more tightly around him. In despair he turned northward; and a few miles from Farmville, where he had crossed the Appomattox, he flung up a few rough earthworks. Behind this temporary shelter the wearied army stretched itself for a moment of respite. Upon their retreat came Humphreys and the Federal center; and for an hour the Confederates fought with the desperate valor that had

won them a thousand fields. Humphreys, beaten off, drew back into the woods; for the time being, rest came to the wearied Southrons in the trenches.

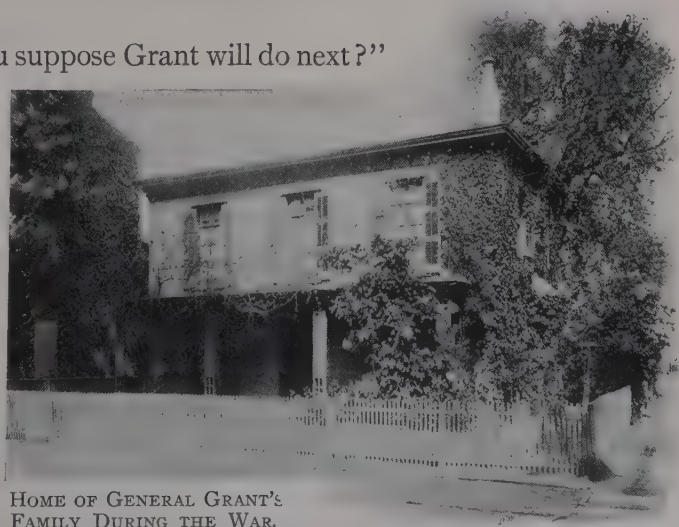
Into the stricken ranks came a messenger from Grant, asking for Lee's surrender. The note was borne to Lee while the messenger waited without.

"I demand the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia," read Grant's letter; and Lee, looking around in his gaunt and starving men, said thoughtfully to his aide:

"I see no need to surrender —yet!" To the messenger he returned a note for Grant, asking what terms the Northern general was prepared to offer. Encouraged by the little victory over Humphreys, the men cheered when they knew that the end was not to come —yet. They were not men now any more, they were abstractions,—incarnate courage, incarnate desperation. They would not have feared to follow wherever they might be led; and every appearance of Lee before the lines was greeted with cheers from throats that were pinched with hunger and parched with thirst.

"What do you suppose Grant will do next?" a trooper queried of Oliver.

There was no order in the army now; all corps distinctions were mingled or lost long since. When Ewell's main column and



HOME OF GENERAL GRANT'S FAMILY DURING THE WAR, BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY

Pickett had been cut off, the army had lost all semblance of form; only Gordon's cavalry, few in number, kept their unity; the rest were huddled into a shapeless mass.

"I don't know," said Oliver, in answer to the query. "But I think he has only to attack to end it; for we must be surrounded on all sides by this!"

JOHN BROWN GORDON

This was so. On the late evening of April 8 Sheridan had completed the circle, and Lee was utterly cut off from escape. All through the night the Federal leader was posting his men. He captured Lee's trains, waiting for him at Appomattox, he reconnoitered his position in the pitchy darkness, and he planted his men in a dense mass directly across the path.

Morning dawned; and Lee, looking westward, saw to his dismay the dense body of Sheridan's cavalry drawn up in battle array.

East, south, north, the ring was complete; and now before him Lee beheld the thronging west. He knew that trains awaited him at Appomattox, and he did not yet know of their capture. He thought that this western body must be cavalry only; and he determined to make one effort. Silently the word went along the line that Gordon was to attack, and dislodge the enemy's cavalry; and that the army

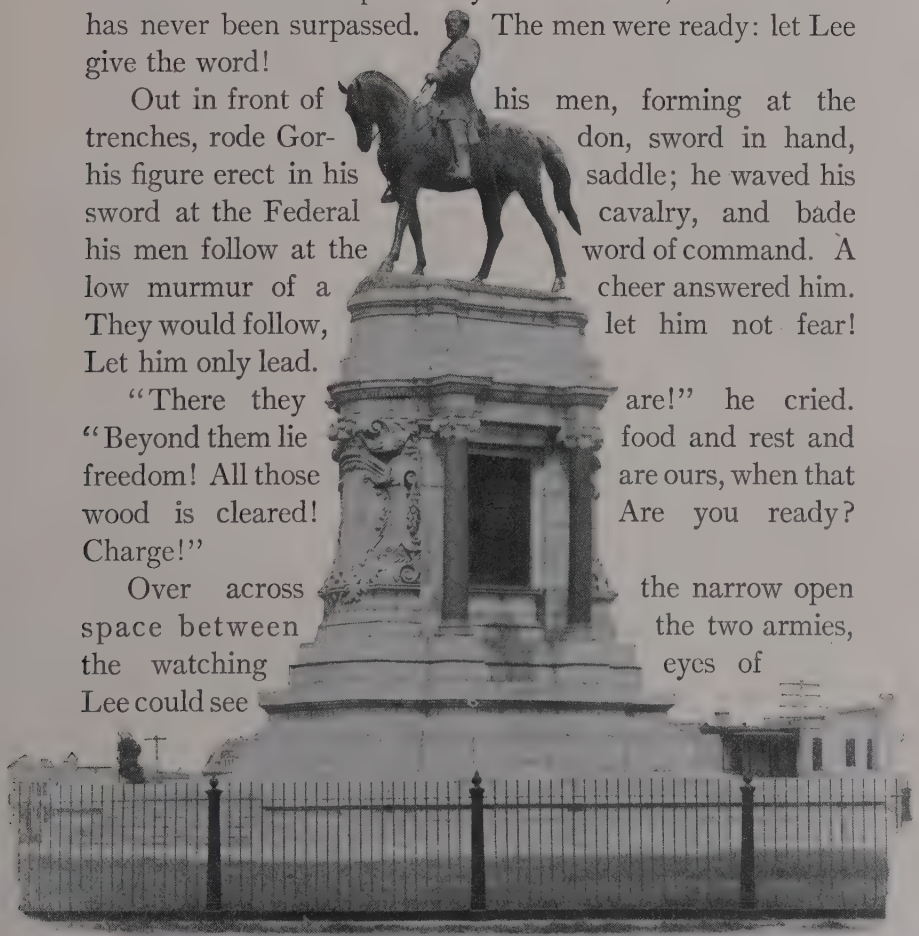
was to follow through the breach. Silently, soberly, but with the courage that had never flagged, the men made ready for the fray.

Oliver found himself in the center, immediately behind the vanguard of Gordon's men. The men around him were tightening their belts, looking to their guns, making ready their ammunition. Those who had bayonets, fixed them for the charge. Faces that had been grey, brightened now. The lethargy which had crept into the minds of the harassed men was replaced by the old valor, such valor as has never been surpassed. The men were ready: let Lee give the word!

Out in front of his men, forming at the trenches, rode Gordon, sword in hand, his figure erect in his saddle; he waved his sword at the Federal cavalry, and bade his men follow at the word of command. A low murmur of a cheer answered him. They would follow, let him not fear! Let him only lead.

"There they are!" he cried. "Beyond them lie food and rest and freedom! All those are ours, when that wood is cleared! Are you ready? Charge!"

Over across the narrow open space between the two armies, the watching eyes of Lee could see



THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF ROBERT E. LEE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA (*By Mercié*)

the cavalry of Sheridan, the bright sabers glittering in the light. As he watched, he saw that cavalry draw aside; slowly, with measured pace, the horsemen rode aside, to left and right; and there, behind the unfolding curtain that drew back, stood the terrible blue masses of the Federal infantry.

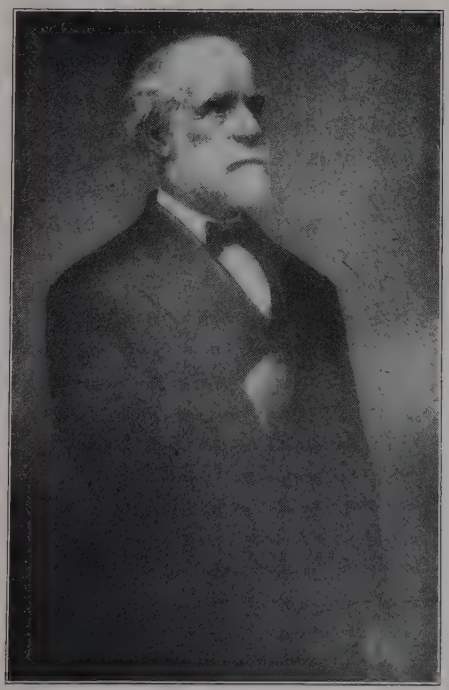
To Gordon, leading the charge, came the word to halt. The end had come.

CHAPTER XXIII

APPOMATTOX

AT the house of Mr. McLean near Appomattox Court-House, met Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee; and when their meeting was done, the Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered to its conqueror.

It had surrendered, rather, to the invincible array of numbers, the combination of time and stress which had been put against it. It was not conquered, this army; it was all but annihilated. Out of all that proud array, barely 25,000 men were left; out of 1000 guns, barely a score remained; out of an endless company of camp-followers and wagons and supply trains, barely a hundred empty wagons were turned over to the victorious army.



ROBERT E. LEE (*From the portrait in the State Library, Richmond*)

Grant, clement in his hour of victory, made the most generous terms he could. The officers were to retain their side-arms and their horses, as well as any private property which might still be left to them. Later, when Grant learned that many

of the men in the ranks also rode their own horses, he sent forth an order allowing them to retain these animals as well.

"They will need them for the plowing," he said, gently, to Lee.

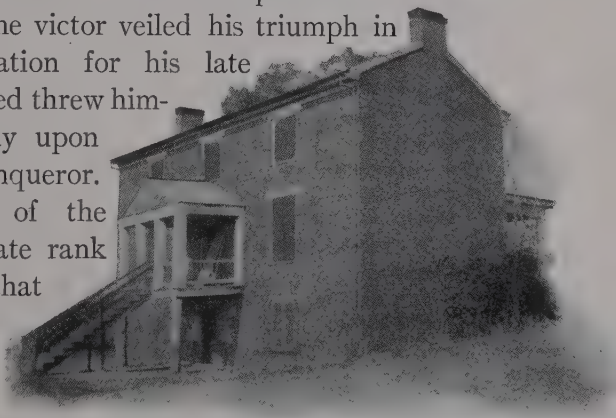
When the word went out that Lee had accepted the terms, a quiet murmur of thankfulness rather than triumph ran through the Union ranks. Grant, mindful of the won-

THE McLEAN HOUSE, APPOMATTOX, WHERE GRANT AND LEE MET ON APRIL 9, 1865, AND ARRANGED THE TERMS OF SURRENDER

derful valor of his foes, had decreed that there should be no cheering at the news; and the word passed quietly along. Only, from the waiting men, went up a great sigh as they realized that for them the struggle was over. They knew that Lee was, as he long had been, the Confederacy. There was no fear that the end would be postponed. The army of Northern Virginia had been taken, and the war was at an end. The army which had fought as no army ever had fought and failed to win was surrendered now, and presently, when the word to disperse should be spoken, that army would be no more; its atoms would be taken back again to the

country that sent them forth, and the world would never see it more. On April 9, 1865, the Army of Northern Virginia ceased to be, and with it died forever the cause which now men call the Lost Cause.

The meeting between the two great generals was marked by the utmost courtesy and consideration on the side of Grant, the utmost courage and simplicity on the part of Lee. They met as two brave men meet when all pretense is at an end between them. The victor veiled his triumph in concern and consideration for his late opponent; the vanquished threw himself openly and frankly upon the generosity of his conqueror. When Grant learned of the plight of the Confederate rank and file, he ordered that 25,000 rations be issued to them at once, and this was done.



THE McLEAN HOUSE: REAR VIEW

It was a momentous meeting, though it was not long; and presently the two men separated. Lee, mounting his horse, rode slowly down from the McLean gate into the road leading back to his army. If his heart was sad, his grave face gave no sign, but remained as calmly resolute as ever. He had done all that a man could do, and no shame was his. Slowly he rode along, dreading the news that he must give to his army. Even the horse beneath him, which had known his gallant rider so long and well, seemed to know that something was amiss. Did he guess, perhaps, this grey Confederate charger, that no more would he bear his master across a smitten field? Did he realize that for both of them the war was over — as it was over for the army that waited for its general to tell it that the end had come?

Army of Northern Virginia: you have fought the good fight, and you have not prevailed. Presently, when the word reaches you, you will disperse in a thousand ways, seeking the homes, if the war has left you homes, that you have not seen for four long years. You will take up the life that you left off, and try to piece together the broken pieces, the old and the new.

Army of Virginia, and you men of that army: No more will you follow your starry battle-flags across a blood-red sward, while the shrapnel's hiss and scream are over your head, and the thunder of your artillery behind you makes reverberant the world! No more will you fix your level bayonets on the ends of your shining muskets and race across the narrow interspace to where the bristling earth-works lie. No more will you level those shining muskets at long lines of blue that stand, or waver, or break before the fire of your onset. On the fields where you have fought, which yet are red with the blood of you and your foes, where yet the bullets lie thick beneath the trees, no sound hence-forward shall remind those fields of you. The trees that hid you while your bolt was making ready for its launching shall see you never again, for you have taken peace for your portion, and never war again.

Army of Virginia: The swords that you have worn so bravely shall tarnish now on dusty walls; the guns that woke a thousand echoes of their full-throated chorus shall sound no more in battle; the horses that you of the cavalry rode beneath a shrieking war-cloud of smoke and flame, shall find their work now in the peaceful husbandry of the farm. They shall distend their blood-red nostrils no more at the thrilling sound of bugles that set their nerves a-quiver; their work is at the plow's head now,—just as yours is at the plow's handle. Sometimes, in the night, perhaps, you will awake, yes, as long as you live, you will awake sometimes,

"Peace and Union": The Surrender of General Lee (*From the painting by Thomas Nast*)

and fancy that you hear across the leagues the bugle's call to war, the fife's shrill quickstep; you shall waken with the cold sweat upon your brow, having dreamed that out of the dim distance you have seen vague blue armies rush, and you shall brace your muscles to resist the dream-charge of those empty memories, which yet for you shall be the dearest memories in all the world.

There are not many of you left to hold these memories. Where have fled all the gay youths that advanced so bravely along the greensward at Manassas? Where have gone the thousands that followed Pickett in his charge? They are not here; and you, who remain, after all that have come and gone, you are not a handsome company. Here and there an arm, a leg, is missing from the body of a man who followed old Stonewall as long as he was left to follow, and after him Ewell, or Jeb Stuart, on his dashing war-horse. Years, and battles, and hunger, and nights on the march, have turned the hair on your heads to grey; have erased the free lines of youth from your faces, and put thereon the wrinkles of pain, of sorrow, or of age. You are but a shadow of the army of your youth, a ten times decimated band whose strength the years have taken, but whose glory will never die while the sun shines on the South.

Let not the South alone, for which you fought, be proud of you. Let such valor as yours, such fidelity to such a leader, be remembered as long as there is memory in the land. Many a patron saint has been less loved than you have loved the sad-faced man who comes now to bear you the word you dread! You would have followed him to the jaws of hell; and while the courage that you showed, and the fidelity that you gave, were in the end all vain, they are not so in the last arbitrament. Goodly is the heritage that you hand down to your children and your children's children. Judgment is a matter of the mind; courage is of the

soul. Your judgment was false; your courage true; and souls are the immortal things after all.

Riding down the road to the army he would see no more Robert E. Lee proceeded. From afar off they spied him coming, and some hardy spirits started forward to greet their general. Out of the woods they started and moved to meet the slow progress of Traveler.

When, turning into full sight of the army, at a little bend in the road, Lee halted for an instant, from 10,000 throats a cheer burst that rang through the air like the sound of a mighty bell.

"Uncle Robert! Uncle Robert! three cheers for Uncle Robert!" they cried.

"Lee! Lee! Lee!" came an answering cry from thousands of other voices, some husky from emotion, some clear and vibrant. To the sound of the cheering Lee moved slowly on; and as the men saw the downcast head, gradually the cry of welcome sank to a whisper and died away altogether. From the very gait of the horse the soldiers read that the end was come.

Just for one moment they hesitated, so bitter, just at its first hour, was the

THE ROAD LEADING TO APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE. THE McLEAN HOUSE ON THE RIGHT

APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE

thought of defeat. Then, seeing the silent figure that rode steadfastly forward, the heart of every grey-clad form went out to that mounted man. No cheering was heard now, but a deep murmur of love and devotion more touching than any cheering could have been. Men rushed forward through the dust and grasped at the horse's stirrup; war-stained veterans, with tears on their leathery cheeks, pressed close to their sorrowful leader.

"Never mind, Uncle Robert," they cried hoarsely, forgetting their own grief at the prescience of what his must be, "never mind. If the odds had not been ten to one we 'd have beaten 'em anyhow!" Other things they said, these old comrades of four years of war, but Lee, though at first he answered their greetings, rode on through them all, saying no word after the first.

"I did the best I could for you, boys," he said simply, "I 'm sorry."

On through the aisles of men he rode; and those who had helped him baffle a throng of foes made his processional as

gravely beautiful as the burial march of a king. Through the close aisles he went. Those who could not reach his body, stroked perhaps the flank of his steed, or laid their hands upon the hands of others who had touched him last. At his tent he turned.

"Men," he said, "we have fought through the war together; we have done the best we could for each other. My heart is too full to say more, but may God bless you and be with you always!" Into his tent he went, and so, an end.

By the terms of the agreement with Grant, officers and men of the Confederate army were allowed to go to their homes and remain there until exchanged, agreeing in the meantime not to take up arms against the United States. This was but the manner of phrasing, for the exchange would never take place. The hope of the South had died when Lee surrendered, and though Johnston's army still retained the field, and though President Davis still found courage to proclaim that the war would be continued, not a man in all the North or South but knew that the last shot had been fired in the real conflict. Quietly, when the articles at last were signed, the two armies dispersed, the Confederates to the four winds of heaven, the Unionists back to the national capital and thence home to the rejoicing North.

Frederick Stevens, in charge of the men who distributed the rations to the Southern army, made inquiries of the first men he saw whether his cousin Oliver was with the army still, and still unhurt.

"Yas, I think Stevens is over thar near the general's headquarters," was the answer he finally elicited, and Frederick rode eagerly over in the indicated direction. There, in the midst of a little group of the disbanding Stonewall Brigade he found Oliver. For a moment he stood in hesitation, watching the farewells of the little band who had

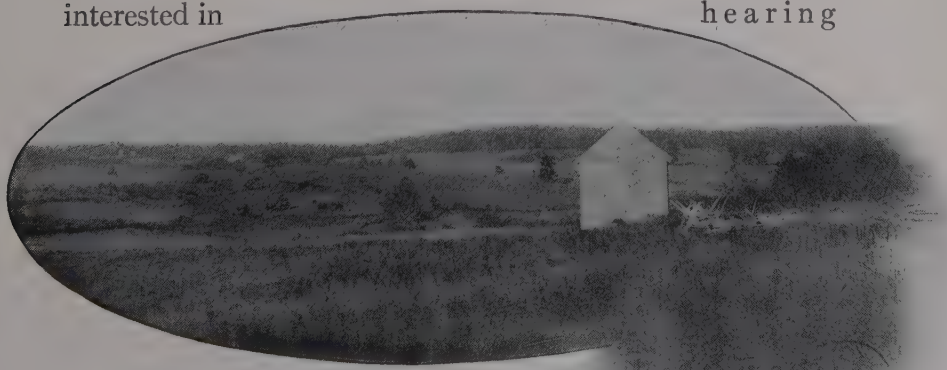
fought together so well. He could see that Oliver was thin and that he moved with difficulty; but he was at least alive, and that to Frederick was good seeing. Presently, as though he were aware that some one was watching him, Oliver turned. Then, with open arms he advanced toward Frederick, a pale little smile upon his lips.

"Welcome, cousin," he said, "I am glad I did n't shoot you at Manassas now," and over their clasped hands the two smiled in one another's faces.

"Have n't you sense enough to stay at home at all?" asked Frederick.

"Oh, I had to come and see that the last rag was danced off!" answered Oliver, with a lightness that did not hide the real sorrow he felt. The two stood aside from the rest, talking quietly, and Frederick soon found time and chance to inquire for the health of those left at Ten Oaks. Oliver smiled.

"My mother, save that she objected to my being out after dark, is very well. The horse that bore you and me so well that night, which you may recall, is over here at tether. He is a little thin in the ribs, but otherwise well. Old Geawge, the only one of the old servants who did not start out to find this 'freedom' you do so much talking about, is well also. Is — is there any one else you are interested in hearing



The Site of General Lee's Headquarters at Appomattox

about? If so, you have only to mention it, I mean her,— and I shall be charmed to enlighten you, my good sir."

"I don't dare poke you in the side, for fear I 'll dislocate an organ," mused Frederick in pretended reflection, "so I will overlook your insolence — you Rebs are incurably arrogant anyhow — and remark that it is the best of my recollection you had a sister. May I inquire after her health?"

Oliver flung an arm affectionately over the other's shoulder.

"Yes," he said. "She is well. And shall I tell you the last thing she whispered to me when I left home? She said: 'Do n't shoot — anybody!' Of course I have n't the faintest idea what she meant by that silly speech, but I tell it to you for what it is worth. Is there anything more you would like?"

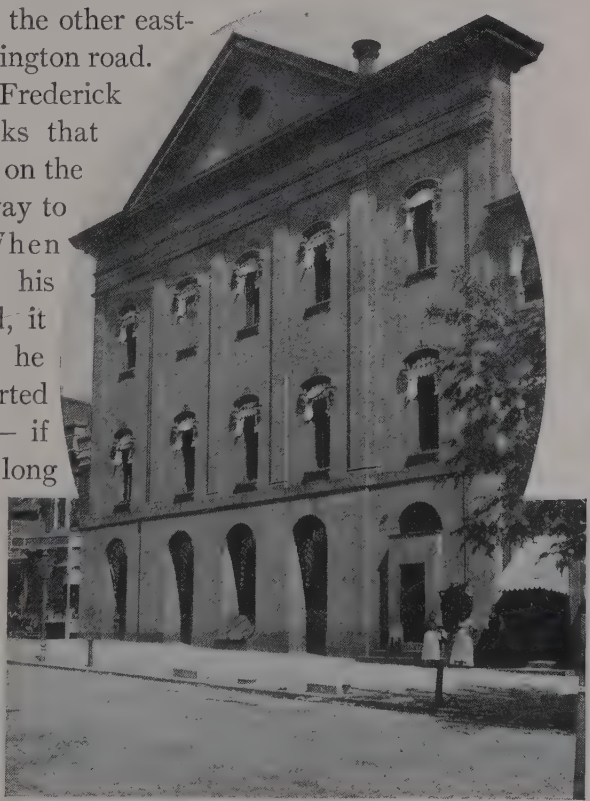
"No," said Frederick, with a long breath, "no, I think that is all."

"You 'll come back with me, of course," said Oliver, a little later. But Frederick demurred. Much as he longed to go, he did not dare. In the face of this desolate army, which spoke so poignantly of the desolated South, it seemed to him that he was sleek and very triumphant by contrast. By the side of Oliver's pale cheeks, he looked brown and well, and he found a real timidity creeping into his heart. It seemed too blatant, seemed to savor overmuch of the conquering hero for one of the victors to flaunt his health and triumph before the face of the sad South. So, much as he yearned for the old house on the hill, he told Oliver gently that he could not come at present. There, for the time being, the matter ended.

The fields of Appomattox now were full of the disbanding armies; the Southern forces had shrunk to a bare 5000, and these were already on the point of departure. Three

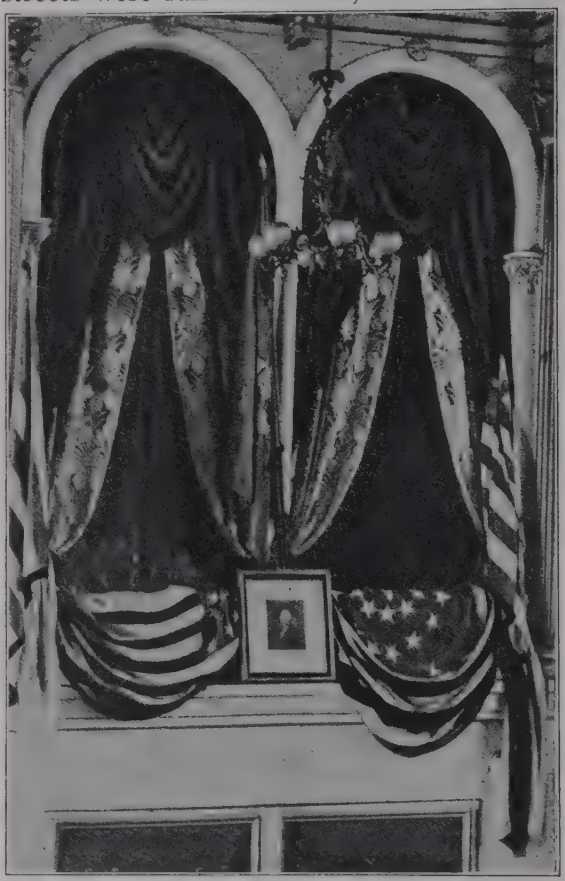
days after the surrender, not a man of the Virginia army remained on the ground of that surrender. Lee, bidding farewell to his followers in an address of singular beauty and pathos, had ridden slowly eastward out of their sight. Where the army had been, remained only the trees beneath which it had lain and the narrow breastworks it had thrown up when the last ditch was reached. The world was fallen into quiet, and at length, pricking up their ears and regaining a little of their banished courage, wild things began to people these woods as before, bird songs began once more and the dreadful sound of riflery was hushed forever.

Oliver and Frederick had bade one another farewell and parted, one going northwestward toward the white house on the hill, the other eastward to the Washington road. For a little way Frederick rode in the tracks that Lee would follow on the morrow, on his way to Richmond. When Frederick found his way to a railroad, it was to find that he could be transported to Washington — if he would wait long enough. But he preferred not to wait, and mounting his horse, he rode on to Richmond, where he was sure a train could be found.



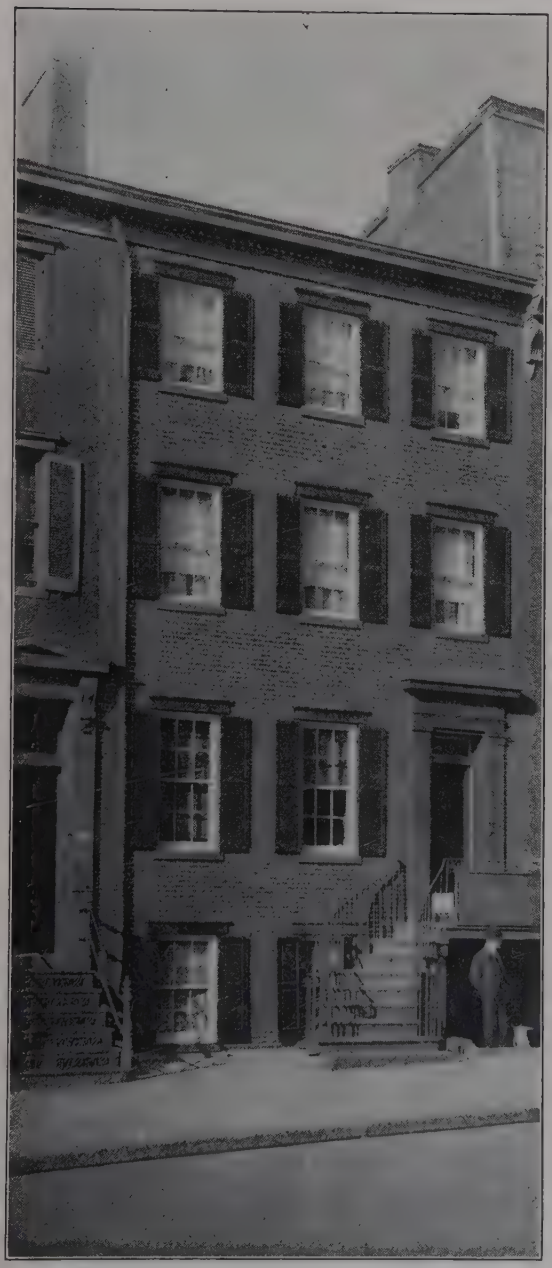
Ford's Theater, Washington

On the morning of April 14 he rode up the streets of the capital to his father's house. Already the Washington streets were full of soldiers, and of citizens cheering at the sight of General Grant, himself that day arrived. Frederick pushing unnoticed into the boisterous crowd finally attained the well-remembered doorway. He dismounted and hitched his horse to the post before the gate. It was still early in the forenoon, and the shutters in front of his father's house were closed to the morning sun. Frederick strode hastily in and pounded with the giant knocker on the door. Presently the door swung wide, and a maid-servant, new to Frederick, opened with a civil question as to the caller's business. Frederick, with a little smile at the thought of being requested to state his business on the threshold of his father's house, said quietly that he wished to see Mr. Douglas Stevens.



Box in Ford's Theater, occupied by Lincoln on the Night of His Assassination

"Yes, sir, he's in," answered the maid, regarding Frederick's travel-stained uniform somewhat doubtfully. But Frederick could wait no longer. Brushing by her, he ran up the steps to the first floor. At the end of the hall a door was open into the morning room, and to this door he hastened. He stuck his head around the jamb and peered in. A man seated writing at a table looked up; the next instant, with the crash of the falling chair, father and son were in each other's arms. On the very heels of this encounter, while still the two held hands,



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED

almost like long sundered lovers came the rustle of silk down the hall. Doris, her hair grey, now, but her face more beautiful than ever in the eyes of her son, entered, and was taken to her soldier's heart.

It was a happy little family of three which sat down to dinner on this night. Doris, for the most part, sat silent, only sitting close enough so that she might every once in a while reach out her hand, to make sure that her boy was really there. If she thought, too, of the other son who then was straying somewhere alone in the world, she did not let that memory cloud the happiness that was hers. They lingered long over the meal, and in the evening they sat talking still; there was no desire unfulfilled in all the world. Peace rested upon the eaves, and in the hearts of all were thankfulness and joy.

Not until the morning did they learn that in the hour of their greatest gladness the Nation had been plunged into its deepest sorrow. Not until the morning did they learn the news that draped a joyous country in the deepest woe it was ever to feel; the news that, seated in his box at Ford's Theater, at the hand of John Wilkes Booth, assassin and madman, had perished Abraham Lincoln, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

CHAPTER XXIV

AGAIN THE SOUTH SURRENDERS

IN the bright May sunshine a young man rode cheerily up a hill road. He sang as he went, as though he had not a trouble in all the world, and the sun bent encouragingly above him as though it recognized its powerlessness to dim his hilarity. In the fields on either side of the road, the green flush of the spring was plain to the blindest; and Frederick, as he rode along toward the house that held his heart, found that the world and everything in it was fair and good.

The war was over; even the last shocks were hushed now, fallen into silence in the great silence that had draped the sky which bent over Lincoln's bier. As the rail-splitter from Illinois had been the best hated, the most reviled man of his generation or of any generation in America, so now he was immeasurably the best beloved. The grief that had held the nation was a witness to the beauty of the soul that God had resumed into His own. There was no need to grieve longer. Lincoln's work was done, and he had gone a far journey, whence there is no returning. The nation which he had saved held him now

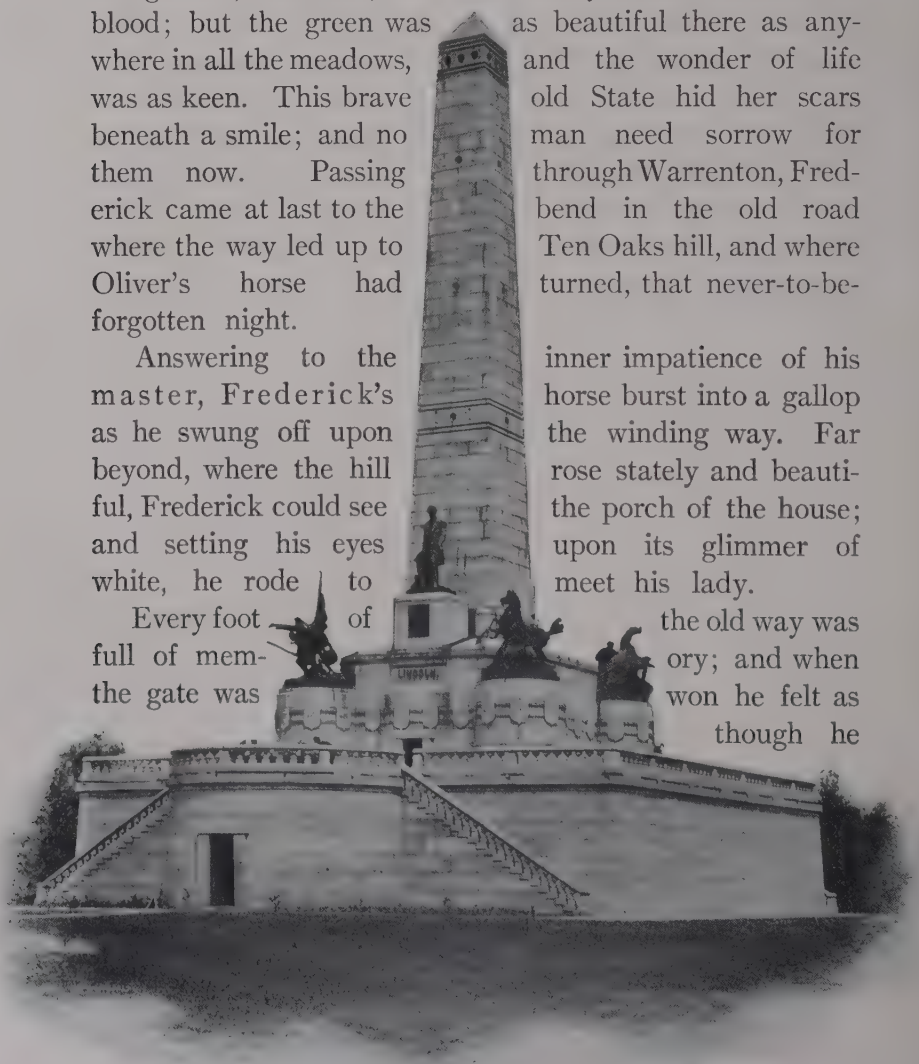
THE LINCOLN STATUE IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO
(By Augustus Saint-Gaudens)

where it should have held him from the beginning, hallowed in the inner sanctuary which not all the winds of hate or anger can reach.

As Frederick rode swiftly westward, to the place where Ten Oaks rose in the clear air, he pondered in his own mind on the ease that Nature showed in binding up her wounds. As he went along, he passed through several places where the ground, he knew, had been many times drenched in blood; but the green was as beautiful there as anywhere in all the meadows, and the wonder of life was as keen. This brave old State hid her scars beneath a smile; and no man need sorrow for them now. Passing through Warrenton, Frederick came at last to the bend in the old road where the way led up to Ten Oaks hill, and where Oliver's horse had turned, that never-to-be-forgotten night.

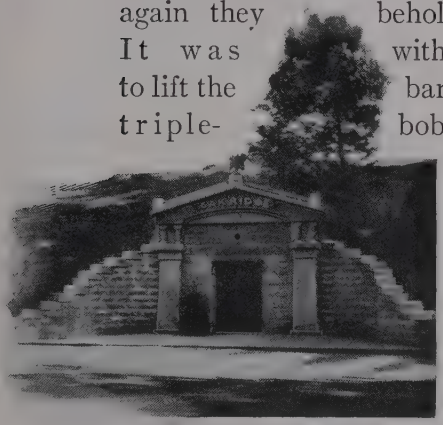
Answering to the inner impatience of his master, Frederick's horse burst into a gallop as he swung off upon the winding way. Far beyond, where the hill rose stately and beautiful, Frederick could see the porch of the house; and setting his eyes upon its glimmer of white, he rode to meet his lady.

Every foot of the old way was full of memory; and when the gate was won he felt as though he



THE LINCOLN MONUMENT, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, WHERE LINCOLN IS INTERRED

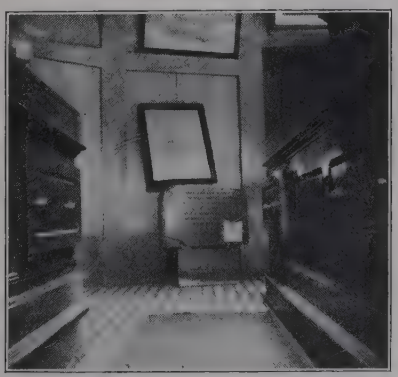
were reaching home after a far pilgrimage. The grave exaltation known to those who have been long abroad when again they behold the portals of home, he now felt. It was with a shaking hand that he bent over to lift the bar aside. With his heart ringing triple-bob-majors within him, he came to a halt on the porch's threshold. Inside the house was a vague murmur of sound.



THE VAULT IN WHICH LINCOLN'S BODY FIRST REPOSED, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Frederick's eyes never left the door; and there, as he waited, unmoving, a maiden came and stood in the doorway. Half veiled she was in the folds of an old pink sunbonnet, which, for the first moment, she did not raise. Only she stood in utter stillness, save for the rising and falling of the dress fabric upon her bosom. Slowly the broad brim lifted, and Frederick's eyes were looking, star-seeing, into the eyes of stars. Rosalind came forward.

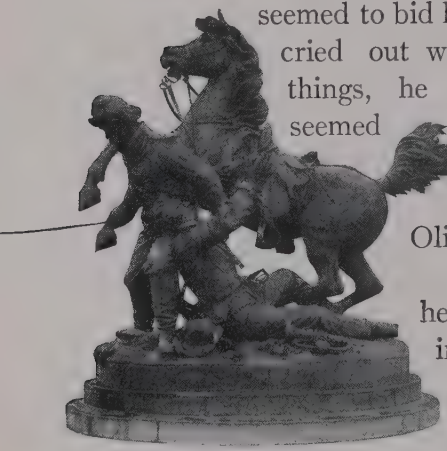
"Will you not come in, sir?" she said; and to him her voice seemed like the sound of cool waters in a dream. It gave him a feeling of unreality and strangeness, and it was as though another man moved when he flung the bridle over the horse's head and started up the steps, the three little steps that brought him to her feet. Gravely he knelt, and reached forth his hand for hers, still with the strangeness struggling in his soul. But at the touch of her cool



INTERIOR OF THE LINCOLN MONUMENT

fingers, which lay long and slim and still within his own, he felt the current of life begin once more. He kissed her fingers gently.

"Thank you, I will," he said with a long breath; and followed her into the house. Something in her manner seemed to bid him wait, and though his whole soul cried out within him to tell her a thousand things, he obeyed the plea that her eyes seemed to make. In the house they found Oliver and his mother, and merry greetings ensued. Oliver was in high spirits indeed.



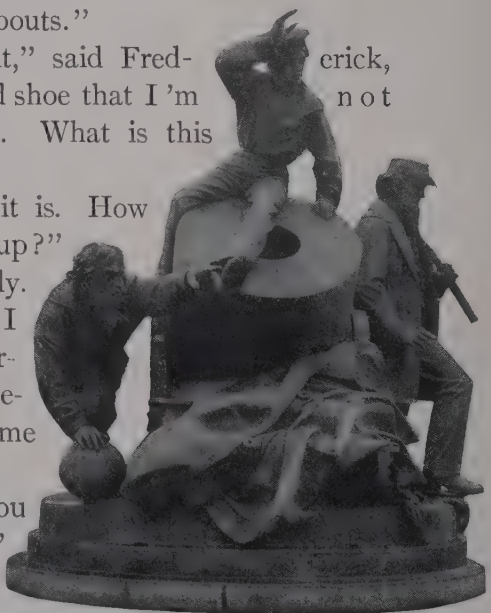
THE CAVALRY, BRONZE GROUP FROM THE LINCOLN MONUMENT

"What do you think, cousin," he cried. "I am the finest farmer in the South. I'll wager you seventeen thousand Confederate dollars against an old shoe that you cannot find another crop, North or South, to equal this first planting of mine hereabouts."

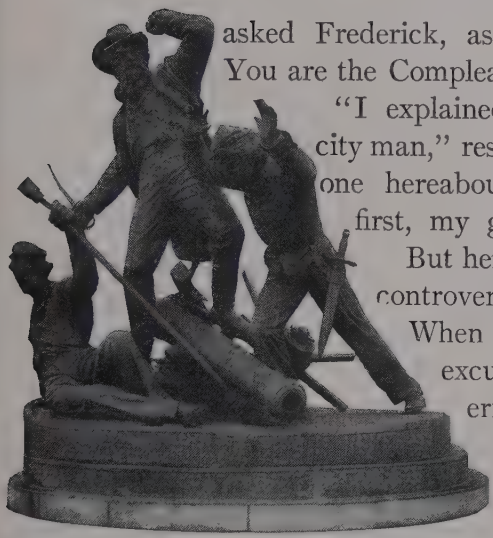
"I haven't a doubt of it," said Frederick, laughing; "but I have no old shoe that I'm not wearing; so I won't wager. What is this immortal crop?"

"Never you mind what it is. How will I know that till it's up?" demanded Oliver reasonably. "But this I do know; that I put it in last month, with a war-horse hauling the plow beforehand, and it's beginning to come up now!"

"You don't mean to say you plowed before you sowed?"



THE NAVY, FROM THE LINCOLN MONUMENT



THE ARTILLERY, FROM THE LINCOLN MONUMENT

asked Frederick, astonished. "I 'll say no more. You are the Compleat Farmer, I admit!"

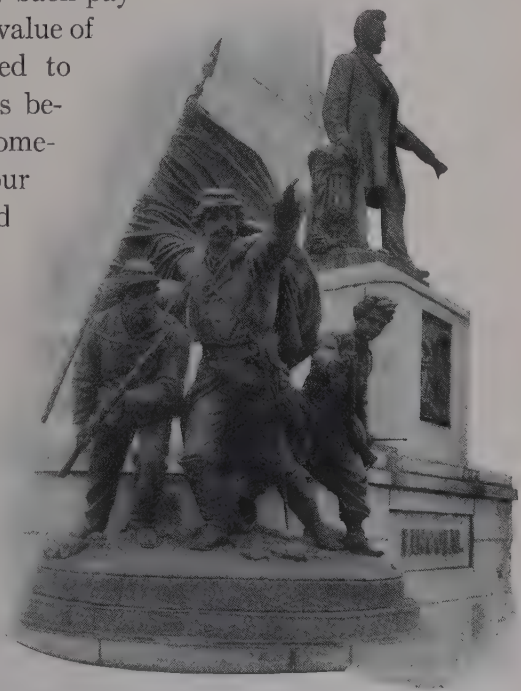
"I explained only out of deference to a city man," responded Oliver, loftily. "Every one hereabouts knows that plowing comes first, my good Yank."

But here the ladies interposed, and the controversy came to a laughing stop. When luncheon was done, Rosalind excused herself quietly, and Frederick heard her footsteps retreating along the hall. Presently too her mother went away on some household errand, and the two young men were left together.

"Well, how goes it, old Lucullus?" asked Frederick affectionately.

"Pretty prosperous, thank you," smiled Oliver. "I am a little sorry not to have had my back pay since the sudden spurt in the value of Confederate currency. It used to be worth something; now it 's below zero. They charge you something if they find any on your person. I thought it was bad enough when you had to pay forty dollars for a box of matches; now they make you give them real money to boot before they 'll take the yellow-backs."

"Well, what do you expect, if you will get beaten in your little squabbles?"



THE INFANTRY, FROM THE LINCOLN MONUMENT

returned the Northener, with a superior air. "You must expect to see your currency depreciate — there is no use crying about it. Why don't you try making some of your own, if you object to the C. S. A.'s?"

"Oh, I shan't need to do that, when my crop is harvested. I shall have pretty near all the money in the new world then," boasted the farmer.

"Tell me," said Frederick, with an abrupt change of subject, "did you know they 'd caught your old president? Jeff Davis is locked up in Fortress Monroe. What 'll they do with him, I wonder?"

"They won't do anything with him; probably they will sit around and debate about it for a year or so; but they 'll do nothing, I reckon."

"They talk of trying him and his principal advisers for treason," said Frederick seriously; "but I agree with you that they will never do it; they would have no case. They would n't want to have, if they could — at least Lincoln would never have wanted to — you heard what he said about it?"

"No, what was that — and when was it that he said it?" asked Oliver.

"When he first heard that Davis had escaped, the first time. He told the story about the thirsty Irishman, a good churchman, who said, 'And could n't ye just slip in a drop of whiskey, unbeknownst-like?' — and said to Grant: 'Now that 's my idea of what to do with Davis: just let him escape kind of unbeknownst-like to yourself.' But it seems they have n't been able to let him."

"I suppose it was Fate that Lincoln should be taken away, but it seems to me as though they will need him as sorely now the war is over, as ever they did before. Or rather, we shall need him, we Southerners, for it will be no easy thing, this reconstruction that Johnson starts on so light-heartedly."

Frederick sank his voice for his next question.

"You — you don't mind my asking how it is here — with you all?" he said.

"We are better off than most," answered Oliver; "though that is not very much to say. But the major left this place to my mother, and that means a roof at least. Whether I can run the place or not, remains to be seen.

PRISON AT FORTRESS MONROE OCCUPIED BY JEFFERSON DAVIS FOR A YEAR AND A HALF AFTER THE WAR

Of course I cannot afford to hire any help — at least not till my first crop is reaped."

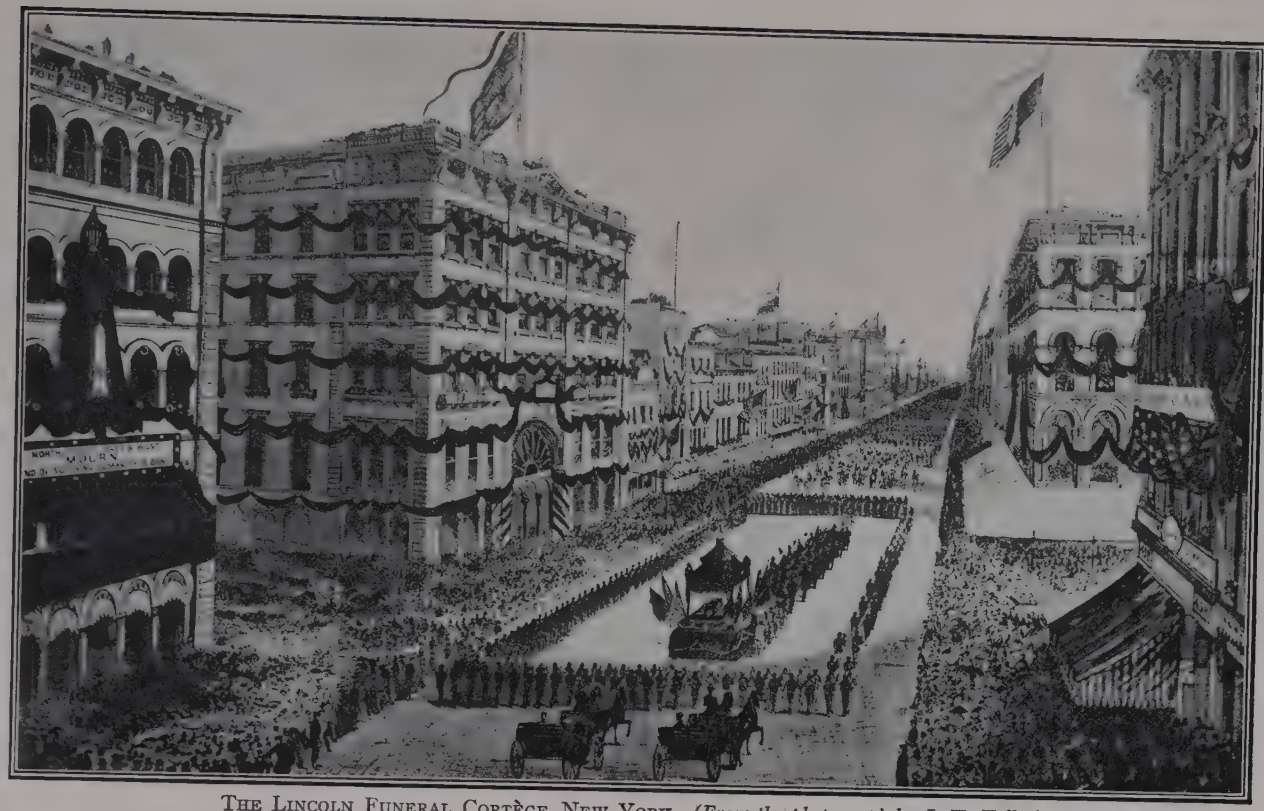
"I suppose the Astors' days as leading millionaires are numbered — when that crop is reaped their little sovereignty will be at an end," he smiled. One dread was lifted from his heart. So many of the Southern families had lost their places altogether as a result of the war, and he knew how near a tie bound this family to Ten Oaks.

At this point Oliver bore him away to the fields, to see the green beginnings of the epochal crop, which were now

sticking shy spears out of the earth as though they were but the most ordinary of growths. But Frederick was duly impressed, even enough to suit the embryo industrialist; and they returned to the house arm in arm. On the way they talked of a thousand things, of the ending of the war, of Johnston's surrender, of the disbanding of the armies.

Of two things they did not speak,— one being the capture of Norbert, the other the wild night ride which had saved Oliver's life. Both of these things were understood between them; and there was no need for words. Both knew that Norbert was gone out of their lives, and both accepted the fact without query.

Together they went back to the house, where now the afternoon sun was lying level along the veranda. Frederick had made up his mind that he was not to see Rosalind again until evening, and though he could not help his ears from listening to every little sound in the old house, he knew that the sound for which he waited would not come. What Rosalind thought, or whether her ears hearkened too for sounds, this history cannot tell, but as the sun dropped down behind the purple hills Frederick found his vigil over and done. It was still too cold to eat out of doors, for there had been rain recently and the ground exuded mist; and the little table was spread in the old dining-hall whose towering ceiling made the table seem even smaller than it really was. If Frederick's heart was gone, before, it was a thousand times demolished now, for there across the linen he beheld the most beautiful lady in the world. A little flush tinged her cheeks, and her eyes, in the vague light of the dancing candles, were brighter than crown jewels. Her throat was bare in the graceful Southern fashion; and its white tower upheld her head in a lovely and proud humility. The quick breath parted her lips. How that meal was ever finished, Frederick could never tell, then nor afterward; but at last



THE LINCOLN FUNERAL CORTÈGE, NEW YORK (*From the photograph by J. H. Kelley*)

it was done, and for a few breathless moments the two men were left once more. Not for long; for soon, with the sound of fairy approaches, the room was filled once more, and filled so exquisitely that Frederick hardly noticed when it was that Oliver made his escape, and left the lovers alone.

Frederick's heart was beating painfully against his side; he had at the first no will to speak — he wanted only to look. And look he did, till the rising color in Rosalind's cheeks warned him of the fervor of his gaze.

He noticed that he was standing, and slowly, inch by inch, he drew nearer to this miracle that his heart had raised.

Both Rosalind's hands leapt to her breast; suddenly she spoke, breathlessly, as though to forestall the words she saw trembling on his lips.

"Did — did you have a pleasant journey to Ten Oaks?" she said.

"The longest I ever knew it to be," answered Frederick, simply.

She blushed and hastened on; her gambit had not been successful.

"Will you not be seated — take that chair there —?" She stopped.

"Please — please," said Frederick, very low, and Rosalind's eyes fell.

"I have waited so long — so very long — will you not let me tell you of it now? I have wanted to for so many years."

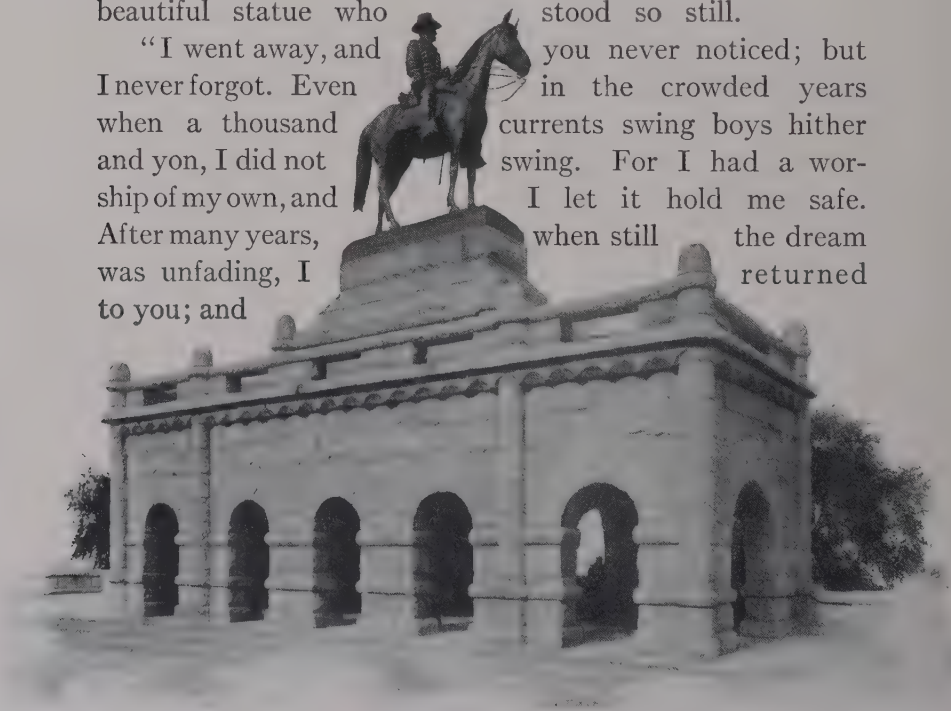
She turned away, her face hidden by the curve of her shoulder; yet somehow he read a yielding in her gesture, and the sight gave him courage.

"Rosalind," he said, "Rosalind, do you remember when I first saw you, so many years ago? No; you have forgotten, but I remember. I remember that you wore a

pink gown then, as you do now; and there was a flower in your hair! You do not recall anything about me; and there was no reason why you should notice a cub of a boy; but he noticed you. Ah, I remember how Oliver and I walked in the garden, and how I kept always on the far side, so that, looking toward him I might look also beyond him and so see you. That was ten years ago; and I have forgotten how you really looked, I suppose, save that you were beautiful and that you dressed in pink. There was a little dress you wore which had sleeves only to the elbows; I remember the dimple in your arm. I remember the gleam of your teeth as you smiled; the tone of your voice as you thanked an old darky servant for picking up your handkerchief. He loved you for the smile and so did I — so did I. In all my life I have never forgotten that."

He stopped, as if in reflection, and, save for a little tremor of her breast, there was no answer from the beautiful statue who stood so still.

"I went away, and you never noticed; but I never forgot. Even in the crowded years when a thousand currents swing boys hither and yon, I did not swing. For I had a worship of my own, and I let it hold me safe. After many years, when still the dream was unfading, I returned to you; and



The Grant Monument in Lincoln Park, Chicago (*By Rebisso*)

I saw you once more —more lovely, more wonderful, more sweet, than ever. How should I, then, who had loved you so long, love you less in your perfect beauty? I saw in your eyes that your body's beauty was but the outward semblance of your soul, your heart, but I do not believe it would have made much difference, anyway. If I was put into this world for any especial object, I think that it must have been one not sundered too far from you —for you are the sun in the sky, the air that I breathe, the soul of all beauty and all life to me."

She was looking at him now, with starry eyes. On he swept:

"If you could know the glory that came into my life when I knew that you no longer — hated me" (he hesitated for the word) "you would be glad that you had told me what you did, that morning. It gave me all the wonder of the world, all for mine. And now, ah, Rosalind, Rosalind, Rosalind — can you tell me now that you will let me love you — that perhaps, some day —"

She lifted her head with a proud gesture, yet indescribably touching.

"I can tell you nothing!" she said. "Tell me something first."

"I love you with all my heart and soul," he said. Suddenly he took a step toward her. He caught her swiftly by the hand, and turned her so that he could see her face. At last, quivering, she turned her eyes on his.

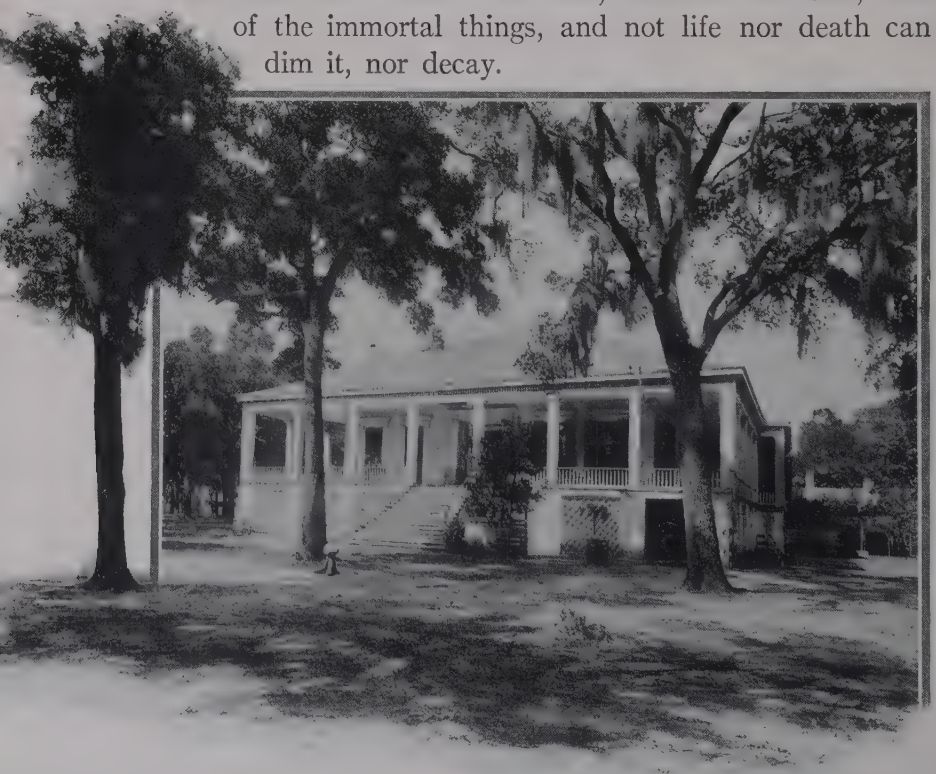
"I love you with all my life, with every beat of my heart," he whispered. "If you will not love me, I do not know what is to become of me, for all my being is yours. Will you not take it, and do with me what you will?"

Her eyes went closed. He waited for them to open. Then:

"I love you, sir," said Rosalind.

And with that she fell into his arms; what, if anything, she would have said more, was lost upon his lips. He could feel the flutter of her heart as she lay against his own. In blind rapture he pressed his lips upon her hair, her brow, her cheek, and then again upon her mouth. Her eyes were closed; for a timeless time stood they thus, until at length the slow lids opened, and the deep wonder of her eyes dawned full in his.

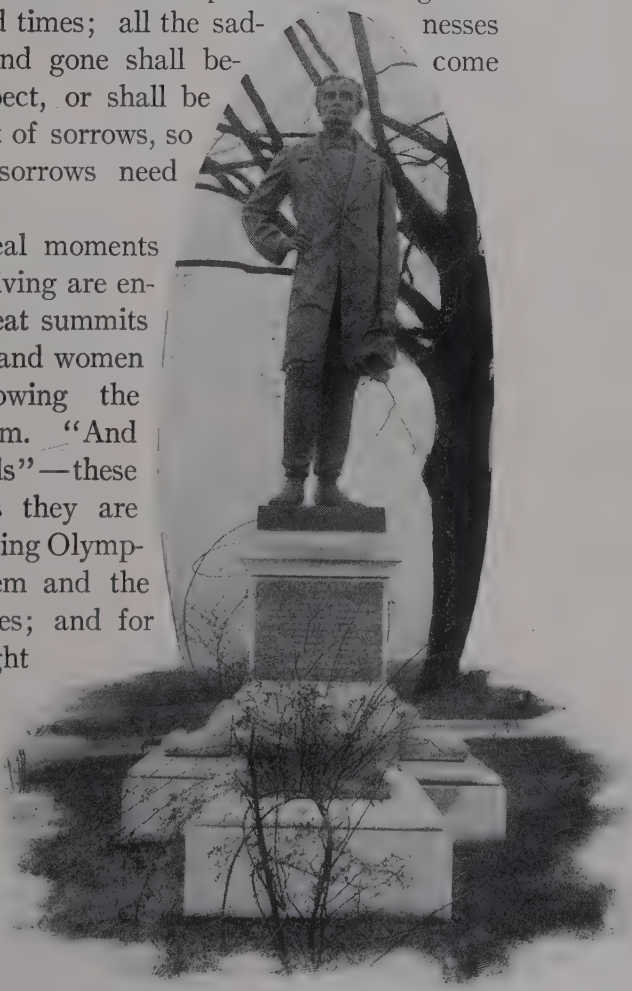
Outside, in the quick May twilight, already the dusk was fully faded from the air; already the deep night was over hill and valley. Behind the two, near the window, the candle's flame flickered merrily on the table all alone. The two who stood in the shadow never noted, for they were launched upon a shadow-journey in a world compact of beauty, and the common things of life were not for them. Presently, in the fullness of time, the fortune of life would claim them once more. Not now; this hour is theirs; it is of the immortal things, and not life nor death can dim it, nor decay.



BEAUVOIR, HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS NEAR BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI. HERE HE LIVED IN RETIREMENT FROM 1879 UNTIL HIS DEATH, DECEMBER 6, 1889

Presently, as the evening moves slowly forward, they will be recalled, these two wanderers, to a world in which other humans live, in which move a mother and a brother, persons not to be utterly ignored. Presently, as the sand drips through the silent glass, they will be aware that all this thing is true; that the inscrutable design has been fulfilled once more, and that Nature has done what Nature most deeply loves to do. All the joy is ahead of them, for even the beautiful memories of the past shall live again a thousand reawakened times; all the sadnesses even that are dead and gone shall become happiness in retrospect, or shall be made the monument of sorrows, so that thus no new sorrows need encroach.

It is for such real moments that long years of living are endured; for such great summits of clear life do men and women yearn, without knowing the longing that is in them. "And they shall be as Gods"—these two; and as Gods they are now, this hour. Swirling Olympus round about them and the star-drift in their eyes; and for him shines the eye-light from an ineffable glory, and for her burns a clear white flame at the heart, which shall not be extinguished in all the years that are to come.



THE GRAVE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

"What will you do with me?" said Rosalind at last, in a tender whisper.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, kissing the beautiful lips.

"It does not matter —so I am with you," she said simply.

But Frederick had an idea, which had come to him, new-born from his love.

"You love the South, sweetheart?" he whispered. "You would rather not leave her for the North, would you, you beauty of the day and night?"

"I will go wherever my lover wills, for I am his," she said.

"But you 'd rather live in the South, I 'm sure?" Frederick persisted.

"She needs all those who love her more than ever now," whispered she.

"Then I will not take this lover away," he whispered; and Rosalind looked at him with wondering eyes. "No, I will try to secure her two lovers, instead," said Frederick softly. "I love her already, seeing her in you. Shall we stay by her together, sweetheart? Shall we not stay till she needs us no more?"

By no words she answered him, but the tremor of her lips told him how near her heart his words had reached. He, feeling her thankfulness, was raised himself to a new heaven; and with the touch of her lips on his, they left the matter as it stood. So he was to be a Southerner, or rather a patriot, an American, living in the South; and he would strive for the weal of his adopted land for the sake of one woman, and of one man who was dead. The South would have need of all her friends, before the scars would heal; she would have need of all her courage, and all her honor; but they would not fail, and some day, when all the smoke had blown beyond the horizon, the last shadow of anger, of

sorrow, would be blown away as well; and the united country, united now as it had never been united before, would stand and face the future.

In the window embrasure, with her head upon his breast, stand two children of that country, and by the courage that is in their eyes, and the love within their hearts, shall that country live as long as planets move around the sun.

Recumbent Statue of Robert E. Lee

"See," whispered Frederick, "there is our world,— yours and mine!"

"It is a beautiful world," she answered, and her sweet eyes closed.

But in that same world, in the marble crypt where they had laid him, the immortal leader who had given his life for that country slept soundly. Over his head no wind could wake the stillness, no thunder break the peace wherein he lay. He had given all he had to give, and his life at the end; but of his real giving there is no end, for that is a heritage of honor that not all the years can dim. Let the men and women of the land he saved say, almost in the very words of one of his own sublimest utterances:

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which he thus far so nobly advanced; let us here highly resolve that this great dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE END

Monument to Winnie Davis, "The Daughter of the Confederacy," Richmond, Virginia

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